

July, 1928

YOUTH'S COMPANION



JULY
4

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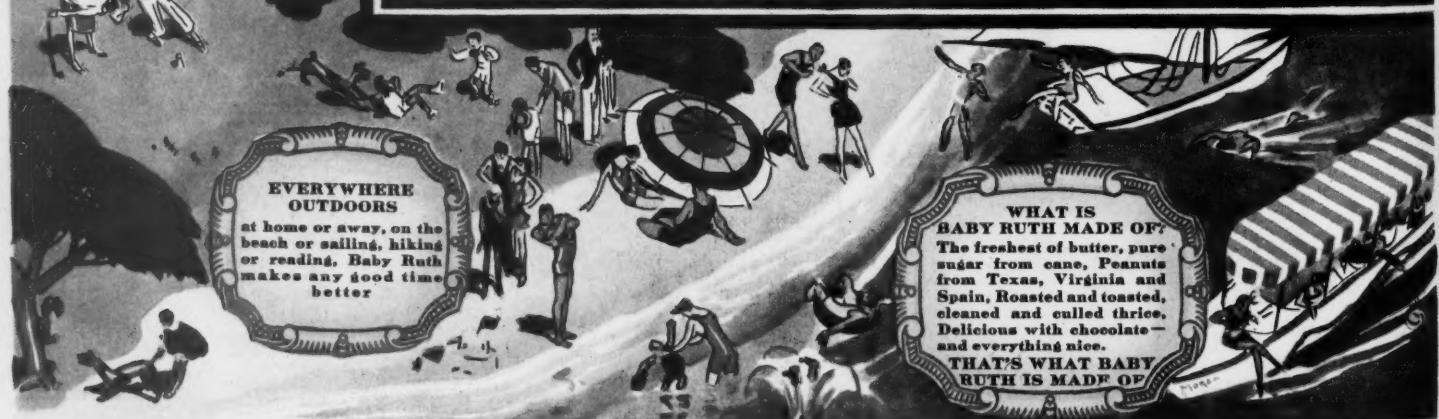
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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

VOLUME 102

JULY, 1928

NUMBER 7

DANGEROUS WATERS

The Long Story Complete in This Issue

By Carl H. Claudy

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES L. LASSELL

ELINOR turned in her steamer chair, frowning impatiently.

"It's so hot and muggy. Where are we?"

"About halfway between the longitude of Honolulu and the Golden Gate. We are northeast of Hawaii, I believe," Ralph Haynes answered his sister.

"I always thought sea voyages pleasant. But this is a bore. If we only had company!" Elinor pouted. "You forget the Birds," drawled Ralph, smiling wickedly.

"Oh, the poor pair!" Elinor curled a pretty lip. "She's nothing but a dowdy baby. Such clothes! And the friendliness of a homeless dog! The boy's a mug. I asked him if he danced, and he looked at me as if I were a freak and said, 'I've never had time to learn.' Then he asked me if I could handle a cat! I suppose they are easy now holding a self-improvement class for themselves."

Ralph rather liked the looks of their shipmates on the *Valentia*, but Elinor's hearty dislike of the small girl with the dark hair, the curly nose and the rather wide mouth and her tall, moon-faced brother allowed him little comfort from their company.

"It was tiresome, Uncle Harvey dying," Elinor changed the subject. "Oh, don't look shocked! When you start round the world, you have to leave your own crowd in the middle and come home alone, because a guardian you hardly ever chooses to die, you can't be expected to be grid-stricken!"

Though brought up in luxury's house, somewhat spoiled by having no wish gratified, pretty, eighteen-year-old Elinor Haynes had made no objection to the plans which had been formed for her by Mr. and Mrs. Grayson, in charge of the world tour. No passenger ship being available, she consented to sign as "stewardess" of the tramp freighter *Valentia*, Hongkong to San Francisco, the more readily because Captain Emmons was an old friend of Mr. Grayson.

"You will have no work to do; it's merely because freighters can't carry passengers that you enroll. It's a fast boat and will beat the next liner by a week, because it doesn't stop at Honolulu," Mr. Grayson explained. "I am sorry we can't take you back, but of course I can't stop the whole party for your misfortune."

Elinor had looked forward with interest to traveling as "stewardess" of the *Valentia*, two thousand tons, and built almost like a yacht. When she

found Nancy and David Bird, children of the Rev. Dr. William Bird, a missionary of Hongkong, returning to the States, as "cabin-boy" and "stewardess," Elinor was disappointed. Her "unique position" was unique no longer. The disappointment easily turned to a scarcely concealed dislike. Little Nancy Bird looked with too clear eyes through pretense.

Her dislike for the girl with the plain clothes became stronger as the days went by, and Nancy paid little attention to her airs. It was of this she thought as she talked with her brother, impatient with his lazy attitude and his evident liking of the Birds.

"There they are, now." She turned to Ralph again. "Just look at that get-up!"

Ralph saw nothing unattractive in the plain dark dress, relieved only by a red ribbon at Nancy's throat. Mentally comparing her to well-dressed Elinor, whose extremely well-fitting and very modish traveling suit seemed incongruous against the background of a cargo steamer loaded even to the decks with tea, bamboo, hides, bean cake and straw braid, he thought privately that she was over-critical.

"Morning!" David spoke pleasantly. "Warmish, isn't it? Weather breeder, I'm afraid."

"The Pacific doesn't kick up much at this time of the year, does it?" Ralph tried to be cordial to make up for his sister's attitude. She had picked up a book and was busy reading.

"Sometimes." David's voice hardened at the pointed unconsciousness of the blond girl who had been so indifferent to his sister. Nancy's mouth twitched, and she tightened her fingers on his arm.

"The glass is down again," she remarked, placidly. "Do you fear storms, Miss Haynes?"

"What? Oh, excuse me. No, I think not. Disturbances I cannot control annoy me but little!" And Elinor went back to her book.

Nancy giggled. "Come on, David, let's walk."

"Cat!" growled David, when they were out of earshot.

"She's not a cat, David. I think she's a fine girl, if one could get to know her."

"Is the dude a fine person also, you optimist?" teased David. "I think he's a stuck-up prig, a wet smack, no good!"

"I don't know. He seems lazy, and he drawls, and he is too carefully dressed, and he doesn't take enough interest to seem really alive. I suppose he's bored with his life and his money—and he isn't any older than you," answered



Then David understood. With a yell he threw himself upon both girls, sweeping them off their feet. "Hold on!" he shouted. "Look—look! A tidal wave!" (Page 320)

Nancy, thoughtfully. "Something about him I like—I can't quite place it. Perhaps it's contrast. He's so polite, and she—isn't."

"She certainly isn't! No manners at all. Over-dressed doll!" David had small opinion of the pretty blond with the supercilious eyes.

"Oh, she's just spoiled. She's come into a fortune, and she probably never had to associate with a girl who spends a year on clothes what she spends on one suit!"

DOCTOR BIRD was not wealthy, and the college course in the States had taken much planning. It was because the Valentia offered cheap transportation that the Birds had taken it. Both had made sacrifices to help their father send them to college for the one year which was all they could manage.

The trip that bored Elinor, and was stupid to Ralph, was one long delight to David. Sea blood in his veins, a small boat in Hong-kong's great harbor, and a father whose library was an odd mixture of theology and sea stories gave David a great love for the ocean. He wandered from stem to stern of the Valentia, chummed with engineer, mate and captain and only left these delights when remorse at his lonely sister's small figure standing staring over the rail reminded him of his duty.

"She's a self-reliant girl," his father had told him: "But you are man of the house for her in the States. Take care of her."

So it was with a mingling of indignation at the Haynes' attitude and a comforting feeling of being a protector to his small sister, two years his junior, that David tucked her hand under his arm and went with her to see Captain Emmons and listen to a sea tale of a wreck, a storm and a great tidal wave.

"Terrible things, tidal waves. No one knows where they come from. Some say it's earthquakes; and some say volcanoes under the sea. But when they come, stand by! Hundred feet high, and pick the biggest ship up like a dory. And no noise—just lift, lift, and then down, down the other side. Then there's wind, usually. And if your boat lives through, you're uncommon lucky!"

"I wish I could see one—"

A cry from the deck cut the words short: "Ship ahoy!"

A ship at sea is an event. Nancy and David raced for the rail. There was a speck on the horizon, and the Valentia turned her sharp nose toward it.

"Going to speak her, Captain?" David asked, watching longingly the telescope he held.

"Yes. Take a look, lad? Her ensign's down." David looked eagerly. Steadying the big telescope against the gentle roll, he made out a small two-masted vessel, a flag at one mast.

"Let me look, too. Oh!"

Nancy drew back as the Hayneses came up. David handed her the telescope. Nancy passed it on to Ralph.

"Miss Haynes will like to look," she said, pleasantly. "You hold it for her."

"Thank you," answered Elinor, flushing a little. She would not have given up the tube until she had looked.

Gradually the Valentia crawled up to the schooner. Its limp flag hung ensign down, but there was no sign of life. Then the Valentia stopped, the two ships tossing a quarter of a mile apart.

David watched longingly the preparations to send a boat. Two sailors slid down a rope into it, easily, as it lay gently rising and falling by the Valentia's side. Jenkins, the mate, followed. There was a long and exciting wait while the boat traveled to the schooner, then an impatient interval while the small craft returned. Jenkins came easily up a quickly lowered rope ladder. The four young people crowded about Captain Emmons to hear the report.

"Psyche, of Seattle, sir; about a hundred tons. She's deserted. Not a soul on board. She's all charred forward; been on fire recently, still smells. But no papers or boats. Foresail up, three reefs, and a jib, also reefed; she was hove to on the port tack. Wheel's in beackets. She's got a deck house as well as galley and after cabin. I figure she was in the Alaska trade once, for miners."

"Very likely. I've seen small schooners with deck houses that way. Guess she was deserted when she blazed. Rains put it out," diagnosed Captain Emmons, briefly. "Did you hunt thoroughly for papers?"

"Just in the after cabin. I didn't like it." Jenkins waved an arm at the sky.

CAPTAIN EMMONS strode to his wheel house. He returned, smiling.

"Glass moving down, but slow. Like to visit a deserted schooner?" He

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turned to Elinor. "That would be an adventure, wouldn't it?"

"I should love it," she answered. "May I?"

"Of course. Jenkins, go back and hunt her over good for papers. Below, there! Stand by to receive passengers!" he shouted over the rail. Then, gallantly, "Ladies first!"

"Why, are we all going?" Nancy had received no direct invitation.

"You didn't think I would leave you out, did you?" Captain Emmons was heavily playful. "The four of you go, of course. It's dull enough this trip, and I guess a little won't hurt."

Elinor shrugged, and David translated the motion correctly. His mouth drew into a straight line. All of this Ralph saw—and Ralph, of lazy manner, reserved and indifferent, was fair-minded.

"She ought not to act like that," he told himself. Then he turned slowly to David. "I'm glad you're going," he drawled. "Maybe you can tell me something. What are a ship's papers?"

David nodded. "Glad to," he answered. "But Captain Emmons could do it better. Come on, Nancy."

But Elinor, taking first place as if by right, walked ahead of her to the rail. When she looked over and saw the small boat so very, very far below, and realized that she must go down a shaking, quivering ladder, she balked.

"Oh, I—I—I don't—I can't—" "Would you like me to go first?" Nancy spoke low.

Elinor stiffened. "Certainly not!" she answered and, somewhat white of face, climbed slowly down the swinging ladder.

"I like her—she has courage!" cried Nancy to herself, as she, too, essayed the ladder, careful not to go faster or with more

ease than Elinor, though she felt no fear. Much practice and many falls with David had taught her that.

Ralph went next, his slight, almost mincing figure making deliberate work of the trip. Then David, disdaining the ladder, slid down the rope and landed easily on a thwart. Jenkins' "Give way, smartly," was answered by the tug of the oars.

It was a short journey. The Psyche had a low rail, and a boost from David and Ralph set each girl easily on deck; and neither boy had any difficulty in getting up. As he reached the rail, David turned and looked down.

"Hold her up, can't you? What's the matter, there?" Jenkins berated the men for failure to keep the boat at the side of the Psyche.

They were rowing with a will, but the little boat did not approach the Psyche as it should have done. An odd look of the swelling water arrested David's attention. It didn't look right somehow. The Psyche was heeling. He lifted his eyes to the horizon. Then he shook his head impatiently. What had made him dizzy? What had

"Hi—look!"

The cry from the small boat whirled his head. Jenkins was pointing the other way. Fear blanched David's face at the inexplicable, the unknown. For the horizon moved! No longer a faint, straight line, it swayed with the boat; he could see it eddy, swirling. Though laboring mightily, the sailors made no progress. Nancy watched them, wondering. Elinor, not comprehending any danger, stood quietly, her hand on her brother's arm. Anxiety in his eyes, Ralph stood deliberately at ease near the rail.

Then David understood. With a yell he threw himself upon both girls, sweeping

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them off their feet. A sinewy arm about each waist, he pushed them to the mainmast of the Psyche, unheeding Nancy's low cry and Elinor's indignant protest. He clutched the belaying-pin rail tightly.

"Hold on—hold on!" he shouted. "Look—look! A tidal wave!"

Ralph flung himself at a stanchion, as the deck slanted to an incredible angle. Looming swiftly, with a horrible absence of heralding noise, a mountain of water rose out of the horizon. Greater than any wave ever raised by storms, towering hundreds of feet above them, it swept onward with express train speed.

"My wish!" gasped David, straining the girls against the sudden slant of the deck. "A tidal wave!"

CHAPTER TWO

The Deserted Ship

DECKS almost perpendicular, the Psyche climbed the advancing wall of water. Arms aching with the strain, David prayed that the belaying-pin rail to which he crushed the girls would hold. In the uncanny stillness Captain Emmons' words returned to him—"No noise—there's wind."

Up, up, up, went the Psyche, deck awash, cordage creaking and groaning, a rattle from the deck house telling of falling objects. For miles the ocean spread below, mighty empty panorama. The Valentia and Jenkins' boat were behind them.

Up, up, up, a long sickening climb, but a few seconds in reality, an hour in seeming, then in the crest, a huge wash of foam, boiling smoother!

A cry from behind told David of Ralph engulfed. Then all three were deluged, a huge comber broke over the Psyche, washed across and passed on, making an abyss, apparently without bottom, into which they peered as the Psyche forced its way to port. A shriek burst from Elinor, a muffled prayer from his own lips, and a yell from Ralph. It seemed impossible they could hold that fearful plunge and live. Down, down, down, the Psyche plunged, gaining momentum with every second, clinging to the side of the mighty roller as a fly clings to a wall. Down, down, down—

A second wave, smaller than the first but mightier than any storm-bred comber, lifted them. Again the sickening career, the staggering, uplurching climb to the top, the panorama far below, the washing crest. Suddenly the wind struck, tearing at hands that clung, at clothes that tore and ripped, clutching at weary arms, whipping brown hair and gold across David's eyes, straining for the lives he held so tightly gripped. The Psyche rocked and shook!

Five times the Psyche ascended and topped drunkenly over and down again, down, down. Five times they were lifted into and shot out of the wind.

It might have been minutes or hours during which they could but cling and hope. Slowly the wind slackened its vicious sweep and the sea came up a little under it. Late in the afternoon they found movement and speech possible, if difficult.

"Oh, I'm so cold!"

Wet, chilled, exhausted, Elinor's complaint seemed natural enough.

"Come on inside. We must get dry," David yelled, pointing towards the deck house. Holding tightly to one another, they staggered across the heaving, wind-swept decks. The house had evidently been both living-room and dining-room. A center table secured in place, glasses and tin water pitcher still in racks, a small stove, clothing scattered on the floor, the lockers serving as seats, the lamp swinging overhead, all testified to its use.

David fell on a seat.

"Lucky—for us—she had lashed him and reefed foresail. If her head hadn't been held into that wind—" He paled at the thought.

"Now—ah—what's the next thing?" David had not stopped Ralph's drawl.

"The next thing is this."

Nancy dropped to her knees. David bent his head, and Ralph slowly followed suit. Elinor, brows knit in wonder, said nothing. They were too close to a dreadful death for her to ridicule an outward show of religious feeling, as she would have done ordinarily. Ralph smiled when he raised his head to see the blond one side by side with the dark one and Elinor, his proud and scornful sister, weekly giving thanks for her preservation and the small girl who had so courageously met her example.

Then Elinor spoke querulously: "How long before they come for us?"



"The glass is down again," Nancy remarked, placidly. "Do you fear storms, Miss Haynes?" "What? Oh, excuse me. No, I think not. Disturbances I cannot control annoy me but little!" And Elinor went back to her book. (Page 319)

David turned, gravely. His eyes wandered to Nancy, who would not meet his glance. "She knows, then," thought David. "Well, they might as well face it." "Don't you understand?" he said, driving himself against the wall. He pointed to the ports. Elinor and Ralph, helping each other, looked. Then, both raced across the little house, stumbling in their eagerness to look out that side. But there was nothing but a tossing waste—no Valenta, no small boat!

Elinor took it in, slowly. Then, her face working, she turned to David.

"You mean—oh, it can't be!"

"Perhaps they have been swept away from us," David answered gravely. "We went through it; why not the Valenta?"

"Of course! That must be it. They will wait for us—circle around until they find us—say, they must! We have to get home! We can't stay on a deserted vessel—it's not possible."

"Ah, yes." Ralph's lazy tones forestalled David's answer. "We wish to get home. But we are fortunate to be on top and not underneath the sea. I never knew there were such things!"

"Tidal wave," explained David, briefly. "Submarine earthquake or eruption!"

"But, David—the small boat—Mr. Jenkins?" Nancy's voice was full of tears.

"I don't know. I very much fear—"

"Well, I wish they'd hurry up and come for us. I'm so cold!" Elinor shivered to prove words.

Tired of her attitude, David spoke sharply. "We have escaped death by a miracle. We are on a deserted vessel. If we are picked up, well and good. Meanwhile we must help ourselves. Haynes, see if there is anything to eat in the galley. Your sister and Nancy can investigate the lockers, and find some trousers for these coats." He waved his hands at the rough garments. "I'll go aloft; there may be a vessel—"

"Well, upon my word! Since when were you captain?" began Elinor, hotly.

Her brother interrupted, and David smiled, grimly. Ralph's drawl was gone.

"That will do." His voice matched David's. "Bird is right. Someone has to direct, and he knows the sea. Hurry now, or you'll catch cold."

A flush glowed in Elinor's wrathful cheeks as she followed Nancy. Ralph fled to the galley. Tying a rope about his waist, David mounted the ratlines to the mainmasthead. It was reckless work, but wind and sea were both calming as night came on.

DAVID scanned the sea, but from the charred foredeck to the dim haze which was horizon was no sign of rescue.

As he came down, Ralph came out of the little galley, forward of the deck cabin.

"Well?" David's voice was anxious.

"Everything is tumbled about. But there are—ah—some canned goods, a box of flour, bags of dried fruit, some salt meat, and a good stove. Did you see anything?"

"I didn't expect to. I think they were swamped. There is a chance; we lived through it. But—we mustn't count on it."

Ralph nodded. David, who detested his lazy speech, approved his silent acceptance of the inevitable.

"What did you find, Miss Nan—Miss Bird?"

"Oh, lots of men's clothes. I don't think any women lived here."

"What am I thinking of!" cried David, remorsefully. "Get into some of those things, quick. You will be guys in trousers, but don't you care?"

"I'm afraid my sister will never do that—she's too—"

"Oh, yes, she will!" Catching a flash of gold at the half-open door, Nancy spoke distinctly. "Your sister is brave, I think. She won't balk at even a disagreeable necessity like this. You'll see!" Nancy, waving her hand gayly, disappeared.

"Come on. Let's see what the Psyche's like," commanded David briefly. "We'd better get on some dry things, too."

"Just a minute." Ralph's drawl was very evident. "Ah—what are our chances?"

"Of being picked up—small. Of staying afloat—good. Of navigating somewhere—I don't know."

"You would try to sail her?" Ralph was incredulous.

"You don't want to starve here?" asked David sharply. "I'm no navigator, but I can sail small boat for pleasure, and a big one for my life, I guess. It's less dangerous than doing nothing. But now dry clothes—then hunt Nancy!"

A nervous laugh from the deck house answered him.

"Nancy!" commanded David. "Stop primping and give us a dry suit apiece."

Out of the door flew jackets and trousers. It shut with a bang, cutting off a giggle.

"Hustle now. It will soon be dark, and there's loads to do," cried David. "Supper to get and sleeping quarters to look after cabin, I guess. But the hold first. Come on, let's change."

Using the galley as a dressing-room, they were soon in dry clothing. Ralph's eyes looked admiringly at the strength and whip-cord muscle David uncovered.

The deck was black at the forward hatch. Charred ends of ropes told that fire had recently held sway. It had burned through the hatch cover. Ralph helping with all his slender strength, David heaving mightily on a broken spar as a lever, the cover was lifted. David looked down eagerly.

"I can't see anything. Get a lantern," he commanded.

Ralph brought one, lighted, from the galley. David let himself into the hold, took the lantern and helped Ralph down. They saw only the boxes, bags, crates and bales of general cargo. David made no attempt to go far over the tightly packed mass of freight.

"It's too dangerous, with the Psyche he explained. "Why did they desert her with so small a fire? See—it's not charred here—Oh!"

David pointed. Grave eyes looked at Ralph, and Ralph stared back. The box on

which David rested a hand which shook was labeled "Dynamite." And there were many boxes.

"Great Scott! No wonder they took to the boats when the fire caught!" There was no drawl in the words. "What will we do—throw it all overboard?"

"No," David decided. "It's safe, if we leave it alone. We might set it off fooling with it. Breaking it out might make the cargo shift. And, Haynes—keep your mouth shut. No use scaring them."

Ralph nodded. They explored the after cabin, reached by a ladderlike companionway under a hood, just forward of the wheel. It was small, lined with bunks, and had evidently been hastily abandoned. Scattered bedding, a rifle, a small axe, a canister of matches, a sheath knife, some oil-slickers, rubber boots, and a general miscellany of personal belongings strewed the floor.

"We'll sleep here. Let's straighten up. Hang a blanket over the forward bunks for the girls. Get at it—it's getting dark. I want to light a distress signal, and the binnacle, and put the girls to work on supper." David busied himself as he spoke.

"You know,"—Ralph scrambled about busily, his voice a mixture of drawl and words choppy with exertion,—"you know—ah—this is rather a lark. I knew there was more fun outside college than in—"

"With those girls to take care of?" demanded David.

David hurried from the after cabin, with difficulty keeping a straight face as he came on deck. Two more "boys" were there, ridiculously slight, men's clothes hanging on them grotesquely, trousers turned high to give room for slender feet, coats drooping despondently about girlish figures concealed in their heavy folds. Nancy's merry smile was not reflected in Elinor's downcast eyes and pouting mouth. So David checked a joking speech and said only:

"Glad you are warm. Hustle into that galley and get something hot to eat. There's lots to do before we can sleep."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 342.]

ILLUSTRATED BY
GEORGE AVISON



IT'S HARD TO GO EASY

By Jonathan Brooks

I looked at the caddie to see if he was the kind of fellow I could get to coach me, see? But he was an Italian, and I don't think yet that he speaks English. Good night!

See? I'm hooked. I'm thrown for a loss, Les. Can't even wiggle out of bounds, and save a yard or so. First place, I've got no business trying to train round with the Allisons. Second place, I hate the idea of dancing. Finally, I've got to golf. Please, Les, how do you golf? Ever thine,

Jim
(To Les Moore)

That's the old boy. I knew you'd rally round, and that was a fine night letter you sent me, advising me to go to an indoor golf school, and hit some balls into a net. I tried it, Les, and the professional says I have a natural swing. So tomorrow morning I'm going to get up at four o'clock and go out to the public course in Van Cortlandt Park and smack around on it awhile and see what golf is like. Tomorrow noon I'll buy me a shirt to go with a tux you made me buy last winter, and some golf pants and shoes, and then tomorrow afternoon I'll go home with Mr. Allison. For the week-end. Ritz stuff—hey, Les? But, boy, I'd rather be getting ready to dive into the Hudson, handcuffed.

I'll give you the ghastly details later, if I live. Now I've got to write a note to Big Jake and then get to bed for some sleep before the suffering begins. Think of me always, Les.

Jim
(To J. F. Hilligoss, Cadillac, Mich.)

Dear Jake:

This is to let you know I have not forgotten to write, but am busy mingling with the rich and grand, and playing the fashionable game of golf. Oh, yes, yes, and ho-hum! Really ought to write you a long letter, Jake, but I'm in a big rush. Got a promotion and more money. Tomorrow I've got to get up at four o'clock for business reasons, but I don't work at all next Saturday. It's a weak life if you don't harden to it. Will be week-ending with the Allisons, in New Jersey. Charlie Allison will be there. He was one of our gang a few years ago. Guess he knows your folks. Believe me, my dear Mr. Hilligoss, very truly yours, J. Byers

Jim
(To Les Moore)

Dear Les:

I'm writing this on Friday night from the Allison home, somewhere in Jersey. This is so you can have one last final word from me, in case anyone brains me with a golf club tomorrow. I got by fairly well this evening, though. Charlie wasn't home to dinner, and right after dinner Aileen went out on a party somewhere. She's a frosty-face, and thinks I'm a tramp or something. Just about the prettiest girl I ever saw in my life, but I haven't any business talking about her, except I thought you'd want to know.

Tired, because I walked around a lot of the park course this morning early, and hit a ball most of the time. Not so good, Les. You can hit a golf ball three times farther than you can punt, but I'd be happy if I could hit it regularly as far as I can drop-kick. I never had the buck so badly before—no, not before a tough football game anywhere. This thing of hitting a golf ball should be a simple thing for a fellow who has played a lot of different games, like me. But if my experience this morning means anything, it's one of the hardest tricks in the world. How old was Bobby Jones when he started? About seven, I heard. Wish I'd had some practice like him.

Les, if I ever try to pull another foolish bluff like this one, or lack nerve to call myself on it before it is too late, I give you leave to cut me dead in the street. Your idiot friend,

Jim
(To Les Moore)

Now then, Les, old dear, you're going to have all the stuff unloaded on you. You can get out from under by dumping this letter in the trash right away, but that will not keep me from feeling better. I don't care what you do with this, so long as I can write it and get it out of my system. It is Monday evening, and I'm back in my room in town. The week-end is over, and who cares?

Years from now I may pull another four-flush and need another wallop on the chin to bring me back to normal, but it will be a whole lot of years.

When we reached this swell country club and rolled up in style behind the Allison chauffeur, Mr. Allison took me into the professional's room and borrowed a set of clubs. I expected to get five, because as far as I knew there were only five different clubs—driver, brassie, midiron, mashie and putter. I knew them apart, and even thought I had some idea what club to use at any given time or place. But this professional stuck eleven clubs in a bag and shoved the whole outfit on a caddie he'd picked out for me, all before I could crab the act.

I looked at the caddie to see if he was the kind of fellow I could get to coach me, see? But he was an Italian, and I don't think yet that he speaks English. Good night!

SCHOOLS may open and schools may close, but lessons go on forever. Here is the story of a lesson learned by your old friend Jim Byers, railroad scholarship man and all-round athlete at Jordan University. But don't be afraid of a preachment. Three things happened to him in quick succession—a golf game, and a bluff, and a girl. I can get the facts straight by showing you some letters written by Jimmy himself during vacation to his Jordan buddies, Les Moore and Big Jake Hilligoss, at their homes in the Middle West.

(To Les Moore, Cleveland, Ohio)

Dear Les:

I'm back in my job as office boy for President Allison of the Old Stony Railway system. But guess what I'm called. Assistant to the President—and I have a raise in salary, too. Why does a fellow have to forget, once in a while, and pull a four-flush? That's what I'd like to know. I've made four kinds of a monkey of myself already, and I'm going to make about eight or eleven more, all because I tried to put over a dumb bluff on Mr. Allison.

Just when I ought to be sitting on top of the world, I'm lower than a subcellar. Here is how it happened. Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong have gone to Europe and taken Bill with them, so I got the left-all-alone-again blues. Since Mr. Allison promoted me and is paying me almost twice what I drew last summer, I've been saving some money. But he caught me the other day when I was low and lonesome.

"Byers," he said, "what do you do with yourself in spare time?"

I told him I have been going to the parks, and fooling around all by myself. Well, then he said I ought to run out with him for a week-end at his house in Jersey. (They don't bother to call it "New," here.)

"Play golf, don't you?" he said.

Right there I made my big error. I let him think I knew something about that game. All I really know about it I've learned by

looking out of car windows. I didn't mean to deceive him, of course—but I should have said that I don't play golf at all.

"Tell you what we'll do," he said. "My boy Charlie is at home for a visit, and my daughter Aileen is there, too. We'll have some golf with them. What do you say? Charlie will be glad to see you. He was at Jordan before you."

Les, that was my chance to say that I've never even held a golf club in my hand. But I was too big a coward to square myself—and now all I can do is to sit tight and hope he forgets all about it. Maybe that daughter, who goes to some swell finishing school in the East here, will tell him to keep his office boys in the office. I'd like to meet Charlie, though. He was an Alpha Omega about five or six years ago, and I've heard he's a good scout.

Pull for an earthquake to bust up that golf course of Mr. Allison's. But there's no hope. I don't know what's going to happen, but I almost hope it will be bad enough to cure me forever of this blamed four-flushing, even if it hurts worse than being tackled from in front and clipped from behind at the same time, by two guys weighing a total of four hundred pounds. If you know anything about golf, write me quick. Faithfully yours, Jim Byers

(To Les Moore)

Dear Les:

Yes, you may get a good laugh while you're wise-cracking at me, but I'll say you're about as much help as a sprained ankle. Help is what I need. Help! Though a four-flusher trying to kid his boss doesn't deserve any help, at that.

Today, Tuesday, Mr. Allison asked if I would go to his home with him next Friday evening, for the week-end. As soon as I said I could, he said: "Bring your things, golf togs, tux, and all that. There'll be a party at the club Saturday evening, and Charlie will be glad to take you around. You have some golf clothes, of course?"

Anyone with nerve or brains would have said right there that he didn't own any golf stuff. But I bogged down, and only said I didn't have my golf things with me. Why will a guy be a fish, that way?

"Never mind," said Mr. Allison. "We'll pick you up a set of clubs. And you'll be ready to leave with me Friday afternoon? That's fine."

See? I'm hooked. I'm thrown for a loss, Les. Can't even wiggle out of bounds, and save a yard or so. First place, I've got no business trying to train round with the Allisons. Second place, I hate the idea of dancing. Finally, I've got to golf. Please, Les, how do you golf? Ever thine,

Jim
(To Les Moore)

Then we went to nervous eyes, and we could beat him.

"Well, Aileen for Byers," said

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(To Les Moore)

Les, this is strong medicine, and I can only give it to you in small doses. I have come, I have seen, but I have not golfed. Not by many miles. It was terrible—the worst thing

Then when we were all dressed and ready we went out to the first tee. I'm getting more nervous every minute. Mr. Allison said, how will we play? And Charlie spoke up that he could beat his dad.

"Well, then, if you think so, you take Aileen for your partner, and play me and Byers," said Mr. Allison.

"Nothing doing," Charlie said. "Here I have not played for a year and you're out all the time. You take Aileen and give me Byers."

"I'm so glad to see my son developing into a good, hard-bargaining business man that I'll do it," Mr. Allison laughed.

"He does not know that Aileen will probably beat me," I said.

"I've beaten some of the old men around here," Aileen laughed, "but never any of these natural, all-round athletes."

"Oh, well, come on," said Charlie. "Go ahead and drive, Byers. Let's take the honor here, because we may never get it again."

I tried to back out and let Aileen hit first, or one of the others, but they all insisted, and, since I was a guest, I had to do it, I suppose. Well, I was scared. But there was nothing to do but step up and take my medicine—show these people I was just a plain four-flusher. So I went up. The professional in New York had told me not to try to hit hard at first, so I got all ready, put the ball on a little peg they gave me, and took a nice easy swing.

"Nice ball," said Mr. Allison. "That's a good drive," Charlie said. "We'll show these folks."

I nearly fainted, because my drive had gone right down the middle of the track, a good way. They started kidding me about not being a star player, and all that kind of rhubarb. But I didn't say anything. Neither did Aileen. She just watched me. Every time I looked at her, she had her eyes on me—sort of studying me and, I think, laughing at me to herself. Well, after they had driven, we started out, and my ball was as far along as the rest of them.

I kind of lagged back behind the others as we got up to where the balls were, and watched them hit ahead of me. Then I walked up to my ball and looked at the caddie. He looked at the green, which I could see, not very far away, and then looked at me. I didn't say anything, so he pulled out a club and handed it to me. I guess it was a mashie.

So I took another swing, easy-like, and the blazed ball went up in the air and came right down on the green. Then you should have heard them razz me.

"Two perfect shots," said Mr. Allison. "And he never took a lesson in his life!" Aileen laughed.

"Two accidents," I said. "Don't pay any attention to them," said Charlie. "You just play your game, Byers, and don't let them talk you out of it."

"But I haven't any game," I said.

Well, on the green, I took two putts, and that made me a four, which is what they call me, and the best score among us. They fazed me some more, and I guess that and the four together ruined me. Anyway, I got it in my head that this is an easy game, see? Old men and girls play it. A young fellow like myself can certainly play it. All you have to do is hit the ball! I forgot everything the professional had told me. Got cocky, you know.

"Your honor, Byers," Mr. Allison said, at the second tee. "And no more pars, now, for a while. Give us a chance."

Pars? Great jiggers! I swelled up and took a real wallop at the ball, to show them what I could do when I was trying. And I missed the ball altogether! "That's the kind of golfer I am," I said, and took another wallop, half mad at myself. This time I hit it hard, but down in the ground, so it only went about twenty yards, off to one side, to boot. They only said tough luck. When I got to the caddie and waited a minute. He handed me a club that had a blade like a tablespoon. I whanged at the ball with it, but the ball didn't come out. I got mad and dug at it again. This time it sort of popped out, and rolled a few feet into the fairway. Boy, I'm a picture no artist could paint! Nobody said anything. It seems that in golf you are not supposed to say much, unless it is complimentary stuff. Well, I took a good grip on a long-handled club the caddie gave me and sprawled out my feet and took a terrible wallop at that old ball. Believe me, I hit it, too. If it had gone straight it would have

been a beauty, but the blame thing went off at right angles to the course, across the next fairway and into the rough on the other side of it. So my caddie and I went after it, and the rest of the party went on up our own fairway. Well, when I finally got to the green I was fit to be tied. My score this time was thirteen!

"All I wanted you to do was to lay off par once in a while," Mr. Allison said, looking at me with a grin. "You don't need to run up into two figures on my account."

"Well, at that, we didn't lose a point," Charlie said. "Never mind, partner, and just take it easy." Aileen didn't say anything.

Off this tee I remembered to hit easy, and so I got another straight one. Right down the middle, stopping just short of a little creek. "Back in form again, hey?" said Mr. Allison. But I said I hadn't any form. The

but I could hardly understand his lingo; and besides, it made me mad to think a boy could tell me anything. So I went on and suffered. The further we went the madder I got. The madder I got the harder I tried to hit. The harder I tried to hit the worse I shot. And all the time I was sore at Mr. Allison for dragging me out there to make a show of myself in front of Charlie and, yes, Aileen.

And all because I had pulled a dumb four-flush on Mr. Allison and let him think I had played golf! Catch me four-flushing again, will you? After a while Mr. Allison started coaching me. And Charlie tried it some more. No use. I ignored them, and what the professional and the caddie told me. I'm going to kill that ball, I thought, if it's the last thing I ever do. And if I could, I'd kill this pretty Aileen for thinking I'm such a dumb-

the ball on the green. And I quit with another par four, as accidental as the first, and felt a bigger fool than ever.

Getting mad all this time had made me even worse than I would have been. All I could do was grin at myself for a boob.

"See, what did I tell you?" Aileen said, when we were walking into the clubhouse.

"That makes two lessons I've had to learn today," I said.

"But school's out," she said, and laughed. She always laughs, Les.

"If I was as dumb in school as I am out of it," I said, "school never would be out for me."

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WHERE ALL WINDS BLOW NORTH

By Commander Richard E. Byrd

As soon as the ice-breaker Samson lands our expedition in the Bay of Whales, at the foot of the Ross Barrier, our aeronautical equipment will come into play. Three planes will probably be taken,—at the date this article is being written it is not possible to say exactly how many,—and the first task will be to unload them. On the way south they will be stowed on deck and lashed down under tarpaulins.

The Barrier at the Bay of Whales is very low, shelving down to the sea-ice, which extends like a lip for one or more miles from the Barrier edge. Between the sea-ice and the ice-belt of the Ross Sea there are several hundred miles of open water, practically free of floating ice, so that it is an easy task to reach the ice-foot and moor alongside it. Amundsen found the Barrier a mile and a quarter from the edge of the ice, and, while the width varies with the season, it will probably be more than a mile when we reach it.

Tractors, planes and supplies will be transferred to the ice by means of the Samson's cargo derricks. The tractors, which will have been put in working condition on the way through the Ross Sea, will then haul the dismantled planes to a safe distance inland on the Barrier, where there will be no danger of the ice breaking and dropping us into the sea.

Once there, they will be gone over by our mechanics and preparations made for the work in hand. Housing them in the gales and hurricanes which may occur at any time will be necessary, and some sort of temporary hangar will be put up and anchored to the solid ice. In case our plans are delayed through any cause and we cannot leave before winter sets in, the planes will probably be completely dismantled for further safety, all metal parts oiled, and delicate instruments stored in the living-quarters. The fuselage and detached wings of each plane will be sheltered in excavations made in the ice and snow and roofed over lean-to fashion. Every precaution will be taken to protect them from damage and from possible contact with snow.

Only one of the planes to be taken has been definitely selected. This is a standard tri-motored Ford, type 4-AT, in my opinion one of the finest planes being built anywhere in the world today. It will probably be used for the actual flight from our base to the South Pole.

Two other planes will be taken for reconnaissance work, photographing, laying bases, as a possible means of rescue if anything should happen to the large plane on its way to or from the pole, and for some of the exploration work. These will be made by the Fairchild Flying Corporation, and will be of the single-motored monoplane type.

They will work under conditions demanding a very short take-off, since whatever areas are used for runways are sure to be extremely limited, and they will consequently be of higher power, weight for weight, than the large monoplane. This margin of power will be particularly important in laying down the auxiliary bases on the way to the pole, where it will be necessary, once we are away from the fairly level areas of the Barrier plateau, to use as landing fields stretches of rough ice intersected with crevasses and surface irregularities. Conditions even on the Barrier surface will be bad enough to make every ounce of available power essential.

The equipment of the small planes will be limited, but in addition to the usual instruments they will carry compact short-wave wireless sets for communication with the main base, together with any additional pieces of apparatus required for scientific work.

Practically all the short flights from the Bay of Whales to investigate near-by country, and, more important, to take observations in the upper air, will be made with these planes. Observations well above sea level are important in any study of weather conditions. For these, previous expeditions have used captive balloons to some extent, but these balloons are limited in altitude and generally unsatisfactory. Use has also been made of small free balloons in determining wind velocity and direction. Careful studies have been made of ground conditions

The leader of the world's most daring expedition continues the epic story of his plans

in several areas, but what goes on high above the ice has yet to be accurately determined.

All our planes will be equipped to carry the marvelous new machine known as a map-making camera, a device which photographs

automatically a continuous record of the country over which the plane passes. Its principle is similar to that of a motion-picture camera, and ordinary motion-picture film is used. The speed of the mechanism, actuated by a clockwork motor, must be synchronized with that of the plane.

When the negative is developed and printed each tiny square will form one section of a complete map of the route followed. The value of this device, developed by the Fairchild Aerial Survey Company, is difficult to estimate. By its use maps will ultimately be made of every portion of the earth's surface accessible through the air, whether surveying is possible or not.

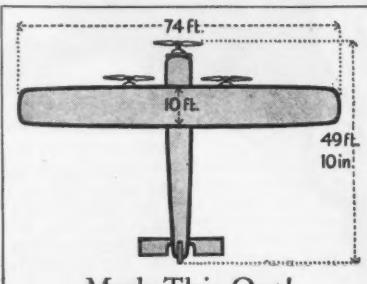
The Ceiling of a Plane

Our small planes will have one possible advantage over the giant Ford, and that is in the matter of ceilings. The ceiling of a plane is the term given by aviators to the height above sea level—not above ground—to which a plane can attain. The greatest altitude a plane has ever reached is 38,559 feet, made by Lieut. C. C. Champion, U. S. N., in a Wright-Apache. Ceilings for commercial craft average about 10,000 feet.

One of the first facts about the atmosphere which you learned in school was that it became less and less dense the farther from the earth. Those of you who live at high altitudes, such as Denver and Leadville, know that there is a very great difference between the air there and that at lower levels. Objects seem to weigh more, for one thing, because the support of the atmosphere is less.

The higher an airplane rises the greater this effect of increased weight becomes, and eventually a point is reached where the area of the wings is not sufficient to carry the machine any higher. That point is the ceiling of that particular plane.

Small, light planes, with a very high proportion of horsepower and wing area to weight, have ceilings of 15,000 to 22,000 feet, while that of the somewhat heavier tri-motored planes is less than 15,000 feet. In Arctic flying ceilings of this height are more than enough, because



Mark This Out!

THE picture at the top of this page shows you the appearance of the giant Ford monoplane. To visualize its enormous size take the small diagram above and mark it out in your yard or the nearest ball field. Specifications of the plane are these: Span, 74 ft.—Wing area, 785 sq. ft.—Length, 49 ft. 10 in.—Height, 12 ft. 8 in.—Wheel tread, 16 ft. 5 in.—Weight empty, 6000 lbs.—Useful load, 4000 lbs.—Wing load per square foot, 12.7 lbs.—Engines, 3 Wright Whirlwinds, developing 645 h.p. at 1800 r.p.m.—Power load (pounds per horsepower), 15.5 lbs.—Cabin capacity: Width, 4 ft. 6 in.; Height, 5 ft.; Length, 15 ft.—High speed, 114 m.p.h.—Cruising speed, 95-100 m.p.h.—Stalling speed, 59 m.p.h.

in addition to the usual instruments they will carry compact short-wave wireless sets for communication with the main base, together with any additional pieces of apparatus required for scientific work.

Practically all the short flights from the Bay of Whales to investigate near-by country, and, more important, to take observations in the upper air, will be made with these planes. Observations well above sea level are important in any study of weather conditions. For these, previous expeditions have used captive balloons to some extent, but these balloons are limited in altitude and generally unsatisfactory. Use has also been made of small free balloons in determining wind velocity and direction. Careful studies have been made of ground conditions



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For this high-altitude work at no great distance from the main base, our small planes with very high ceiling will be ideal.

To accomplish the principal object of the expedition, the goal towards which every one of us is working, an entirely different type of plane must be used.

Its requirements will be great carrying capacity, a cruising radius of at least 2000 miles, and the ability to stay in the air on less than three motors for at least long enough to locate a possible landing place. That it must be as thoroughly reliable as is humanly possible is understood.

A great deal of thought has naturally been expended on its selection. Into this has gone all the accumulated experience of my own transatlantic and Arctic flights, as well as that of others who have made similar ventures; and I have had in addition the advice of the men to whom flying is not an instrument of adventure or of exploration, but one of the tools of their trade—the airmail pilots.

Every night about six o'clock I hear, far above my home in Boston, the roar of the mail-plane, on its way from the East Boston base to New York. In the short days of winter only the flying light it carries is visible, but there it is, in darkness or light, rain or wind or storm. For its pilot there is no waiting for favorable winds or good visibility. His job is to fly, and he flies. Whenever I hear him pass overhead I feel like taking my hat off to him. He and his like all over the country are the true pioneers. We make the spectacular flights, but they lay the basis.

The plane finally selected as best fulfilling our exacting specifications is the Ford tri-motored transport, model 4-AT, built by the Stout Metal Airplane Company, and powered with three standard J-5-C Wright Whirlwinds. Certain changes have been made in the craft which has been purchased for the expedition, but they are right, and the plane in which we will attempt to fly to the South Pole will not differ materially from those you may see in service any flying-port.

The Ford Plane "Floyd Bennett"

The picture at the top of page 324 will give you some idea of the plane as it has been completed for us. At present it bears the factory number, NX4542, but before it starts south it will carry also a name, that of Floyd Bennett, who was to have been second in command with me, and who died in line of duty last April.

Arthur T. Walden of Wonalancet, N. H., who will have charge of the dogs of the Byrd expedition, with Chinook, half Eskimo and half German police dog

To quote dimensions is not very enlightening, except for purposes of comparison. The small diagram on the opposite page gives a graphical representation of length and breadth. Pace this out on your lawn or a near-by field, and you will realize what a huge object the plane is, to be supported thousands of feet in the air. Its span, seventy-four feet, is equal to the breadth of the 20,000-ton ocean liners which run between Europe and America. The wheel tread is almost four times that of the average automobile.

Fully loaded, it will weigh five tons. Imagine, if you can, the five-ton truck which you see carrying heavy loads about the streets, lifted half a mile into the air and hurtled through space at a speed of one hundred miles an hour, faster than the fastest crack train on any railway line in existence. And imagine that speed kept up hour after hour, through driving gales and temperatures so low as to freeze mercury solid, for fifteen hundred miles or more without a single stop. Incredible, but that in substance is what our plane will be doing.

On the opposite page you will find full specifications, of particular interest if you are interested in aeronautics.

The alterations I have had made have been limited to eliminating all the interior trim usually placed in the cabin, and placing auxiliary fuel tanks in the wings and fuselage. Standard tankage has a capacity of only 200 gallons, carried in the wings. Tankage as installed for the polar flight will carry 755 gallons, exclusive of the amount to be taken in tins. There will be one 110-gallon and two 135-gallon tanks in the center section of the wings, one 120-gallon tank in each wing tip, and one 135-gallon tank in the fuselage. With fuel consumption of about three miles to the gallon, tankage alone will give us a cruising radius of more than two thousand miles.

One of the plane's greatest advantages from an explorer's standpoint is the all-metal duralumin construction. Duralumin is a very light copper-aluminum alloy* which withstands atmospheric corrosion almost indefinitely, and is nearly as strong as steel. Duralumin wings are impervious to the hail and snow that might riddle those covered with fabric or veneer.

The engines deserve a word by themselves. The Wright Whirlwind is probably the best-known airplane motor in America. One took Lindbergh to France. Another carried Chamberlin and Levine to Kottbus. Three more brought the America safely to Ver-sur-Mer. While their weight per horsepower is greater than some others, their reliability and air-cooling more than counterbalance that.

Even so, for each horsepower they weigh only about $2\frac{1}{4}$ pounds—the power of a horse compressed into the weight of an ordinary reference book.

Experience with commercial aviation has shown that much of the engine trouble encountered is with leaky radiators and other parts incidental to water-cooling, all avoided with air-cooling. In addition, in the low temperatures of the Antarctic the glycerine which must be substituted for water to obviate freezing makes starting and warming up slow and difficult.

* Duralumin also contains small quantities of magnesium and manganese. Its tensile strength reaches 58,000 pounds to the square inch, equal to that of mild steel, and, combined with its resistance to corrosion and its extreme lightness, makes it one of the most valuable alloys known for automotive and aeronautical construction. Its properties in extreme cold, such as will be met with in the Antarctic, are now being studied by the experts of Massachusetts Institute of Technology at Cambridge. These scientists are also carrying out researches on the effect of extreme cold on every important metal part of the planes being taken by Commander Byrd to Antarctica.

"Scotty" Allen, who is assisting in training the dogs at Wonalancet, with three of his favorites

Photo by Times-Wide World



The cabin will be heated, but, since one or more of the windows must always be open for the taking of observations, it will be far from comfortable by the time the pole is reached.

The wheels which form the standard landing equipment will be replaced by skis of special design, made of very hard wood and insulated from the body of the plane by a shock-absorbing apparatus and hard-rubber blocks. Their durability is a matter of very

be needed. This will have to be built up of ice-blocks and smoothed down with snow, and will take several days to construct. Until it is finished no trials will be made of the larger plane. The two smaller ones can get off the ground in less space and can be put into commission as soon as they are assembled and a few hundred yards of ice have been cleared away.

A tri-motored plane will be the only type providing an adequate factor of safety for the final flight, but, if mountain ranges of extreme height cut us off from other distant regions we want to explore, one of the smaller planes, with skeleton supplies and a single relief pilot, will be used. I hope that this will not be necessary, but it is impossible to tell in advance.

Antarctic Navigation

Much the same instruments as went to the North Pole will be used for navigating—sun, magnetic and earth induction compasses. If experimental work with the gyroscopic compass has been completed by the time we sail, one will be taken along, but it will be useful more in confirming the exact spot where the earth's

axis lies than for any other purpose. As in the Arctic, the magnetic compass will be unreliable because of the distance between the true and magnetic poles, and the very weak lines of magnetic influence at the poles. The sun compass, checked by frequent sextant observations, will be our principal guide, but its use naturally presupposes a sun. Next to some mechanical failure, lack of sunlight will be the danger most to be dreaded.

Many observers who have been in the Antarctic have noted the unusual and baffling light conditions, due to the brilliance of the sunlight and the effect of the millions of tiny mirrors formed by the irregular surfaces of the ice and snow. There are no shadows, and the sky and the horizon blend into one blinding glare of light. Snow-covered mountains and deep crevasses will be alike invisible, and the principal aid of the aviator in determining the nature of the country over which he is flying will be gone. For he depends more largely than is generally known on shadows. We have not been long enough acquainted with the air to be able to recognize objects very rapidly by their appearance when seen from above; we must depend on their shadows. This holds as true of mountains and landscape irregularities as of anything else, and in the deceptive illumination of Antarctica that aid will be absent. One of our most serious problems will be in flying at a level low enough to secure full efficiency from the motors, and still be able to rise in time to clear obstructions in the terrain.

Off!



NEXT month The Companion will print the concluding article of Commander Byrd's great series on Antarctic exploration. It will be the last article from his pen to appear in any magazine in America prior to his sailing. On or about the 15th of August the Floyd Bennett South Polar Expedition will sail from New York under his command, not to return to civilization until the flag of the United States has been planted at the bottommost part of the world. With him and his companions will go the hopes and best wishes of every boy and girl in the civilized world. Watch for his concluding article next month, and as the wireless dispatches reporting his progress come through later follow them in your local newspaper, for Commander Byrd's own story has given each of you a personal interest in this gallant expedition.

great importance, for on the way they depend on a forced landing depends our ability to rise again. They must also be designed to take off on either ice or soft snow. Except on the Barrier and along the wind-swept glaciers the whole surface of Antarctica is buried deep in snow and powdered ice, and the width of the skis must be sufficient to support the plane on such material. If they are not, any attempt to take off would only result in burying the nose deep in the snow and ruining all chances of ever rising again. Pontoons will most probably not be fitted to the large plane, but the two smaller ones may have auxiliary pontoon equipment for use in coastal work or over areas where open leads large enough to land in are known to exist.

During the past winter experiments have been made with ski-equipped planes on ice and snow to determine just how long a runway will be necessary for the Floyd Bennett to take off from under full load. From what has been learned during these experiments, coupled with the Arctic experiences of the Josephine Ford, it is fairly certain that an inclined runway, such as the America used at Roosevelt Field in taking off for Europe, will



Photo by Times-Wide World



CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

The bear had found something in the stump that kept him busy for a while. . . . I concluded it must have been those great, fierce-stinging wood ants

WHEN JUDSON FROZE

By *Charles G. D. Roberts*

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

KEEP still," muttered Judson suddenly, under his breath.

"What is it?" whispered his companion, turning toward him a large, smooth-shaven, sun-redened face.

"There, it's gone! I said 'keep still,' an' you moved your head," exclaimed the first speaker, impatiently, and pointed across the sunlit stream to a slight swaying of the red-berried with-wood bushes which fringed the water's edge. "If you'd kept still we might have seen something interesting in half a minute—something worth seeing."

"Well, I hardly stirred," protested the other, with an apologetic laugh. "What was it anyway?"

"A lynx, and a big one at that, I guess, though I just got a glimpse of him through the bushes," answered Judson. "You see, just under that bank there's a pool where the big suckers lie, while the trout keep mostly to this side of the channel. The suckers are pretty slow, fat an' lazy, and that lynx was likely coming down to try and scoop one. I've only once managed to get sight of a lynx at his fishing. They're mighty clever at it, an' I'd rather see it again than

land the biggest trout between here an' Tobique."

"I'm sorry. I'd have liked to see it too," said his companion. "But I can't see how just a turn of my head spoilt the game for us. We are right here in plain view, and all the world knows what sharp eyes a lynx has. The brute couldn't fail to see us anyhow, if I hadn't so much as wiggled my little finger."

It was midafternoon, the sun blazing on the water, and the hot, spruce-scented air was dead still, carrying not a sound but the murmur of a little rapid around the bend of the stream. The trout were not feeding. The

two fishermen had had good sport earlier in the day and were now resting in the shade, the hope that a breeze might blow up, or a brisk shower, to freshen the water and stir the fish from their sluggishness. Amos Judson, guide and hunter by profession and incidentally, a keen naturalist, shifted his position with an air which indicated that he was getting ready to talk. His companion, a sport-loving lawyer from Baltimore, who expectantly; for Judson, usually taciturn, was apt to talk a lot once in a while, when he had really something to say.

"You see, it's this way," he began at last. "you're a darn good sportsman, Mr. Harrison."

"Cut out the 'mister,' Amos," interrupted Harrison. "An' I reckon maybe no smarter fisherman ever cast a fly on these New Brunswick waters. But all the same what you do know about what goes on in the woods around us, all the time, would make mighty big book."

"A whole library," agreed the American, stretching his long legs luxuriously. "You know you've always found me a glad for information, haven't you?"

SURE," said Judson, "an' that's what I feel like putting you wise now, a telling you a bit of a story from my experience. I reckon you've all the make of a real woodsman, instead of just a friend visitor who comes and sees nothing but the outsides of things.

"Now look! You're right about the having sharp eyes. If you had only wagged your little finger, instead of moving your whole big shining face, that lynx would have seen it. It's movement, however, that the eyes of the wild creatures are so keen to detect. When it's a matter of mere form and color, perfectly motionless, it seems to me that the eyes of us humans can go them better pretty near every time, maybe because we put more thought and memory and, say, comparison of things behind mere looking.

"When I told you to keep still, I meant such stillness as this stone here, or this stump yonder. If you had kept still like this ten to one that lynx—if it was a lynx—you would never have seen us at all, or rather we would never have noticed us as anything more than part of the landscape. Most all the wild creatures, especially those that are hunted rather than the hunters, know this trick. When caught in the open, and they see an enemy before that enemy sees them, they just 'freeze,' as we call it,—that is, they turn themselves to the absolute stillness of a stick or a stone,—and so seem to melt into their surroundings and disappear.

"Why, I once saw a rabbit hopping around a bit of open. All at once, quick as lightning, it flattened down, stiff as a bump on a rug. I looked round to see what had scared it. There was a big blue duck hawk sailing over the tree tops, just looking for rabbits, I suppose. It swung low across the open, sat down with its glass-hard eyes; but it didn't see that rabbit! In fact, having looked at me, I could hardly find the little beast again myself, though I knew just where to look for it. The hawk flapped away, and the rabbit jumped up, wagged its ears and hopped casually into the underbrush. By the time it was up, it saved its skin.

"I could give you lots more instances of that. But I want to tell you an experience of my own, when I was doing the freshening myself."

He paused as his eye roamed.

"Good stuff! I'm learning, and inventing, digesting," said Harrison.

"Well, look around you. The woods are quite empty of life, except for that sandpiper running and teetering among the stones yonder. But you may bet there are scores of bright eyes watching us all the time, wondering what we're up to and waiting for us to clear out. We are not only unwelcome and dangerous. But if we could both of us be absolutely motionless and silent for, say, an hour, all the owners of those wild eyes would forget about us; for they seem to have short memories, somehow, like wilderness folk. They would just seem to see us any more or would accept us as a queer kind of stumps or stones that have always been here. And they would continue on their hiding-places and go on with their own affairs as if there wasn't a stranger within a thousand miles of them."

"Well, that's the way to study the wild creatures and get to really know something about them. Freeze, and keep frozen, to see what they do when they are natural."

"It ain't easy, I'll acknowledge. But I used to do a lot of it, especially when I was a lad. And I sure found it interesting—especially this time I'm going to tell you about. Well, with practice I had got the method of it down fine. I had seated myself comfortably in the shade of tall yellow birch, with my back against the trunk and my legs stretched out slack. The turf an' moss were soft under me, and I had taken good care to see that I was not on any little stick or lump that would begin to feel big and hard after I had been sitting on it for while. You see, if you once move, ever so little, you've got to begin all over again, so you may as well begin right to start with.

"The sun was at my back, and what little breeze there was blew softly right in my face, so it would not carry my scent to anything that might come within range of my eyes. Out in front of me stretched a little grassy and mossy glade, perhaps fifty yards in length and not quite so wide, with a big, half-rotten gray stump to one side, on the left, and a patch of bright purple-pink fireweed in the far right-hand corner. All across the far end of the glade stretched a light-green curtain of elderberry bush, hiding the tree trunks beyond. The picture is as sharp in my mind as if it was here before me now—and that was nigh forty years ago, when I was a husky lad of fourteen."

HE was silent for half a minute, lost in his memories, till he was recalled to his story by the sharp yelp of an eagle from the top of a lofty rampike across the stream. The eagle launched himself from his perch and flapped off heavily above the dark tops of the firs; and Judson continued: "Well, I hadn't been sitting there for more than ten minutes when I heard a tiny squeaking and rustling all round me and knew that I'd been keeping still all right, for the woodnymph had already forgotten I was there and had come out of their holes under the roots. I couldn't quite see them, of course, without turning my head, but I knew pretty well what they were doing—chasing one another, and squabbling over bugs or grubs, an' making love maybe. My left hand was down at my side, spread out on the moss, and presently I felt some light little feet scramble over it. That shows how completely I was ignored—just because I knew how to freeze.

"It was not more than a minute or two when a rabbit came hopping out right into the middle of the glade. I've noticed that the mice and the rabbits seem to have about the shortest memories of all. Just as well for them, because they have so many enemies and are so continually harassed by all the hunting beasts and birds and have so many narrow escapes (when they do escape) every day of their lives that, if they were not blessed with the shortest kind of memories, they'd be in a sweat of terror all the time. Well, the rabbit sat up on his hind quarters, wagged his long ears back and forward, stared all about him with his big bulging eyes, and looked straight at me without taking any more notice of me than if I had been a knot on the trunk. Another rabbit hopped into view, and another and another, till I counted six of them. The first one, meanwhile, had moved over a bit to the side and seemed to appoint himself sentinel. He sat up there, watching and listening and attending strictly to his duty, while the others began to play like so many children having a game. There really seemed to be some sort of regularity about it, some sort of pattern even, as they hopped this way and that. They were certainly having a good time; and so I, watching them and fairly holding my breath. Then suddenly the sentinel stopped hard on the ground with one of his strong hind legs. Instantly the players all scattered off into the underbrush, and the sentinel after them. The glade was empty, and the rustling and squeaking of the mice stopped short. They, too, had heard that danger signal.

"As far as I could look about me by just closing my eyes, I tried to make out what the danger to the rabbits was. Certainly it was not a hawk, for, if it had been, the rabbits would have dashed off in frantic haste (and they had not hurried) or else frozen on the spot. There was no sign, that I could see, of a fox or weasel or wildcat in the edges of the glade.

"While I was wondering about it, and feeling pretty sore because the rabbits had been frightened away, out through that single-green fringe of elder bushes at the far end of the glade, square in front of me, was piled a big black head!

"It looked mighty big to me, that head,

kind of framed by the pale green; and I knew there was a mighty big bear behind it. The little, sharp, twinkling eyes swept all round the glade, as if wondering where the rabbits had gone, and looked me straight in the face—and never saw me. I could tell plain enough they didn't see me. And, let me say right here, if I hadn't frozen thoroughly before, I froze now. I couldn't even think, for a few seconds, for fear that bear might see my thoughts.

"Then he pushed his way clear through the leaves; and he was just as big as I had guessed he was. He stood there a bit in the bright sun, looking kind of bored, as if he had nothing to do and lots of time to do it in. Then I started to think, and think hard. What was I to do? If I jumped up and ran away, that would be as good as asking him to run after me; and I knew that he could run faster than I could. If I should climb the tree, well, I knew that he could climb better than I could; and when I got to the top there would be no other place for me to go except where I just didn't feel ready to go at that time. Clearly there was nothing for me to do but keep frozen (which was just the way I felt) and hope the bear would think of something he wanted to do in some other part of the woods, as far away as possible.

"The first thing the critter appeared to take any interest in was that big half-rotten stump I spoke of. Lumbering lazily over to it, he sniffed at it inquiringly and then lifted one big paw and made a slap at it. An easy, gentle kind of slap it seemed—but you should have seen the result! The whole side of the stump came away! I tell you that made an impression on my young mind. I shivered in my inside and froze stiffer than ever on the outside. And I remembered the face, or what passed for a face, of an old man I had seen who had once got a slap from quite a small and frightened bear. It was no time, just then, for me to be thinking of that dreadful, puckered remnant of a face that poor old Hank Stone used to carry round the settlements.

WELL, the bear had found something in the stump that kept him busy for a while. I didn't worry about what it was, at the time, but, thinking about it afterward, I concluded it must have been those great, fierce-stinging wood ants, which carry so much formic acid in their bodies that old-time trappers used to say they were as sour as green currants and good to keep off the scurvy. That stump must have been chock-full of them, for the bear tore it all to pieces and kept licking the tidbits up, with his quick, limber tongue, so greedily that I could almost hear him smacking his lips. He kept giving such happy little grunts and whimpers of satisfaction that I began to take heart, feeling that he would now be too good-humored to be dangerous. Furthermore, I reminded myself that our Eastern black bears were never regarded as dangerous beasts unless cornered and compelled to fight—except, of course, a mother bear with young cubs. I remembered that they were wary, and shy, and not looking for trouble, and quite clever enough to know that humans were the most dangerous of all the animals. I encouraged myself with the thought that I was a human, if not a very big one; and I began to hope that this bear would catch a whiff of me and take alarm before he got too close to me.

"But he didn't. The wind—blame it—was in the wrong direction. I could smell him, now, but he couldn't smell me. When he'd got the stump all pulled to pieces and had pawed it over thoroughly, he snorted a couple of times to blow the dust out of his nose, scratched his ears and sat back as if wondering what he'd do next. And that's what I was wondering too.

"You see, that glade was quite a big place, and there didn't seem to me, now, any special reason why the bear should want to come over to the one spot where I didn't want him to come. And yet, queerly enough, that's

just what he at last decided to do. His eyes had passed over me, careless and casual, several times. Perhaps he thought I was some sort of growth on the trunk of the tree and would do to scratch himself on. If I had been frozen before, now my heart stopped. What if he should get close up to me before he discovered I was a human, then think I'd been laying a trap for him! He might get mad, or he might just be startled and fetch me one swipe with that paw of his, nervouslike, before running away!

"Queer what one will think of, sometimes, when one is scared to the limit. I used to read, in those days, a famous children's magazine called Chatterbox; and I saw, standing out sharp on my brain, a little story of a man out in Rhodesia, walking down a trail between the mimosa scrub, all unconscious that a lion was stealing up behind him and almost ready to spring upon him. The man was walking very slowly and was absorbed in thought. All at once he thought of something funny and burst out laughing. He was startled by a sound behind him and turned round to see a thoroughly frightened lion tearing away up the trail as if there were a tin can tied to its tail. And the story went on to tell how the wild creatures, unfamiliar with man, could not understand human laughter and were apt to be scared by it.

"All this came to me sharp as a flash of lightning in a black sky. The bear was not more than a dozen paces away. Without stopping to think I opened my mouth and let out a noise that was the nearest I could come just then to human laughter.

"Well, it did the trick. The bear stopped short as if he'd been struck in the face. He kind of shrank back on himself, and his eyes changed. He saw me now all right enough and knew I wasn't a growth on the tree. He looked surprised and so worried that I laughed again, and this time more naturally, though a bit hysterically; for I knew I had won out and the bear wasn't going to have anything more to do with me than he could help. For a second or two he stood shifting his weight from one foot to the other, then he turned to one side and made off, very slowly, toward the edge of the woods, eyeing me over his shoulder as he went. Of course I kept still, as before, for I sensed that was one thing that had him bothered. He pushed his way with dignity through the underbrush; but as soon as he was out of sight I heard him break into a run, and he probably got more and more scared as he ran. When all the sounds of his going had died out in the distance I 'unfroze,' got up, stretched my cramped legs, and marched off—in the opposite direction—feeling a bit shaky but more proud of myself than a bantam rooster. You see I wasn't more than fourteen years old."

Harrison smacked a mosquito on his neck, arose, and picked up his rod, for a breeze had come up, and there was a ripple on the water.

"I gather, Amos," said he, "that there were no mosquitoes about, that afternoon." "Not a mosquito, or a black fly, or a sandfly," assented Judson. "That's a point you've got to look out for in this freezing game."



Another rabbit hopped into view, and another and another

THE RIVER THAT FLOWED UPHILL

By *Theodore Morrison*

ILLUSTRATED BY F. STROTHMANN

YES, I'm old," said the man called Long Pete. His high, thin face seemed to fall apart loosely in the middle as he grinned with his large mouth.

You'd be surprised to know how old I am. Yes, sir, not long ago a man offered me a tortoise for a pet, and I told him I wouldn't take it, because I had kept a tortoise once and I was all broken up when it died of old age. You wouldn't say to look at me that I'm more than middling advanced in life, would you, now? But I'm older than you think. Some people tell me I'm the only man in the world older than the Wandering Jew. I've seen great events in my time, I have. I've seen the battle of Marathon and the signing of the Magna Charta and the American Revolution. I've had education, too. I graduated from Oxford in 1324 and from Prague in 1647 and from Harvard in 1793.

And I've known great men. I've known Achilles and Julius Caesar and Hamlet and Theodore Roosevelt. But the greatest man I ever knew was Paul Bunyan, and the happiest days of my life were the days I worked in his logging camp. And the days I spent logging with Paul Bunyan taught me more than I ever learned in any university and showed me more wonderful and important events than ever I read of in books. Ah, if those days could come again! I'd rather have the callouses on my hands that I got when I was one of Paul's bullies than the medals Napoleon himself pinned on me when he invaded Egypt.

You never heard of Paul Bunyan? Well, well. True greatness goes unknown and unsung. Why, Paul Bunyan was—Paul Bunyan did—why, Paul Bunyan fathered the whole logging business in America. He and the Blue Ox. If it hadn't been for them there never would have been any such thing as logging in this country—no camps in the fall and winter, no drives down the rivers in the spring. Why, the logging business was born right out of Paul's head, and he nursed it and spoon-fed it and teased it along until it grew into the greatest and the most glorious enterprise that ever this country saw. He and the Blue Ox. Babe, the Blue Ox was called; he had a dewlap that would fill two hogheads, and his tail was as thick as a molasses keg.

Since the American Revolution I'd been living here in freedom's land, where things have room to grow, where giant industries can spring up, and feats of genius and triumphs over nature can be accomplished. But it wasn't until a short while ago that I began to learn about Paul Bunyan and his logging camps. A short while, it seems to me, though it might seem a lifetime to you. Then I heard of Paul and the Blue Ox and Johnny Inkslinger, who kept Paul's books and ledgers and was the nimblest head at figures that ever drew mortal breath. Why, to see Johnny Inkslinger figure the number of hairs on a man's head by slide-rule was one of the sights of the camp.

It wasn't an easy matter for me to find Paul Bunyan. He and his men lumbered off a section of the country as fast as an express train could race through it, and his crew had cut timber from Maine to California and from Oregon to New Mexico. Paul was never seen in civilization and had no post-office address. Then, too, when a man went to work for him he never came back again, because after he had got a taste of life in Paul's camp nothing else on this earth could seem anything but useless and tame as a kitten to him. So it wasn't an easy matter to get news of Paul's whereabouts. Finally I decided I had better go West and begin my search from there. I sailed from New York on the clipper Blue Swallow. We rounded the Horn and came up through the Pacific to Frisco. I asked everybody that would listen to me where I could find Paul Bunyan, but some had never heard of him, some thought I



All of a sudden the tree they were sawing was wrenched right out of the ground, roots and all, and yanked up in the air

was crazy, some said he was in Michigan, and some said in Missouri, or perhaps in the Dakotas. This didn't help me much, but I struck out to find him by myself.

I couldn't tell you all the states, counties, territories, riverways and mountain ranges that I crossed or climbed from end to end before I came on Paul's camp. I went through vast tracts of forest that had been

lumbered by his men. Sometimes I found a shoe-print left by the Blue Ox—a wonderful print, so big that at first I didn't know it for a hoof-mark at all. Once I saw where he had put his foot down in wet ground and left a hollow that filled with water. The hollow made a fair-sized pond, and the bulrushes had grown up around the edge. Two ducks flew out as I went by. But that wasn't

Introducing Paul Bunyan

FOR generations the lumbermen of America have entertained one another with extravagant tales of the prowess of a legendary figure—a giant of the lumber camps. This great lumberman has gone by different names in different parts of the country, but he has now grown used to being called Paul Bunyan. Wherever and however the Paul Bunyan stories began, they have now developed into part of a distinctly American folklore, which

is to our modern life what Aesop's "Fables" were to the lives of our ancestors. Paul Bunyan is a doer of Things That Never Can Happen, and every narrator has vied with his friends in piling impossibility upon impossibility. Here is a sample of one of these strange and ridiculous tales, invented for you by a new writer whom The Companion is glad to welcome to its pages. If you like it, there will be others to follow soon.

the only thing about that hoof-mark. A bridge had been built across it so that the men could cross over it without any danger of getting drowned.

It was three years before I caught up with Paul Bunyan and his crew. But time made no difference with me. As long as I found him in the end I didn't care how long it took me. I went from the Rockbottom River in Arkansas to the Hardpan Lakes of Oklahoma, and from there I traveled on to the Gooseflesh Geysers northeast of the Yellowstone. Everywhere there were traces of Paul's work. Great swathes of forest had been lumbered out, and sometimes the country was covered so deep with the chips from the axes that a chimney top just showed through where Paul's men had logged around a settler's cabin.

FINALLY I came, late on a winter's day, to the region of the Roaring River in Wyoming. The banks of the Roaring River were heavily timbered, and I walked through a forest of the finest trees that I ever saw. Yes, sir, those were noble trees—great rows of trunks, immense and solemn, soaring up through the deep-blue melting drifts of snow. For two days I traveled through the forest along the frozen river bed where the ice was just beginning to grow soft and rot. Next day when I left my camp in the morning I began to hear noises, a long way off and faint, in the woods. I thought at first they might be giant trees crashing down. Then as I went on I could hear axes biting and ringing keenly in good sound timber, and saws droning through the bright sunny air. I knew at least that I was getting near human beings, and I was mighty glad, as my grubstake was beginning to run low.

Then the thought came to me that it might be Paul Bunyan himself and his gang of loggers that were cutting out the timber, and my heart gave a leap.

I hurried along, and then I heard a bellow that shook the trees to the roots beside me and made the ground tremble beneath my feet. After that came a rumbling and crashing and scraping like a landslide, and I thought to myself, "It's Babe, the Blue Ox, and he's just snaking the logs down to the river."

Pretty soon as I was looking ahead through the trees I saw two men bringing up a band saw to a trunk that had already been notched to fall in a certain direction. As I came up I saw that it was a middling small tree, say six or eight feet through. The saw was already whining through the wood, and the sawdust spraying out of the cut and gathering along the edges of it on the wet bark. I stood close beside the men and was about to ask them if they knew where I could find Paul Bunyan's crew when all of a sudden the tree they were sawing was wrenched right out of the ground, roots and all, and yanked up in the air. The men who had been cutting it were pitched about fifty feet head over heels, and so was I. A shower of wet snow and frozen dirt and stones came pelting down and knocked the breath out of me. When I could get to my feet again I looked around for the two men. They didn't seem at all surprised. They picked up the saw and walked off as if nothing had happened. One of them said, "I didn't see Paul standing there," and the other nodded his head and spit from the quid he was chewing.

Then all of a sudden I saw I was standing right beside a boot—yes, sir, a boot, and the biggest one I ever saw. I could just about look over the toe of it, and I guess I could have wriggled under the instep if it had been on a level place. It gave me a turn—yes, sir, I was right scared for a minute or two. Then I looked up to see if anything was in that boot. And there was. A leg was in it. And then I saw another boot and another leg, and a good way up over my head was a red Mackinaw, and finally I could make out the whole figure of a man. And what a

figure of a man he was! Through the tops of the trees I could just see his gentle, thoughtful face with its tall forehead and sensitive nostrils, denoting a man of intellect and imagination as his great frame denoted strength. I could see his full, neatly combed beard, a bit reddish in color, and one arm stretched out over my head, his hand clenched round a tree trunk at the level of his shoulder. You've heard of them redwood trees in California, so big around that a four-horse carriage can drive right through a hole cut in the trunk? Well, Paul used to wear a section of them redwoods as a ring on his little finger, but it got a little tight when he worked and his hand sweated, and he had to cut it off with his axe.

When I looked up and saw him that first time he was scratching his head just above his right ear in an absent-minded way with the tree he had pulled out of the ground while his loggers were sawing it. I found out later it was a habit he had acquired when he used to keep his own books and do his own figuring, before he hired Johnny Inkslinger to be his timekeeper. As I watched him, the thoughtful expression vanished from his face and a look of resolution came into his glowing eyes. He shook his beard and turned around, walking off through the trees. He was a noble sight, his mighty logger's frame moving over the blue shadows of the snow, while the branches of the highest trees parted and swayed as his shoulders pushed through them.

Well, from that hour I became a member of Paul Bunyan's crew. I lived in his camp and ate his food and did the work of his men. And those days are the pride of my life. They gave me all the self-respect I have. And I couldn't begin to tell you of all the wonders of his camp. Each morning thousands of men swarmed the forest to cut timber.

I was only one of his workers, the least of them, really, because the men looked down on me when it got about that I came from the East. You won't find my name in any of the books about Paul Bunyan—and there are books about him. I was called Long Pete in the camp, on account of my height and narrow build; but that's not the name I was christened by.

A FEW days after I reached Paul's camp the logging of the Roaring River was finished, and the Blue Ox had snaked all the logs down to the river bank, where they lay waiting for the spring drive. Spring came on quickly that year. The sun shone hot, the snows thawed and flowed away, and the freshet began to rise. I had hardly more than learned the ways of the camp when the drive began.

We made good progress for three days. The logs went spinning down through twists and straightaways of white water that smoked and foamed between banks where the buds were popping out green and gummy and fresh-smelling. The men had plenty of use for the calks in their boots, and the river rose behind us while we drove on with the head of the flood-water. On the fourth day we reached the great gorge where the Roaring River flows through the Broken Neck Mountains. It was this gorge that gave the river its name, and the way it roared through that cut in the mountains made Niagara sound like a violin solo. The mountains were called the Broken Neck Mountains because most of them had tops that hung out over the river below, looking like bent-over shocks of corn, or like a row of broken necks and heads hanging down. The river flowed for about ten or fifteen miles through these mountains, in a deep gorge between cliffs rising straight up from the water, with masses of rock leaning out over it. The first of the logs were swinging into the gorge, and the drive was ripping ahead in what Johnny Inkslinger figured would be record time, when an accident happened that led to the first great feat I saw Paul Bunyan accomplish, with my own eyes.

The Blue Ox was capering down the bank of the river, drawing the camp buildings behind him on skids, as he usually did when camp was moved, when he stopped to scratch

himself. He could reach forward with his right hind foot and scratch his left front ear, he was so nimble. It was not fleas that made him scratch, for Paul's foreman, the big Swede, only an inch or two short of Paul himself in height, kept him swabbed so clean that he never had fleas. But sometimes his good spirits would make him tickle, and then he would stop in the midst of whatever he was doing to scratch himself.

So Babe, the Blue Ox, raised his right hind foot to scratch his left ear. He sawed his hoof back and forth so fast that all you could see was a blur in the air. But all of a sudden in the midst of it he cast a shoe. It took about four men to lift one of Babe's shoes, and usually a pulley was rigged up from a beam over the cookhouse door when he had to be shod. Sometimes two men could swing the shoe into position by using the pulley, but more often it took three. So when Babe cast his shoe there was a considerable mass of iron flying through the air, and it was moving at a fearsome rate of speed, about as fast as a cannon ball. It flew straight up towards the overhanging heads of the Broken Neck Mountains above the gorge. Suddenly there was a frightful splitting and rending and a great shuddering wrench. A tremendous jagged crack appeared in the first of the mountains that hung over the river, and slowly the whole vast head of rock tore loose and zoomed down into the gorge with a splash that wet the last of the loggers miles up the river with the spray it raised. Babe's shoe had struck the mountain and broken its head right off.

The shock of the first head's falling was so great that the others began to fall too, and in a few seconds the river was dammed and choked by a mass of rock that filled the

canyon from rim to rim. The logs brought up against a solid wall a thousand feet high, and as the river began to spread back in its course the logs milled round and crashed against each other, and the drive came to a halt. Paul Bunyan's foreman, the big Swede, shouted and stormed at the delay that was holding up the record drive. Johnny Inkslinger hurried up and broke a dozen pencil points figuring the weight, specific gravity, height, thickness, and breadth of the mass of rock that had dammed up the river, and how much it had made the temperature of the water rise when it crashed down. In two minutes and five seconds he had answers to all these problems and announced that the average height of the rock was one thousand, two hundred seven and fifty-one hundredths feet.

Then Paul Bunyan strode up, perplexed and disappointed that the record drive had been interrupted. But he accepted the situation philosophically and immediately set himself to consider how he could start the river flowing on its way again.

"Men," he cried, in his vast rolling voice that could be heard above the roaring of the river and the shrill grinding of the logs, "we must never be discouraged by accidents and misfortunes. Whatever happens, it must all be for the best. Inspiration may overcome the greatest difficulties. Great is the power and glory of ideas, of intellectual genius, and doubtless I shall think of a way to surmount this trial that has been put in our path."

The men responded to this speech with a cheer and bared their heads respectfully while Paul stood looking at the discouraging scene and waiting for an inspiration to spring up in his fertile mind. At first he

thought of opening a tunnel through the obstructing rock or digging a trench around the Broken Neck Mountains and so back to the river bed on the other side. But Johnny Inkslinger declared that, while his knowledge of surveying would enable him to lay out the shortest and quickest route either for a tunnel through the rock or a ditch around it, there would be no possibility of completing either work soon enough to finish the drive within record time.

Again Paul Bunyan wrapped himself in thought and stood a few moments in silent meditation. Then a light broke out on his forehead, and his eyes shone. Again his voice boomed out above the confusion of the scene of our discouragement.

"To overcome this obstacle which has been placed in the way of our drive," he roared, "I will invent a new principle. I will discover the principle of the siphon, by which the Roaring River may be made to flow uphill!"

He gave an order to the big foreman, who hurried over to the camp buildings and returned staggering under a load of a dozen of Paul Bunyan's old pipes. In each of these gracefully modeled implements he could smoke half the annual tobacco crop of the state of Virginia, and he frequently smoked three or more of them at once. Quickly separating the stems from the bowls, he laid the stems together side by side and once more was soon absorbed in thought, while his men in their thousands reverently watched.

"I must now," said Paul Bunyan, "discover some means of joining the stems together to form a continuous tunnel over the rocks that stand in our way."

Little did the men who stood looking on suspect that they were about to witness the birth of a substance which was to prove mighty in building and industry the world over.

"I have it," said Paul. "I shall bind the stems together with a new and everlasting material which I shall call cement."

Quickly he gave orders for the mixing of the cement from the clay beds near the river and the crushed stone which was plentiful about the gorge where the heads of the Broken Neck Mountains had fallen. He himself laid the pipe-stems in place over the rocks, joining the two ends of the mountains.

He sighed as he put at the top of the divide the stem of his favorite corn-cob pipe. Its bowl had been made from a special ear of giant corn grown on his own farm. But he reflected that he could fit a new stem in the bowl, and this thought cheered him.

Soon the ends of the pipe-stems were firmly cemented together, and Paul descended the far side of the mountains, his men scrambling after him as fast as they could, to the lower end of the river bed. Breathlessly the watchers crowded about him as he stooped down with his face close to the ground and took the end of the chain of pipe-stems in his teeth. He inhaled slowly as if he had been pulling at his favorite tobacco. But the other end of the siphon was about ten miles away in the upper river bed, and the water was slow in coming through.

Again Paul drew in his breath, and this time a gush of water suddenly burst over his face. He straightened up and wiped himself carefully on the sleeve of his Mackinaw. The river was pouring through the pipe and rushing down the river bed again. Soon the banks brimmed over with a smoking whirl of brown water, a bit stained with nicotine from Paul's pipes. The logs were coming through smoothly and sliding down river on their way.

Since then the Roaring River has been known to Paul's crew as the River That Flowed Uphill, and the drive of that year is always referred to as the Pipe-stem Drive. Paul's siphon worked pretty well. Even Babe's shoe came through at the end. Luckily it had been caught and picked up by a couple of big logs, and half a dozen of the best river men rescued it and brought it ashore. Babe was quickly shod again, and Johnny Inkslinger figured that the drive would still beat the record with three minutes and six tenths of a second to spare. Yes, sir, and it did.



The Blue Ox was capering down the bank of the river, drawing the camp buildings behind him on skids, as he usually did when camp was moved

FULL SPEED AHEAD!

By Duke Kahanamoku

RIDING a giant breaker at express-train speed is perhaps the most invigorating and thrilling sport in the world. It combines thrills with endurance, and skill with strength. I know of no other pastime which supplies such a variety of sensations or which assists more in promoting good health, cast-iron muscles and perfect coordination of mind and muscle.

Let us take for granted that you've never ridden a surf-board in your life. That will give me something definite to shoot at, and I shall be certain not to overlook anything in explaining the details.

A surf-board is a flat plank, ten, twelve or fourteen feet long, and planed so that it comes to a point at one end. Good seasoned redwood is the best material. That wood is neither too light nor too heavy and is slow to absorb water.

The length of the board depends largely upon one's weight and preference. The one I use is twelve feet long. I consider this the correct size for a man of my build—but I weigh 204 pounds. The thickness of the board should be about three inches and the width about two feet. The back part of the board, the corners, should be slightly rounded to get rid of sharp edges.

Before being put into the water, it is imperative that it be given at least four coats of Valspar or some other reliable water-proof varnish. I do not consider hollow surf-boards practical, although many prefer them to the solid wooden ones.

With the board made—or purchased, as the case may be—we are ready for our first lesson. The manner of carrying the board is largely a matter of personal preference. When out of the water, I prefer to carry it with the center of the board resting under my left shoulder and my right hand steadyng it at the top. Arriving at the water's edge, hold the board upright in front of you—just off the ground—with one hand grasping each side at the center. Place the board flat in the water, lie on it stomach down, feet close together, and extend one arm on each side to paddle out.

You may experience considerable difficulty in this first operation. If the sea is running high, you are certain to have several upsets before reaching the breaker line. When you see a big breaker approaching, it is simpler to meet it by sliding into the water at the back of the board and lifting the rear of it high enough so that the nose dips into the water. In this manner the wave will wash over it. Then, when the breaker has passed, climb back and continue to paddle.

Once outside the breaker line, turn the board shoreward and straddle it in the center, treading water with your feet. This will give you an opportunity to rest a moment. When you spot a big breaker, lie upon your stomach again, legs together, and paddle toward it with your hands. It is possible to steer the board by shifting the position of your feet or body.

When you are on top of the wave the most difficult part of the entire operation is encountered—that of crawling to a standing position without upsetting. The movements are as follows: First, with a quick motion, jump from your flat position to your hands and knees. Second, with all the speed possible, get to your feet.

By this time you are probably traveling thirty-five miles an hour, and the utmost caution must be exercised in order that you do not upset. You should stand close to the rear of the board, with the leg position much the same as that of a boxer about to deliver a blow. The right foot should be on the right side of the board and a little forward, while the left foot should favor the left side about

Here is the author himself demonstrating his perfect "breast stroke"



eighteen inches to the rear of the right foot. In this way you are perfectly braced. Do not, under any circumstances, keep your feet together. You will be caught off balance, and the result will be a ludicrous spill.

The best place to ride the surf is, of course, where the waves are largest and where they break far out at sea. An eighth of a mile is considered a fair distance. The longest surf I know is at the northwest end of the Hawaiian Islands—off the Island of Niihau. Here the breakers run a good five miles at lightning speed.

If you are proficient on skis, you will make a good surf-board rider. The two sports are very similar. Women, as a rule, make better surf-board artists than men. In my experience as an instructor, this has proved to be true on almost every occasion.

While for actual strength and endurance men are far superior, women, it seems, have a better sense of balance.

After you become more accustomed to the surf-board and the tumbles grow fewer, you can experiment in trick riding—riding backward, standing on your hands, riding with someone perched on your shoulders. There is always some new idea.

Surfing without the Board

Recently I have received numerous requests for a bit of instruction on what we call body-surfing. That, perhaps, is a misleading term, but

it is simple in meaning. By body-surfing I refer to the riding of breakers without the assistance of a surf-board, the sport depending entirely upon the curve and coordination of the body.

In the Hawaiian Islands, this sport is just about as popular as that of riding the surf-board. Although everyone in the islands is brought up with a board, most of the children are so adept at body-surfing that fully half the time the board is discarded entirely. It is not an uncommon sight there to see a participant in the sport carried over a distance of nearly a quarter of a mile, and, as a matter of fact, those who in Southern California have made a study of the art have no difficulty in rolling that distance through the surf.

Of course, there is a great difference in the types of breakers, or "rollers," as we call them, but an understanding of this difference and a bit of practice will enable a novice to become quite proficient in a very short time.

The difference in breakers is this: In Honolulu, the floor of the ocean has a very gradual slope well out beyond the breaker line proper, and this forces the breakers to come in rapidly but smoothly over a long distance. To judge their power, therefore, is not very difficult. In Southern California, however, and particularly in the "northern" group of beaches, the acute slope of the ocean floor makes a rather heavy, somewhat rough and yet very powerful breaker. For this reason a certain

A champion tells you the tricks of surf-boarding

just as if you were engaged in making a swan dive. By this time the wave has "broken" and is well under way. Then bring the hands back to the side of the body and let them remain there. In my experience I have found many who insist that the arms should be held directly in front of them, but I am of the opinion that the sensation is magnified if they are kept at the sides. Another thing: the arms have very little to do with keeping you in front of the wave. This is regulated by the head, which should be thrown back the same instant the arms go back.

In the event that you feel a decrease in speed, it is merely because the position of the body is wrong in some respect. If you catch the roller at the proper moment and maintain a correct position of the body at all times, there is no reason why you can not carry on for the entire life of the wave.

However, if the decrease in speed is very apparent shortly after the start, try dropping the head for just a few seconds and kicking several times with the feet. Then raise the head and keep it up and back as far as possible. I have seen experts ride for hundreds of yards with just their heads out of water.

At the beginning of practice the tendency probably will be to keep the body taut and arched during the entire "ride," in addition to the start. This will be overcome as time goes by, and after the start is made you will find yourself keeping position but relaxing to a great degree.

One thing also should be remembered in selecting the proper breaker. Always be sure that you have lots of water in front of you. Sometimes the back wash sweeps in so rapidly that there is scarcely any depth of water underneath the roller of your choice. Be sure that you have this water cushion. Otherwise the wave might carry you right down to the sand of the bottom. The water cushion is highly important.

In conclusion, let me remind you of the essentials: an ability to judge the breaker, the perfect timing at the start, the arched body and the head well back, the arms at the side, and finally the protection of the water cushion. You will have mastered a great sport if you follow my simple suggestions and advice.



THE DERELICT

By Charles Nordhoff

ILLUSTRATED BY COURTNEY ALLEN

CHAPTER TEN

The Killer

ONE of us, I think, ever slept better than on that night. The rising sun found us laid out like sardines in a row, each man in the position he had assumed the night before. Marama's voice awakened me; he was stripping off his dungarees for a plunge into the lagoon. I sat up, rubbing my eyes, and followed him a moment later into the clear salt water, where we dived and frolicked like a pair of seals. Even today I can feel the joy of those morning swims on Iriatai: the water deep blue and as clear as air where the white sand shelved off steeply into the lagoon—warm enough to enter without shock, and cool enough to be pleasant to the skin.

Ivi and Ofai were pushing off in the canoe when we came ashore, still munching their breakfast of cold left-overs from the night before. They were old friends of mine, my uncle's two good-natured brown sailors, and they grinned at me as I stood dripping in the shallows. I grinned back, never dreaming that I was not to see either man again, alive or dead.

We were busy that morning, for Fatu urged us on tirelessly. He was all anxiety to begin his ship-building, and impatient to have done with the house. But this was the rainy season, and he knew that the first consideration was shelter and a comfortable sleeping-place for his men. Lem and the cabin-boy and the new sailor, Amaru, were plaiting a great mat of palm leaves which was to cover the entire floor of the house. Marama and I passed up the little thatching mats and held them in place while Fatu and the old engineer, standing on stages inside, made them fast to each rafter in turn. At last the house was finished, and the ridge—a double line of matting, plaited with extra care—was bent over the ridgepole and skewered down in place. Then we began on the little kitchen, a few paces from the house—indispensable if our fire was to burn during the tropical rains.

Toward noon Fatu began to look up frequently from his work, hoping for a glimpse of the returning canoe. "They are long in coming back," he remarked; "perhaps they found many things we need. But they should be returning now."

The islet, shorn of its tall trees, was just visible, far out on the lagoon, and, though the day was calm, the distance was too great to see the canoe or the tips of the Sumbawa's masts. When we knocked off for a light lunch of coconuts the sun was directly overhead, and all hands were wondering—quite without anxiety—what Ivi and Ofai could have found to keep them so long. I yawned as I came strolling back from the beach, and Fatu caught my eye.

"Why not sleep for a little while?" he suggested, smiling. "The work is nearly

finished. Amaru will thatch the rest of the cookhouse. I am going to the outer reef with Marama and Fahuri to see if we can catch some fish for tonight."

I was shamefully sleepy, and the suggestion was a welcome one. Stifling a second desperate yawn, I made for the cool green twilight in our house.

I have no idea how long I slept—an hour or two, perhaps. But I dreamed a long-drawn-out dream so vivid that I can recall it even now.

It began with a winter evening at home on the ranch—a Friday evening, for old Judge Gilmour, my father's friend, had come out to spend the night and have a morning's shooting with me on the marsh. I had finished the last of my Monday's lessons, some knotty problem in plane geometry, and now we were gathered about the fire in the living-room. My mother sat in her favorite chair, knitting a sweater, smiling at us from time to time, though she spoke little, as was her way. Once or twice she halted in her knitting to stroke her deaf old Persian cat, purring beside her on the rug. The Judge had taken his new gun—a twenty-gauge—out of its case, and was showing us some shells he had ordered from San Francisco. He set down an opened box of cartridges, put his gun together with a snap, and handed it to me.

"Feel the balance, Charlie," he said. "It'll bring 'em down if you point it the right way!"

My father reached out for the gun, though he had never been a keen sportsman. "Breakfast at half-past five," he told us. "That'll give you time to dress and make a decent meal and get into your blinds before the legal hour. Want the alarm-clock?"

"No, sir," I answered; "I can wake up any time I like when I'm going shooting."

But when I was in bed and the lamp blown out I began to wonder if I could make good my boast. There had been a heavy frost in the north, and the marsh had been alive with birds the afternoon before. The



It was Hochbootsmann Staub, and a long-barreled pistol smoked in his hand. Close to where I stood, our little brown cabin-boy lay sprawled. (Page 331)

Judge would never forgive me if I overslept and we missed the cream of the shooting. I tossed sleeplessly, dozed off and awoke with a start to scratch a match. It was still dark, but my watch said five o'clock. When we had breakfasted, we shouldered our guns and trudged down to the marsh behind the dunes. There was a hint of gray light in the east as we waded through the withered sedge and squatted in our blinds, a hundred yards apart. The air was musical with the whimper of invisible wings, and as I settled down on the old box that served me as a seat a great pack of widgeon swept out to sea with a chorus of plaintive whistles and the sound of a hundred fathoms of sail-cloth being ripped apart. The skyline of the eastern hills took form against the light of dawn; I could see the birds now, passing like swift gray wraiths, but my father was a law-abiding man, and we never fired the first shot till they struck the old-fashioned triangle at the house to tell us that it lacked thirty minutes of sunrise.

Then: Clang, clang, clang, clang! The sound came faint and clear in the still air. I slipped a pair of shells into my gun and peeped over the top of the blind. A dozen canvasback were coasting down from a great height on rigid wings. They passed me, well out of range, turned with humming flight-feathers and slanted down swiftly overhead. My finger itched on the trigger, but they were still a little high, and they were heading straight for the Judge's decoys; it would be better to let our guest have the first shot of the day. I waited anxiously for what seemed an interminable time. Hadn't he seen them? Would he never shoot?

Crack! Bang! Crack! My dream was over. I sat up abruptly on my bed of leaves, as thoroughly bewildered as I have ever been in my life. I was in a

thatched hut on an island four thousand miles from California, but the noise of three sharp reports still rang in my ears.

THIRTY seconds must have passed before I stepped to the doorway of the house. It gave on the lagoon, and as I glanced out I saw what dispelled the sleep from my bewildered eyes. The canoe that Marama and I had rigged the day before was beached in the shallows, twenty yards away, and a short sinister figure, with huge shoulders, a bull neck and arms that hung almost to the knees, stood on the beach—chin thrust forward and small evil eyes peering this way and that. It was Hochbootsmann Staub, and a long-barreled pistol smoked in his hand. Close to where I stood, by the green mat he and Amaru had been plaiting, our little brown cabin-boy lay sprawled, face in the sand and one leg twitching spasmodically; and five yards off I saw the sailor, Amaru, rolling in agony, with the scarlet froth of a chest wound on his lips. Both were dying.

Staub turned his head at that moment and spied me gaping from the door. The pistol flew up, but I gathered my wits in the nick of time. A fourth report rang out as I bounded out of sight around the house and made for the shelter of the bush, running as I had never run before. I nearly covered the distance in the breath of time before the murderer sighted me next; but as I leaped into a thicket of hibiscus something flicked my shirt with the snap of a whiplash and I heard the pistol crack for the fifth time. Staub handled his weapon with uncanny skill.

Instinctively I headed south, where I knew the others were at their fishing, forcing my way through thickets and bounding

THIS WILL REMIND YOU OF WHAT HAS OCCURRED IN PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

YOUNG Charles Selden finds it suddenly necessary, in 1916, to take his uncle's place at a post of great importance on the island of Iriatai in the South Seas. Accompanied by Fatu, master of the French registered schooner Tara, Fahuri, the engineer, Marama, the mate, and a small crew, they set sail from San Francisco. Charlie has learned from his uncle that the British Admiralty is anxious to recover the derelict steamer Sumbawa and is keeping a sharp lookout for her, when a ship is sighted which turns out to be a camouflaged German raider, commanded by Count von Arns, which has found her way into the Pacific. Charlie and the Tara's company are taken aboard and Von Arns is forced to sink the Tara because of her French registry. Charlie and his fellows are treated with great courtesy by all save Hochbootsmann Staub, the bos'n, a villainous ape-like man.

Von Arns tells Charlie that he is making for Iriatai to clear the Seefalke of barnacles, and that he will leave Charlie and his crew on the island. One morning the Seefalke sights a derelict,

which turns out to be the Sumbawa, and tows her into Iriatai.

No sooner have the company and prisoners on the Seefalke landed on the island than a storm comes up. It increases steadily in fury until it reaches the full and terrible violence of a South Seas hurricane. Charlie and the Tara's crew spend a fearful night clinging to the palm trees in the faint hope of survival. When morning comes all trace of the Seefalke is gone. The Sumbawa lies sunken on a reef, and half the Seefalke's crew, including Count von Arns and Hochbootsmann Staub, are missing. The men of the Tara have the island to themselves, but their only tools are an axe and their knives.

Charlie and Fatu give thanks for their deliverance and set about to collect provisions, make fire and plan the construction of some sort of craft to carry them back to civilization. They make good progress and think themselves secure against further disaster, not knowing that a new and terrible shadow hangs over the life of every one of them.

across the openings like a hunted animal. My breath came in short gasps, and I seemed to hear the pounding of Staub's feet and the crash of his passage through the underbrush, close behind. Then, with a start of alarm, I halted suddenly at sight of a man crouching near the lagoon. But he had not seen me, for he was gazing intently in another direction. Next moment I perceived with relief that it was Lem. I whistled softly to attract his attention; he gave a start and turned his head sharply, displaying a very solemn yellow face. His smile of relief and recognition was ghastly, but he managed to beckon with a shaking hand.

"All right, John—he go canoe!"

Crouching behind the Chinaman in a thicket only a few yards from the shore of the lagoon, I saw that an opening in the bush commanded a view back toward our camp, across a little bay. Staub had taken to the canoe, which drifted a short distance from the beach while he sat hunched and motionless, gazing at the land. He was at least three hundred yards from us, and it was inconceivable that his eyes could make us out, but once, when he turned his face full in our direction, I felt myself shrink and saw Lem crouch lower still. The Chinaman was whispering rapidly in his broken English, as though the murderous bos'n might have overheard.

"You 'sleep—me, Amalu, boy makee mat—Amalu see canoe come. Plitty soon come close—no see Ivi—no see Ofai—see Puluia man—plenty no good! Me tink no good—alleep same dead—ghost plaps! Lem no stop—lun hidee bush—wathee, wathee! Amalu, boy, stand up—Amalu say: 'You no see Ivi? You no see Ofai?' Puluia man no makee talk—lookee house, lookee bush, no see Lem! Plenty no good, that man! Pull out littlee gun, shoot Amalu—Amalu fall down. Shoot boy one time—boy lun—shoot two time—boy fall down. Lem plenty flaid—lun, lun—hidee this side—wathee, wathee!"

Staub was going ashore again; he may have been afraid that someone he had not seen was hiding in the bush and would cut him off from the canoe. But his inspection must have been reassuring, for now he beached his canoe and walked confidently across the clearing to the well. We saw him stoop and drink for a long time; then he rummaged about the camp, explored the

house and ended by making several trips back and forth to the canoe. I learned afterwards that he was helping himself from our heap of green coconuts. Finally he pushed the canoe into deeper water and paddled away in the direction of the distant islet. We watched him go with a profound relief. I touched the Chinaman's shoulder.

"You stay here and watch," I ordered him; "I must go and warn the others. If the canoe comes back before I return, come running as fast as you can to let me know. I think they are fishing on the reef between the two islands." Lem nodded, and I set off south at a trot.

I met the fishermen before I had travelled half a mile. Fatu was in the lead, and all three men were laden with fish. Too far off to hear the pistol shots, they had no inkling of tragedy, but my face must have mirrored the distress and hot mounting rage I felt, for Fatu halted at sight of me.

"What is it, Tehare?" he asked anxiously; "what has happened?"

"Amaru is dead," I blurted out, stammering with emotion; "and the little cabin-boy—slaughtered like a pair of sheep! Do you remember the bos'n of the German ship—the short, thick man who was the first aboard the Tara? He shot them and would have killed me too if I had not been in the house when he came."

"Aué!" It was Marama who exclaimed as he leaned over to examine my side. "You are wounded—there is blood on your shirt!"

It was not until that moment that I realized how narrow my escape had been; Staub's last shot, passing between my arm and my ribs, had slit my shirt and creased the skin an eighth of an inch deep. Fatu motioned Marama aside and examined the scratch hastily.

"It is nothing," he said; "but tell me—the German—whence did he come, and how did he get to our camp?"

I shook my head. "All I know is this: he came alone in our canoe and began to kill the moment he set foot on land. Where are Ivi and Ofai? Dead, I fear. But come, we must hasten back to Lem, who is on the watch. The Purutia paddled away across the lagoon.

Six or seven easy strokes took me through without a scratch



"There are things I cannot understand," I went on, as we made our way toward camp at a rapid walk; "but one of the Germans told me that they thought the bos'n may have been on the derelict ship when she sank. The north wind drove her ashore first, and when the hurricane swung round to the south the sea lifted her and she drifted away. If a man had been on board, he would have had no chance to get ashore."

Old Fahuri interrupted me; he had a quick intelligence. "Ah, they thought he might have been on the ship? You said her masts were above water; perhaps he took refuge in the rigging when the ship sank, and swam to the islet later, when the lagoon had calmed. And there are holes among the rocks there where a man might hide. Perhaps Ivi and Ofai went ashore for a look at the place where the divers' houses once stood, and the Purutia took them by surprise. But why should he want to kill?"

I shrugged my shoulders. "I do not know, unless thirst and suffering have driven him mad. But he is dangerous as a hungry shark."

Presently we came abreast to the Chinaman's hiding-place, and he hailed us. "All light," he announced, as he crawled out of the thicket; "he go littlee island—plaps no come back."

Our camp, three hundred yards from where Lem had kept his watch, was in a

sorry state. The bodies of Amaru and the jolly brown youngster who had been the Tara's cabin-boy lay sprawled and lifeless on the sand, stained with their blood. We stood in a little silent group—only five of us now—gazing down on the poor clay from which our comrades' souls had fled. Fatu's jaw was set, and I saw his great hands clench; from the depths of his chest came a rumble like a mastiff's growl. If Staub had appeared at that moment, we would have rushed him, for all his pistol and his deadly aim. No doubt he would have bowled over the lot of us before the foremost could lay hands on him, but our mood was too ugly to count the handicap.

THE sun was setting when we finished our sad task of burial and brushed the fresh earth from our hands. We had taken turns at keeping watch on the beach, for we believed that we had to deal with a madman whose mania was homicide, and there is no guessing what the insane will do. But the quick dusk of the tropics was setting in now, and our eyes could no longer give us warning of Staub's approach. Fatu picked up the fire-sticks.

"It is my turn to make fire," he said, with an attempt at a smile. "We have plenty of fish, and no matter what happens man must eat."

Fatu struck his head. "No—no fire tonight," he said drily. "We must eat our fish raw, and we must not eat it here. When we have thought of a way to kill that man and he is safely dead, we can speak of fire once more. Waste no time! Let every man drink his fill from the well and take what he needs; it is madness to linger here after nightfall."

Fatu struck his forehead with the palm of one great hand. "I am without sense!" he exclaimed. "You are right, old friend. We must find a hiding-place in the thick bush far from here and spend the night without loud talk and without fire. Come!"

Carrying our strings of fish and a few young coconuts, we set off in single file, Fatu in the lead. It was still twilight, and before dark we had found a little opening in the midst of an hibiscus thicket, where we could lie hidden on a bed of clean white sand and see the stars begin to twinkle overhead. Marama set off for the lagoon, to fetch salt water in half coconut shells that served as cups. Fatu dealt out the fish, to each man his share; knives were opened, the fish cleaned and scaled, and presently we began our silent little meal. When Marama set down carefully beside me the shell of sea water which replaces the salt cellar in Polynesian households, I did my best to eat, cutting off bits of fish, dipping them in the water, and swallowing them like so many oysters. Raw fish, pickled in lime juice and served with a piquant sauce, is excellent, as I know from experience; but this was the first time I had tasted the primitive sort, and all I can say for it is that it is not quite so bad as it sounds. Depression and anxiety had spoiled my appetite, in any case; I set down the food scarcely tasted, lay back, propping my head on my hand, and listened to the whispering talk of the others, exchanging plans and ideas as they ate. Their voices would have been inaudible ten yards away.

"You are wise, Fahuri," Fatu was saying. "What do you think?"

"He is mad," replied the engineer; "and he will come back. I have seen men before taken with the killing-madness. It was in the old days when I was with the whalers, touching sometimes at Sumatra and the islands roundabout. The people of those islands are brown like us, but smaller; they have a name for this madness, which is common there—they call it *amok*. He will return."

"Do you think Ivi and Ofai are dead?"

"I am sure of it. He has the canoe, and men *amok* spare no one—not even their children or their wives."

"We must kill him, then."

"There is no other way."

"How is it to be done? He is fierce and cunning, and Tehare says there is death in his little gun. And he must kill no more of us!"

Fahuri hesitated before he spoke. His head was bent as he squatted in the starlight, and he chewed a large morsel of fish reflectively.

"I have made a plan," he whispered at last; "let us talk it over and see what you and the others think. He knows where our house is and that he has not killed all of us; sooner or later he is sure to come back. I

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 344]



Staub was on his feet now; he struggled with the strength and fury of a wild beast. (Page 349)

K'S DIVIDEND

By Margaret Warde

ALICE PRESTON and Cora Norris came into Porter Hall at the beginning of junior year. They chose Porter because there was a big, jolly crowd of juniors in it, and, having been off campus for two years, in a house inhabited chiefly by nondescript freshmen, they jumped at the chance of living with a really fine cross-section of their own class, like that in Porter.

To be quite exact, that wasn't Cora's reason for choosing Porter. Alice's, though wild horses couldn't have dragged it out of her, was quite different. Mary Stuart Hepburn lived in Porter, and Alice thought it would be perfectly blissful to be under the same roof with her, to see her three times a day at meals, and maybe—just maybe—get to be friends with her.

Of course K Blake was in Porter, and Sally Meigs and Jo Kent and Ursula Craven and Louise Ware and several more 1929 stars. Cora, who was a sub on the class basketball team, knew Louise and Jo a little, and wanted to know all the rest, but Alice would be satisfied to know just Mary Stuart.

There was very little in common between Alice and Cora. They had just happened to chum together in their unattractive off-campus house. Alice had stayed on there because it was cheap, and Cora because, being a very deliberate person, she hadn't applied for a campus room in time to get one until junior year, and as long as she had to stay off campus she preferred being with Alice. And then, just as they had settled themselves in a beautiful big double in Porter and were ready to enjoy life, Cora was taken ill and had to leave college. And there was Alice, worried about Cora, dreading the new roommate who would soon be thrust upon her, scared of the gay, popular girls in her corridor, who were all friends and laughed and chattered together about things of which she knew nothing, scared most of all of Mary Stuart Hepburn, who roomed two doors down the hall with a comical little junior named Tracy Bump, sure she was never going to know anybody well or make real friends in the house—left there alone to work things out as best she could.

Alice hadn't been especially fond of Cora Norris; sometimes she had secretly thought her rather dull and heavy. But in coming into Porter and thereby making an effort to know her class better and find a place for herself in it she had counted more than she realized on Cora's calm assurance that they belonged to 1929 as much as anybody and would immediately be taken into the Porter crowd and made to feel welcome and at home there. But almost as soon as college opened Cora had begun to feel ill. Alice stayed with her, missing the little festivities for the new girls that marked the opening days of the term. And then came Cora's alarming attack. Poor Alice had to see doctors and nurses, meet Cora's formidable mother, and over it all hung, like a mysterious black cloud, the coming of the new roommate, who would stare at her humble belongings as coldly as Cora's elegant mother had stared, who would think her dull and awkward and wish fervently that she roomed with someone—anyone—else.

The dean was a very understanding person. Somehow she realized the presence of that foreboding black cloud.

"By the way, Miss Preston," she said at the end of their final interview, "we shan't give you another roommate before next term. You've earned the extra comfort of a room to yourself, and you need it for a while. And of course you understand that any girl who comes in with you does so subject to your approval and consent?"

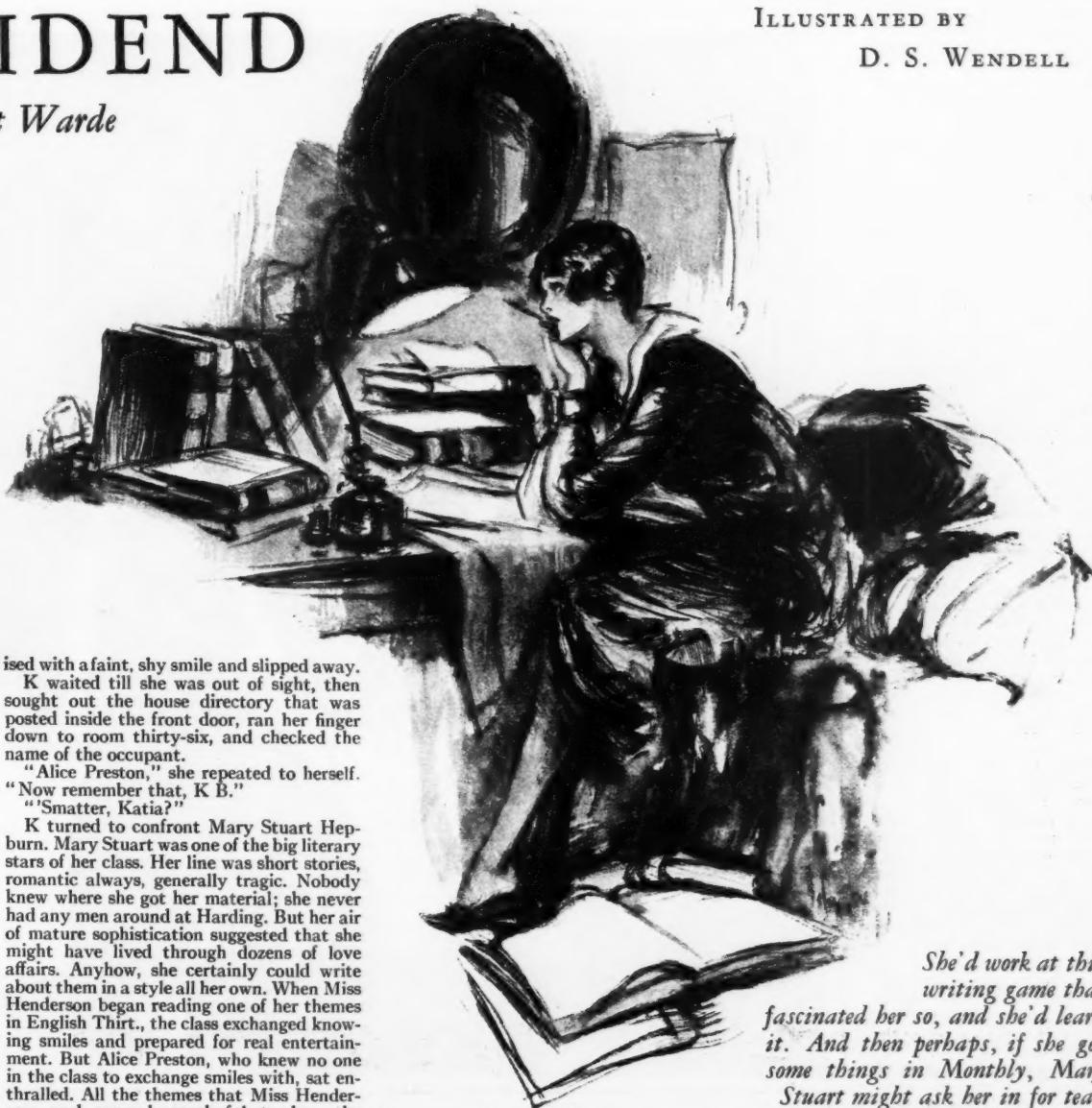
"Oh, thank you!" sighed Alice gratefully, and went home to think things over and try to plan what she could do with the wreck of her long-anticipated year on campus.

In the door of Porter she ran into K Blake. "Hello!" said K cheerfully. "I wish you'd tell me where you room. I tried to go calling on new girls last night, but I got into the wrong places, and everybody detained me, and nothing was done. So next time I mean to be prepared."

"I'm in thirty-six," said Alice.

"Thirty-six?" K thought a minute. "That's right over my head."

"I'll try not to be too noisy," Alice promised.



ILLUSTRATED BY
D. S. WENDELL

ised with a faint, shy smile and slipped away. K waited till she was out of sight, then sought out the house directory that was posted inside the front door, ran her finger down to room thirty-six, and checked the name of the occupant.

"Alice Preston," she repeated to herself. "Now remember that, K.B."

"Smatter, Katia?"

K turned to confront Mary Stuart Hepburn. Mary Stuart was one of the big literary stars of her class. Her line was short stories, romantic always, generally tragic. Nobody knew where she got her material; she never had any men around at Harding. But her air of mature sophistication suggested that she might have lived through dozens of love affairs. Anyhow, she certainly could write about them in a style all her own. When Miss Henderson began reading one of her themes in English Thirt., the class exchanged knowing smiles and prepared for real entertainment. But Alice Preston, who knew no one in the class to exchange smiles with, sat enthralled. All the themes that Miss Henderson read seemed wonderful to her—the witty sketches, the graceful verses, the amusing little stories. She knew that college girls had written them; she could even hope that some day one of her sketches might be read. But Mary Stuart's work was different; to think of having a head full of such clever plots and subtle characterizations! Mary Stuart was a writer with a capital W. Alice wanted more than anything in the world to know her.

K replied to Mary Stuart, "I'm trying to learn the names of all my house-mates. Do you know Alice Preston?"

Mary Stuart shrugged indifferently and shook her sleek head.

"She lives in thirty-six," pursued K. "That's on your corridor. And her roommate's left college. She looks like a nice little mouse, and she's probably as lonely as the dickens."

"Ah!" sighed Mary Stuart amiably. "What a unique and delightful sensation, Katia, to be alone in this place long enough to be lonely!"

Up in thirty-six Alice was curled in a low chair by the window, savoring to the full the peace that the dean's promise had brought her. Never in her life had she had a room all to herself. This one was big and airy. Its bareness did not disturb Alice; it would be easier to concentrate now that Cora's gay cushions and flaunting bannisters were gone. She would work at her writing—oh, how she would work this term! She'd spend her spare time in the Browsing Room at Libe, reading—not just for recreation, but to learn about style, to enlarge her vocabulary, to find out how good writing was done. She'd write things that Miss Henderson would read to the class. She wouldn't bother about knowing the girls in Porter, not even Mary Stuart Hepburn. She wouldn't care about having fun. She'd work at this writing game that fascinated her so, and she'd learn it. And then perhaps, if she got some things in Monthly, Mary Stuart might ask her in for tea.

She'd work at this writing game that fascinated her so, and she'd learn it. And then perhaps, if she got some things in Monthly, Mary Stuart might ask her in for tea.

was so entertaining that all the rest of the crowd listened to her and paid no attention at all to Alice Preston. Alice sat in a corner, her brown eyes blazing with interest, and looked on. She didn't care at all about the athletics argument, but Tracy's bob was an intermediate. The weirdly childish air that the straggling, rebellious locks gave her face, the way they waved when she was excited, would make a splendid point for the theme. Solemnly Alice cogitated over the right adjectives. When she had found them, she got away as soon as possible, with a stilted "Thank you" to K, and a more stilted "Good night" to the rest.

"There!" K reproached them when she had gone. "I told you all that I asked you on her account, and you just get up a silly argument and forget her."

"She's so small!" pouted Tracy.

"And her manner is so sort of chilling," put in Sally Meigs.

"Chilled, you mean, Sally," reproached K. "She's made no friends here. She just goes up to that big barn of a room and studies and never makes a sound—"

"She'll have a roommate soon," interposed Jo Kent. "Better ask the dean to give her a noisy one."

"I'm going to try to see that she gives her a nice one," declared K; "a good mixer, with lots of friends and outside interests, who'll live her up."

"Alice P. is a lit'ry shark," announced Tracy lazily. "My distinguished roommate says she had a theme read in Thirt., and the Henderson was extra keen on it."

"There!" K was righteously indignant. "So she's one of our stars, and nobody knows it! By and by, when she's a distinguished author, she'll look back on her college days and have nothing to remember but loneliness and dull, plodding work that got no recognition. It's a shame."

"You might run her for Monthly, K," said Tracy coolly. "That would set her up enough to make up for all her sorrowful past."

K gave Tracy a swift, questioning glance. Just what did she mean by saying that? "Maybe I will," she answered calmly, "and if I do, I know you'll be glad to help."

AND then the "quiet" gong rang, and K's party broke up in a hurry. K ate the last two pieces of crumbly fudge, left the dishes where they were and sat down to think. Either Mary Stuart or Jinny Fay would be editor-in-chief of the next Monthly Board; the other one would be literary editor. Ursula Craven would probably be sports editor; she wrote sonnets with one hand and played championship hockey with the other. Tracy Bump wanted to be exchange editor; she thought that having a sister at Vassar and two cousins at Bryn Mawr, besides racy style in criticism, should give her the job. That left—yes, it left just The Tiger's Jaws, the department of short essays, sketches and light verse. Everybody wanted that: both the Carter twins, Lu Moor, Linda Emerson; Tracy and Ursula would both prefer it to the less important, less purely literary departments for which K and most of their friends had slated them.

But K herself wanted to be elected to Monthly's Board of Editors. Any place there, however humble, would give her a chance to know Miss Henderson in the pleasant, informal way that was an editor's privilege. And besides, it would assure her that the hard work she had done in her English courses had counted, that she had made real progress, was one of the six or eight best writers in her class. For there was no pull about getting on Monthly. The best writers in each class got on the Board—only of course the outgoing editors couldn't be blamed for missing some "dark horse" whose good work had never been brought to their notice.

There were just so many places on Monthly. You

couldn't have your cake and give it away. Did Tracy hope that K would stop trying—step aside in favor of the lonely little mouse in thirty-six? Did she, perhaps, think her own chance would be better against Alice than against K?

For a few moments K's brow was wrinkled. Then her face cleared, and she hummed a gay little tune as she piled the dishes and carried them down the hall to the kitchenette to wash. It was all perfectly simple once you'd thought it through. Alice Preston needed friends, needed a push. If the push, plus her abilities, put her ahead of K or Tracy or anyone else, that was all right. How would K feel to be on Monthly and remember that she'd refused the friendly push and left Alice out in the cold?

K's remarks had a way of traveling fast. Next morning several girls in Porter and one or two outside approached her with suggestions about a roommate for Alice.

"I know the very person, a sophomore, crazy to come to Porter. She's shy and sensitive, and quiet, like Alice Preston. They'd be great friends."

"Maybe," said K politely, and scribbled down the name.

"Judith Keith is a splendid girl—so fine and high-minded. She'd do her best to make Alice happy."

"Yes, but I'm afraid she'd overpower her first," said K.

Marion Livingston didn't boast of her candidate. "She's an absurd, impossible child—freshman from home. I can't imagine why she came to college, and she says she can't either. She's the prettiest thing and the sort you like to have around. But studious—rather not! I thought you could tell the dean that if she came in here we'd try to keep her up to the mark."

"She sounds promising," said K. "Could I look her over?"



Mary Stuart was shaking Alice's hand. K was trying to get near enough to some of the lucky ones to do that, when she heard her name called

"Have her for dinner tomorrow," Marion promised. "Tonight's Monthly editors' meeting."

K jumped; she had forgotten that Marion was an editor. Now was the time to push. "Did you know," she said, "that Alice Preston is one of our very best writers?"

That was why Marion, who always put things off to the last minute, smiled her lovely slow smile at Alice's door after lunch. "You haven't any little thing for Monthly?" she asked. "I'm having a bad time to feed The Tiger's Jaws, and tonight's his meal-time."

So overcome that she acted offish, Alice gave her the revamped "Bobs" theme. The unmistakable description of Tracy made a hit. Marion, congratulating herself on having discovered a valuable contributor, came back again the next month. To appear once in Monthly may be a happy accident, but twice running marks an author as worth notice.

Meanwhile K had looked over Marion's happy-go-lucky freshman, liked her, and been to see the dean, who had assisted before at some of K's projects and watched others with amused approval. And after Christmas Phyllis James was duly installed in thirty-six, which immediately lost its reputation as a mouse hole and became the prettiest, gayest, most popular room in Porter.

You couldn't help liking Phyllis; Alice adored her. She loved Phyllis's prettiness and her charm, and even her gay disregard of scholarly responsibilities. She boasted that for a whole week she'd never seen Phyllis studying.

"Oh, I do all that at Libe," explained Phyllis airily. "This room is so gloriously big—makes me think of parties. Do you mind if I have one tonight for some poor hungry off-campus freshies? Mary Stuart

wants you to come and study in her diggings. She told me to ask you. And when we're all ready to eat, I'm to tell you both to come in."

That was the easy beginning of an intimate friendship between Alice and her idol. To Alice it seemed like a miracle, but there was really nothing miraculous about it. It originated in a quarrel Mary Stuart had with Tracy and Ursula, who objected to Marion Livingston's featuring any new person—namely Alice—twice running in her department. Just to be contrary, Mary Stuart championed Alice. Phyllis's invitation gave her a fine chance for showing that she ranked Alice with herself in a class apart—a class above wasting time on silly parties. She was privately astonished later to find that the little mouse she had ignored was well worth cultivating. It is astonishing how a little self-confidence brings out a shy girl.

K BLAKE watched the soft blossoming of Alice Preston with thrilled amazement. To think that one little push and one little plan could change a girl's prospects so! Why, Alice was in line now for all the things K thought most desirable at Harding—not just because of the push and the plan, of course, but because she had the right stuff in her and Harding had found that out.

Having become really interested in Alice's success, K decided that to be on the safe side she would do a little more pushing. Marion Livingston was the only Monthly editor who knew Alice, and she was so slow and also so fond of the little Carter twin. She'd hate to turn her or Ursula Craven down for a new girl. So K made neat little opportunities for blowing Alice's horn to the other editors.

One day she caught Jane Barlow, Polly Chase and Nancy Hollis, all together. She was coming from English Thirt., so it was

easy to lead the conversation around to Alice's recent triumphs there. The three editors listened politely for a few minutes, then Polly Chase chuckled suddenly.

"K," she said, "you certainly are the best little rooter! Marion Livingston says you'd be worth a fortune to any good cause. Tell me, could you root for other things as well as you do for Alice Preston?"

"If I believed in them," said K stoutly.

"And do you believe, for instance, in Monthly?" asked Jane Barlow, solemn as an owl.

"Of course I do," returned K wonderingly. "I think Monthly's one of the very most splendid things at Harding."

"Oh, do you really?" quizzed Jane, mysteriously.

Notes of invitation to Monthly's Board came out sometime in early April. Only the old Board knew the exact day, but the hour was always that of Miss Henderson's junior criticism class. Some morning or other, when practically all the available timber for the new staff was reciting in Crit., a group of notes would appear on the English bulletin board just outside Miss Henderson's classroom door. By the time the lucky ones sauntered out from their class, a congratulatory crowd would have mysteriously gathered to see them get their notes. It was a Harding tradition that each new editor must take off her own.

This year on the morning when the notes appeared Crit. had been particularly exciting. Discussion waged hot as the gong rang, and a group of irreconcilable debaters lagged behind, clustering about Miss Henderson's desk, intent on getting the last word. Tracy and Kit Carter were among them, and Alice Preston and K.

Miss Henderson got rid of them one after another. K was the last to go.

"Run along!" Miss Henderson told her laughingly at last. "They want you out there."

"Come on, Alice Preston!" called somebody. "Your name's up here."

Alice turned red and then pale, and pushed forward by the crowd, reached up a shaking hand and grabbed her note.

"Read it!" ordered somebody. "Tell us what you got."

Alice read: "The Tiger's Jaws."

She didn't even act glad. She might have acted glad, K thought, when she'd got the place they all wanted. Mary Stuart was shaking her hand. K was trying to get near enough to some of the lucky ones to do that, when she heard her name called.

And then Polly Chase locked her arm in K's and pulled her up to the bulletin board. "Come and take your medicine, you good little rooter," she whispered in K's ear.

But K had counted the notes. All the Monthly editors had been chosen. And yet there was—yes, there was a note for K! It must be—just a note. More frightened than she had ever been in her life, K reached up for her note.

"You are cordially invited to be business manager of the 1929 Monthly Board."

"Business manager!" repeated K blankly. "Why, I—Polly, I didn't know there was such a position."

"Of course there is," laughed Polly, "and it's most important. Monthly can't live on air. You've got a big job, K, but from the way you boomed Alice Preston we think you can handle it."

And then the little Carter twin slid under Jane's arm and grabbed both K's hands. "You put a finger in the pie and pulled out a sugarplum," she said.

"But—but—I didn't do it to pull out a sugarplum," declared K.

"Of course you didn't," said Polly. "That's why you pull out so many."

THE FLOOD THAT MADE A FIRE



The first gust struck us just as we were emerging from the woods. It turned the umbrella inside out and twitted it from Tom's hands. We were near being blown bodily from the wagon

LATE one night during the last week of the winter term of school in the Old Squire's district—the time of my present story—our schoolhouse burned rather mysteriously.

The facts came out later. A clique of lawless fellows had been going there secretly, evenings, to play cards and have what they considered a good time, till past midnight. Their custom was to rekindle the fire in the stove, draw the shades and then light a lamp and make themselves comfortable.

From the odor of tobacco, mornings, we were aware that someone had been smoking thereabouts; and it was determined later that carelessness with cigar stubs had led to the conflagration.

The schoolhouse stood at the fork of the roads, some distance from other houses. Many of the families of the neighborhood had not known of the fire until the pupils repaired there next morning, to find nothing but ashes and the charred, still smoking, walls.

On the day succeeding the fire, a special school meeting was called to see what the district would do about erecting a new building, also if there was evidence enough to prosecute the fellows suspected of causing the fire. A valuation of the farms and other property in the district was made and each family assessed *pro rata* for the cost of a new schoolhouse. There was, I recollect, much argument over the tax; but it was finally voted to pay it in currency, or in labor at one dollar per day.

The Old Squire furnished the lumber, consisting of sills, beams and rafters, also boards, laths and cedar shingles. Brick for the new chimney was procured from a kiln at Nervy's clay bank, two miles away; but lime for mortar and for plastering the ceilings and walls gave more trouble. It was believed that about eight casks would be needed. No local trader chanced to have quicklime in stock. Several of them promised to order it from Rockland, but they either forgot to do so or the order was not filled.

A carpenter had been hired to supervise the wood work; and during April a number of "bees" were held when all the men of the community turned out to "raise" the frame, board it, shingle the roof, and do the lathing.

But when it was time to lay the chimney and do the plastering no lime had been procured. It was now discovered that the house would not be completed and the plaster dried in season for the summer term of school—which always began on the first Monday of June—unless lime were procured without delay.

In some perplexity the school agent—Jotham Edwards—came to see the Old Squire about the matter, and they decided at first to write to Rockland for the lime. But even then there would be considerable time lost, since there was no direct rail route from Rockland. The lime would have to be delivered by way of Bath and Portland. So, after talking it over, they concluded that the best and surest way was to send for it across country, though the distance from our place was fully eighty miles.

The trip would occupy four days. Moreover it was a very busy season of the year, what with plowing, seeding, and planting after a backward spring; and, since a man could not well be spared, Edwards suggested sending his son, Thomas, then a boy of fifteen. The Old Squire, however, thought it was too long a journey for one boy alone, and offered to let me go with him. Nothing could have suited either Tom or me better than such a trip together, for we were neighbors, schoolmates, and, for the most part, very good friends.

A span of large, old work-horses was hitched into a farm wagon for us to drive, horses which had recently come down from their winter's work at the Old Squire's lumber camp to be turned out to pasture for the summer. They had worked hard for five entire months and were very steady. We were bidden not to let them trot much save where the road was level.

Our folks prepared a large basket of food for our lunches by the way and put up two bushels of oats for the horses. We were given money for the lime and also for our expenses at Haskell's tavern in the town of Gardiner and at Clark's tavern in Rockland. The Old Squire marked our route for us on a bit of planed board, to be kept under the wagon seat, and bade us look sharp for guide-posts.

Rockland with its quarries, its lime kilns, its vast tiers of firewood for roasting the lime rock, and its white dusty storehouses for the lime, made altogether an impression on my youthful mind which I have never forgotten.

Lime, I recollect, was then only a dollar a cask. To be on the safe side and feel certain of having enough, we were to purchase nine casks. A tarpaulin had been brought along to cover the casks in case of wet weather, for the Old Squire had bidden us take great care that the lime should not get wet. The

By C. A. Stephens

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD SICHEL

dealer at Rockland of whom we had bought the lime also cautioned us against letting water get to our load.

"You'll have a hot time, if you do," he assured us.

Six o'clock of the following afternoon found us back at Haskell's tavern, on our way homeward. But here sudden temptation beset us, the temptation to speculate in lime!

A man at Gardiner who was erecting a cheese factory saw our load of casks and importuned us to sell them. He also was in haste to have lime to complete his building, in the construction of which he was experiencing discouraging delays.

Of course we had no idea of letting him have our lime—not at first.

The man continued to banter us, first offering two dollars a cask, then three and finally four dollars and a half. With this last offer we weakened in our refusal to sell.

"What's to hinder letting him have it and returning to Rockland tonight for more?" Tom whispered recklessly. "It would only take us two days longer. We've got victuals for ourselves and oats for the team; and we would get back home with thirty dollars clear profit!"

In the end we accepted the forty dollars and turned the lime over to the man, though both of us were aware that we were incurring risks which our folks at home might not approve.

Nothing now remained but to drive back to Rockland for more lime—nine casks; and two days elapsed before we reached Haskell's at Gardiner again. We had accomplished it, however, without accident, and on the sixth morning set off on what we hoped would prove the last day out from home.

We had our lime and twenty-six dollars above wayside expenses.

By noon we had already entered the town of Hebron. I thought Tom had been driving the horses too hard that morning; but it would be my turn in the afternoon, and I decided to let them take it easy. They were perspiring considerably; our load of lime weighed eighteen hundred pounds, and the day was hot and sultry. Clouds were rising in the west, and we heard thunder.

"Shower coming, I guess," Tom remarked and, mindful of the warnings about wetting the lime, we tucked the tarpaulin carefully around the casks before driving on.

There was woodland here for a mile or more, where trees shut out our view of the sky. Clouds hid the sun. Presently we heard the roaring of wind in the forest. Immediately there came two bright flashes, followed by loud peals.

"Yes, sir-ee!" Tom exclaimed. "There's a ripping old shower coming!" And he opened the umbrella that we carried under the seat.

The first gust struck us just as we were emerging from the woods into cleared land. It turned the umbrella wrong side out and twitted it from Tom's hands. It rose straight into the air. We were indeed near being blown bodily from the wagon. I had a glimpse of something big, rising overhead from behind us. It was the tarpaulin, lifted from the casks. Tom jumped down to recover it and the umbrella. I had seen farm buildings a little way ahead and, plying the whip, I put the horses to a canter, hoping to gain shelter from the coming downpour. The buildings proved to be a farmhouse and a large, long barn. A woman stood in the doorway of the barn, watching the approaching shower, as I turned into the yard. She beckoned to come on and stood back for me to drive inside, which I did in haste. Tom came running after me, dragging the tarpaulin.

The woman, a tall, strong person, past middle age, stood regarding us with amused looks. She wore, I remember, a yellowish corduroy gown and a man's felt hat and had a hayfork in her hands.

"Wal, you boys just escaped a wetting!" she exclaimed, laughing, but looking us over keenly. "I don't seem to know this team, nor you," she added. "Who be ye?" Tom and I told her our names, where we lived, and where we had been.

"Wal, I'm the widder Hilburn," she told us, as if in response to our confidences. "Most everybody round here knows me, or ought to!"

The shower struck, with a few hailstones, as the widow was speaking; and immediately another span of horses and cart, driven by a man in shirt sleeves, came galloping into the yard from out in the fields. We hastily made room for him to come in, by leading our team farther along the barn floor. The man was dripping wet, and the widow reproved him sharply.

"Couldn't you see the shower coming up, and didn't you hear the thunder?" she cried. "Get into the house now and put on dry clothes or you'll be sick again, and I shall have you to take care of!" The man got down sheepishly and went indoors.

While this was taking place, a commotion



Even as we stood looking at the cask, smoke or vapor began to issue from it. The widow cried out in alarm, "It's afire! It'll burn my barn up! You take that stuff out o' here!"

of quite another sort began. Our wagon, as it chanced, stood directly beneath the ventilator in the barn roof. Immediately a small stream of water fell down upon the head of one of our casks of lime and penetrated to the contents. Before we had noticed this, puffs of white dust were flying up from the cracks in the head of the cask. Little explosions, too, and crackling, muttering sounds were heard above the roar of the rain. The horses of the team which had driven in behind our wagon saw, or smelled it, snorted and backed round askew. Even our steady old span started forward uneasily. We watched the cask with not a little dismay. The widow also saw the dust rising and came in haste to examine our load.

"What in the world have you got in them casks?" she queried.

We told her and said that we feared water had entered them.

"Shouldn't wonder a mite," she said, laying her hand on the staves of the cask. "Gracious!" she cried, drawing back. "That cask is getting hot! I'm afraid it'll catch afire!"

There really was some danger of this. It is astonishing what an amount of potential heat is pent up in a cask of quicklime—needing only a dash of water to liberate it. Twelve bucketfuls of water are required to slake, or "slack," one cask of lime; but a single bucketful will set it off. Even as we stood looking at the cask, smoke or vapor was seen to issue from it.

The widow cried out in alarm. "It's afire! It'll git into the hay! It'll burn my barn up! You take that stuff out o' here!"

She was tremendously excited and ran to her team, which was behind our wagon, with the purpose of backing it into the yard in order to let us out. But the horses were prancing about and fouled the rear end of the cart against a post at one side of the barn floor, and there it stuck. One horse stepped on the widow's foot, and she screamed. Tom and I managed to squeeze by and, laying hold of the rear end of the cart, pulled it away from the post and got the team outside.

The widow was now hopping on one foot, groaning and nursing the other with both hands, still crying, "Git that stuff out o' my barn! Git it out quick!"

Tom and I made all the haste we could. Our eyes were smarting from the dust. The horses, too, were frightened or affected by

the steam, and we had a vexatious time backing them out.

The shower had now ceased, the sun was out, and off to the eastward there was a startlingly bright rainbow. The dust and vapor had mostly cleared from the barn. So far as we could see, nothing was burning; and the widow limped to the edge of the house piazza, where she plumped down and hauled off shoe and stocking. The hired man now reappeared, and she sent him back indoors to get a bottle of arnicated oil.

Tom and I thought it no more than right to ask if there were damages to pay.

"Wal," quoth the widow, who was now rubbing in oil, "if there's no bones broke in my foot, there'll be nothing to pay, but if there is you or your folks will have to settle my doctor's bill."

On these conditions we presently took our leave and after adjusting our tarpaulin drove on toward home, one cask still

Our troubles with that lime, however, were far from being over. We had lost a good deal of time at the widow Hilburn's place, and evening approached as we plodded on—somewhere in the town of Buckfield, I think. Dark clouds had again begun to rise in the northwest; and we could hear distant thunder.

"Another shower, I'm afraid!" Tom exclaimed. "I don't believe we'll get home tonight."

"Then we'd better stop at some farm until morning," I urged.

No promising place was in sight, and we drove on till dusk was falling. Ere long we came where a set of farm buildings had burned some time previously. No one was about, but there were many piles of fresh lumber in the yard. The owners were evidently rebuilding and had a large new barn already up and boarded. The grass near by had been mowed, raked and made up in haycocks. We turned into the yard and began to shout, but gained no response and were at a loss whether to go on or not.

Finally Tom said he guessed the folks would not care if we passed the night there, and in spite of misgivings we drove in at the open barn door, since we were very desirous not to let more of our lime get wet if another shower fell.

By this time it had grown quite dark and we failed to notice that, although the roof

was boarded over, it had not yet been shingled.

"We will stay here till morning and then drive home," Tom decided. "After it is light we can see the guide-boards better."

Thunder peals continued to be heard, but the shower did not at once approach, and after a while, feeling very tired, we fetched in a haycock, spread it on the floor, and lay down to sleep. The hay, however, proved so damp from rainfall earlier in the day that we got up, took the tarpaulin off our casks and, covering the hay with half of it, lay down again and drew the other half over us, for the night was chilly. It was not a wholly comfortable bed, but very soon we both fell asleep.

It is likely we slept for an hour or two, longer maybe,—but we were suddenly wakened by brilliant flashes, loud peals of thunder and a burst of rain on the barn roof. Even then we were not much alarmed.

"We are under cover, anyway," Tom remarked. "Let it rain."

But this sense of security was suddenly dispelled by a downpour of water from above. It drenched us, our load and the horses beyond. We leaped to our feet.

"Where in creation does that come from?" Tom shouted.

"It is wetting our lime!" I cried.

Save for the flashes the barn was as dark as Egypt; but quickly as possible we hoisted the tarpaulin from the hay and spread it over the casks again, after a blind struggle in the obscurity. Water had reached them by the bucketful, however, and above the roar of the storm we immediately began to hear ominous sounds from those casks—cracklings, low explosions, accompanied by the fumes of lime dust.

"Oh, Lord! We've done it now!" groaned Tom, in despair. "Where does that water get in? What kind of a barn is this?" Tom was always an excitable lad; he tore around there in the dark, shouting, "Whatever shall we do? What can we do to stop it?"

There was really nothing we could do. We dared not pull off the tarpaulin, for water was still splashing down from aloft. We were wet to our skins. The hay of our shake-down, too, as well as everything else, was soaked.

The shower continued for a long time. We could only stand about listening to those disturbing sounds from beneath the

tarpaulin—which went on alarmingly. There was little doubt that the lime was spoiled; and indeed I recall few more wretched hours of my boyhood than those three or four that elapsed before day dawned.

Even then we were almost as much distressed as to what ought to be done. Tom thought we should return to Rockland for more lime. But, as our feed for the team, as well as our own supply of food, was exhausted, I was of the opinion that we would better drive on home, make a clean breast of all that had occurred and then, if necessary, make a fresh start to Rockland for more lime.

This we did; and I have to confess that we failed to look up the owner of the barn to settle for our trespassing. Tom, in fact, was so indignant when he saw the barn roof by daylight that he declared we would never pay a cent for occupying such a structure.

"We have had the worst of it," he exclaimed. "Our lime is ruined." And this seemed probable enough, for several of the casks were still very hot under the tarpaulin.

Our folks at the Old Squire's were taking their midday meal when we arrived.

We made a full confession of our efforts to enrich the school district and felt the better for it. The Old Squire, I remember, listened rather gravely, at first. What had happened to the lime disturbed him, since to make good mortar sand must be worked into the lime at the time it is slaked and still hot. When we handed over the twenty-six dollars the old gentleman's lips began to twitch, and ere long he burst out laughing.

"I see," he commented. "Tempted to speculate, weren't you? But never forget, boys, that speculation is nearly always risky business."

On overhauling the casks it was found that about half of the lime had been slaked and reduced to powder. It was decided to use it for the schoolhouse, however; but—as became apparent in after years—the bricks of the chimney were not held firmly in place by the mortar, and the plaster of the ceiling showed a tendency to fall from the laths.

After much argument it was voted to invest the profit from our speculation in four large maps for the new schoolhouse.

No bill ever came from the widow Hilburn, and we concluded that her foot had not been seriously damaged.

HE MADE HIS OWN LUCK

An interview with a rising star in American business

EVER since my "Sweet Tooth" article appeared in *The Companion* for last March, I have been hearing from boys and girls and their families who want to know more about the energetic young Chicagoan who started a few years ago with a "hole in the wall" candy kitchen, and is now the leading manufacturer in his line in the world. I prize these inquiries. They show that many *Youth's Companion* readers have their minds firmly fixed on good, honorable business success.

That's a good program for anybody. The right kind of success, based on honest manufacturing and selling, is a fine thing. A successful man can do good in a thousand different directions that are closed to a man who fails. I have accordingly looked up this young man's career, and if you want to succeed in any occupation, I believe you can learn a great deal from his story.

His name is Otto Y. Schnering. His first qualification for success is one that you no doubt share with him. His parents are thrifty, patient, God-fearing people.

1. The Right Kind of Parents

Otto Schnering's father, Julius Schnering, was brought to America when he was one year old. At twelve (think of that, any twelve-year-old readers!) Julius joined the 101st Pennsylvania Regiment as a drummer boy and served with that gallant regiment throughout the Civil War. After that, he entered the American Express Company, rose to a position of trust, and then entered the wholesale jewelry firm of Clapp-Young & Co. in Chicago. There he served as sole manager for twenty-nine years.

Mr. Julius Schnering, seasoned by all this experience of life and of business, acted for twenty-one years as secretary and assistant treasurer of The Fair, a great Chicago department store. Meanwhile he had married Miss Helen Elizabeth Curtiss, of St. Johnsbury, Vt. The Curtiss family has lived in New England for generations, and many of the veteran *Youth's Companion* subscribers are kin to them.

2. He Made an Early Start

With these two splendid racial streams in his blood, the persevering, brave German and the self-reliant, resourceful Yankee, any

By Arthur B. Heiberg

boy ought to succeed. But some boys never seem to get started. They drift for years, looking for something "easy." Young Otto Schnering had more gumption than that. At twelve, he went into business for himself. He put all the money he could save into a backyard zoo; and he offered tumbler and fan-tailed pigeons, puppies and finally pheasants for sale. That he knew how to care for them and how to sell them is proved by the fact that the barnyard was soon full of cotes and cages for the stock.

3. Saved 2 Cents from Each Dime

How did he get the money to start this venture? I asked him, and he said promptly: "My parents saw to that. Oh, not by giving me money on demand. I had a small allowance, no more than my chums. But Dad insisted that twenty per cent of everything I was given or earned be placed by me in the bank, to remain there. Even after I left school, he checked up my bank balance to see if I carried out this idea of regularly saving one fifth of my money—twenty cents from each dollar, two cents from each dime! Dad would add to my balance, as a reward, whenever I did this. So I soon learned to make that saving systematically; and the habit grew on me so that even now I maintain the practice of saving twenty per cent from the earnings of my business."

Mr. Julius Schnering is a bit reluctant about taking full credit for this scheme, saying that most of it was due to his wife. Consider it a moment. How much would you be worth now if you had saved two cents out of every dime that has passed through your fingers?

4. The Right Kind of Sentiment

After college, Otto went into business for the second time—don't forget his old backyard zoo, which provided business training just as definite, if not as technical, as you can get from the Harvard or the Pennsylvania or any other graduate school of business. Otto had made good once. Would he immediately make good again? Fate seemed against him. Here enters, in any career, the factor which most people call "luck."

Otto Y. Schnering makes a product that helps him to make friends!



Otto's employers were a music concern; and after he had plodded along in it for three years, managing its retail sales room, the concern was bought out by the great Chicago house of Sears, Roebuck & Co. Such incidents often make or mar a man's career. Many men accept them grumbly, cease to try hard, and sink into personal failure. Others, like Otto Schnering, have "courage to dive off the dock." He went right out for himself, organizing a little sales company to handle food products, extracts, etc., with candy as a side line.

Then a friend told Otto about a candy-maker who had failed, and whose equipment could be bought for \$100. Otto Schnering knew that he would face the stiffest sort of competition. Nevertheless, he decided to take the chance. Borrowing from his father the extra capital he needed, he set up business as a manufacturing confectioner. His "factory" was in the back of a small store at 3256 North Clark Street in Chicago; and mark this well—he named the infant enterprise the Curtiss Candy Company, as a tribute to his mother.

Sentiment? Yes, if you like—and sentiment is a big part of successful business, just as the right sort of family relationships are the biggest part of any man's life. Divided, the Schnerings might have fallen. United they stood, and will stand.

To their great surprise, the little plant began to make money very soon. It was no bigger than your own family might run—just three girls were employed at the beginning. But it paid off its debt. People liked the candy and bought more of it, and—right from the start—the energetic young owner was not too proud to be his own star salesman. Within six months, he was making such good candy and selling it so vigorously that he had to find bigger quarters.

"We moved into our first good-sized factory in January, 1919," says Mr. Schnering. "We leased the whole building for a long term of years. I felt very much worried about this step, as we might run into a sales slump that would cripple us. But we had to have more room, so I signed the lease."

5. His Original Business Idea

True to his forebodings, the slump came within a year. General business was very bad, and it seemed that Mr. Schnering's days as a candy-manufacturer were numbered. But he would not give up hope. He realized that, to weather the storm, he would have to make something unusual, something that would catch the public and hold its support. He tried many experiments, and all failed—all but the last one! He finally determined to make a five-cent candy bar. This was almost an impossible idea in those days, as the only candy bars on the market sold for ten cents and up.

"There were only two possible ways to make a five-cent bar," says Mr. Schnering. "One was to cheapen the quality. The other was to make it of the best materials, and make so much of it—through modern methods of mass production—that the cost of production would be low. I worried and worried about these two alternatives. But I couldn't bear to put out a cheap, impure candy; and at last we found a combination of good, pure ingredients that I believed would make a hit. We used an opera cream center, rolled in butter caramel, covered with fresh-roasted peanuts and dipped in a special blend of chocolate. I called it 'Baby Ruth.' That was a typical American name, and there was a smile in it. Names seem important, but you have to put something back of any name to make it go. We knew that the name wouldn't save us if the candy was bad!"

The young man then set out to study modern manufacturing, which means, of course, industrial engineering. He tried to take advantage of every possible labor-saving device and to practice efficiency everywhere in his plant. Special machines were designed and built to save power and speed up production. The purest and most wholesome ingredients were bought in such large quantities that their prices came down.

With his new candy bar in production at a new and sensationally low price, Mr. Schnering's ambition to "do something different" was achieved. But the new bar did not make



Mrs. Julius Schnering, who was Miss Helen E. Curtiss, of Vermont

a hit from the start—far from it. Luck may have smiled on the little original candy factory, but now Lady Luck seemed to have changed from a smile to a frown.

6. "He Has a Way with Him"

Something more was needed. What? Mr. Schnering knew the answer. It isn't enough merely to have animals, or candy, or any other commodity for sale—you have to find ways to sell them, too. How was the young man to sell his new bar, acquainting people far and wide with its merit, its low price? By hiring salesmen? He had no capital to do that. By large scale advertising? That costs money, too. There was only one solution. To get things started, the boss would have to go on the road himself as a drummer, a traveling salesman. He could either do that, or fail. It is wonderful how many men, knowing this, are nevertheless too proud or too lazy to do it.

Mr. Schnering looked at a map, wished he could cover the whole country, knew that to be impossible, and started right out into Indiana. Towns are near together there; and the people are prosperous, intelligent, and on the watch for good novelties. The transportation charges from Chicago to Indiana are lower, of course, than they would be to New York State or to California; and Indiana was near enough to Chicago to permit this manufacturer-salesman to come here occasionally to make sure everything was all right at the factory.

Single-handed, then, he tackled Indiana, going from dealer to dealer, in town after town. No dealer was too big for him, and none too small. Soon he gathered a few assistant salesmen around him. They had to work hard, long and fast, but he set them an example, not only talking to dealers but tacking up Baby Ruth signs in stores, on the sides of buildings in town, and on fences and barns—where the farmers would let him. But "he has a way with him." You can't be angry with Otto Young Schnering! Soon he had made not only thousands of customers in Indiana but thousands of friends. Sentiment again? Yes, if you like. But every good salesman must learn how to make friends.

7. He Works with His Workers

Tired out by this Indiana campaign, Mr. Schnering got a little sleep, a few days of vitally necessary rest, and then went at it again—one city at a time—in Detroit, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Pittsburgh and other centers not too far from his factory. He plodded away, rushing back from the road to the plant, where it was nothing unusual to see him working in overalls, or in his shirt sleeves, "juggling" heavy cases of candy in the shipping room late at night, so that orders would be filled promptly. That makes a man popular with his customers, and with his helpers, too. The shipping-room boys and the other workers in the plant were surprised to find they were working for a man who called them all by their first names and didn't disdain to throw off his coat and help them, at any time.

Even today, with more than three thousand workers, the Curtiss Candy Company is like a big, happy family. Instead of being too small for its quarters, the company is now a great deal too big for them. Mr. Schnering works in a small place at the end of the big office room, and there are no "fuss

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 349]

FACT and COMMENT

How the Companion Editors
see the News of the Day

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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I AM READY to admit that I see no way out of the world's troubles but the way Jesus would have found had He undertaken the work of a modern practical statesman.—George Bernard Shaw.

WE HAVE MORE MONEY and shorter hours of labor today than our grandfathers had; but have we the additional leisure that the prophets of the machine age predicted? Most of us seem to have a good deal less, and we cannot quite understand it.

HOW SURPRISED the gentle mathematician turned maker of fairy tales whom the world knows as Lewis Carroll would be to learn that the manuscript of the little book he wrote for the amusement of a child he loved had sold for \$73,000! No piece of literature was ever written with less thought of the dollar, but few have proved so profitable.

A LONG-FELT WANT seems to be supplied by a Chicago inventor who says he has found out how to make the "unloseable" golf ball. He has several ideas; one is a coating that sends up a powerful vapor of ammonium chloride; another is a solution that makes the ball glow even in daylight; another is a chemical coating that sets up a lively crackling noise whenever the ball is hit, which lasts for some time after it comes to rest. The only thing he has omitted is a contrivance to make the ball emit a piercing whistle for five minutes after it has left the head of the driver. Perhaps some other clever fellow will succeed in doing that.

WAY STATIONS ON THE OCEAN

FLYING has got to a point where a *bona fide* corporation with \$2,500,000 capital has been formed to build and maintain eight "sea-dromes," or midocean stopping places, in the North Atlantic between this country and Europe by way of the Azores. It is the plan to anchor one of these service stations every four hundred miles or so across the ocean, and we are told that they will be supported on iron legs that will extend quite to the bottom of the sea—three miles in some places, and fasten themselves there by "base suction." It sounds almost grotesquely extravagant, but a capable engineer, Mr. E. R. Armstrong of the du Pont Company, has designed them and says the anchorage contrivance will work.

Each sea-drome will have a landing space almost a quarter of a mile long and three hundred feet wide. There will be hotels on them, and plenty of accommodation for refueling or repairing the visiting planes. They will also carry beacons that can be seen for many miles, so that it would be difficult indeed for a plane to lose its way at sea. The landing stage will be seventy feet above water, supported on columns that rest on hollow floats far enough below the surface to be unaffected by wave motion, or nearly so. We are planning before long to include in our March of Science page some interesting pictures illustrating this ingenious project.

We do not know whether this particular

scheme will prove structurally practicable or financially sound; but the fact that it is seriously discussed shows that business men are looking forward with confidence toward the commercial profitability of air traffic. Something of the kind will certainly be necessary if oceanic flying is to be safe enough to maintain itself in competition with steamship transportation. We may observe, however, that Commander Fitzmaurice, the brilliant Irish air man who came across the Atlantic last April with the Bremen, says that all ocean flying under present conditions is bound to be a "stunt," and that we must await the invention of a more concentrated fuel, or of an engine that will be more economical in using the fuels we have, before a reliable service between the continents can be maintained. And that, he adds, may well enough be a number of years in the future. That sounds like good sense, though such is human ingenuity in these times that these things may be accomplished sooner than Commander Fitzmaurice himself expects.

AN UNWELCOME PROPHETCY

PROPHECY concerning the future likeness of a civilization and a society profoundly altered by the astounding development of science, mechanics and capitalistic enterprises is a favorite occupation nowadays. The latest vision we have read of is that of a professor of sociology in the University of North Dakota, Mr. J. M. Gillette. This learned man predicts the eventual organization of agriculture after the methods of modern industry. The farms, he thinks, will be units of tremendous size, operated by corporations with hired labor, which may live in towns or cities some distance from the farm. The farmer, in his opinion, does not greatly value his independent status. The comparative isolation that goes with it makes country life unattractive.

The argument leaves us unconvinced, though we are far from claiming a familiarity with the problems and tendencies of agriculture equal to that of the North Dakota professor. In the first place, much of our farming is incompatible with large scale methods. It is conceivable that such staple crops as wheat, cotton and sugar could be so grown profitably. They are raised on wide fields, easily thrown into one vast plantation, and well suited to the use of every kind of machine cultivation. But there are the market gardens, the hill farms, the dairy farms and the like, which would not in the same measure attract capital or respond to mass production. Then we question the

dictum that the farmer does not value his position as an independent producer and citizen, with his family partners with him in an enterprise in which they and no others are sharers. Not all farmers, very likely, but certainly many, do enjoy country life and the feeling of being managers of their own business and not wage-earners. Plenty of other people feel the same way. The great factories have not driven all the small manufacturers out of business, except in a few commodities. The great department stores have not succeeded in shutting up all the little shops—and they never will. So the "capitalistic farm," if it comes, will never put an end to the small farmer, who asks, in our opinion, not the chance to get off his few acres and move into town, but the chance to make a fair living, through reasonable prices for his produce.

Certainly it is much to be hoped that the prophecy from North Dakota is a mistaken one. It has been said a thousand times that the backbone of any nation is the independent farming class, with its attachment to the soil, its personal stake in the country, and its sturdy reliance on its own efforts instead of on a wage supplied by others. But it is worth while saying it again. We hope the time will never come when our agriculture will be conducted on great estates like the old Roman *latifundia*, even though they be cultivated by honest wage-earners instead of by slaves or serfs. The economic argument is not the only one. We should pay dearly for a stronger balance sheet in our agriculture by losing the type of man and citizen that American farm life has long produced and still produces.

PRESIDENT VS. CONGRESS

THE newspaper correspondents at Washington do not permit us to forget that Congress and the President are habitually working at cross purposes. The President, the members of his cabinet and his Budget Commissioner are continually making recommendations and expressing views about all sorts of legislation, to which the houses of Congress seem to pay no respectful attention at all.

We occasionally see comments on this state of affairs which seem to assume that Mr. Coolidge suffers from a lack of cooperation in Congress that no other President has ever had to deal with. So far from that being the case, a mood of disagreement with the President may be said to be habitual with Congress. The representatives of the people at the Capitol usually resent any attempt on the part of the representative of the people in the White House to tell them what to do and how they ought to do it. It is only

the occasional President who, like McKinley, has served long in Congress, and who adds to a thorough familiarity with the Congressional temper a tactful and accommodating disposition of his own, that gets along perfectly with the national legislature. Our older readers will remember a good many occasions when Cleveland, Roosevelt and Wilson had something like pitched battles with Congresses that would insist on doing what those strong-minded Presidents thought extremely foolish.

This tendency for the legislature and the executive to disagree, this rivalry between them, if you like to call it that, is almost inevitable from our form of government. The framers of the Constitution, who dreaded above all else a strong and possibly despotic government, would not have been half so much disturbed by the bickerings of President and Congress as their descendants are. They deliberately made the executive and the legislature separate and coördinate in power. They did not like the British way of making the government a sort of committee of the houses. That system makes it pretty certain that Parliament will vote exactly as the ministry wants it to, at least on important measures; it makes government prompt, efficient and smooth-running. But the founding fathers did not want a government too prompt, too efficient, too powerful. They were for the "checks and balances," and the "liberty of the people."

Whichever arrangement is theoretically the better, ours is fastened upon us as long as the Constitution endures. The President will always try to shape legislation as he thinks it ought to be shaped, and Congress, if for no other reason than a lively sense of its lawful independence of the executive, will always insist on doing as it likes about accepting the advice of the White House.

BUSINESS AND PLEASURE

IT is one of the great problems of life to combine business and pleasure; how to do your work in the world conscientiously, satisfactorily, usefully to yourself and to others, and at the same time to indulge the natural inclinations, which Sir Walter Scott expressed so admirably when he said, "Set me any task whatever as a task, no matter what it is, and it is conceivable the desire I have to do something else."

It may well be argued that to make more than an average success in your business or occupation it is necessary to discard pleasure altogether. Moderate achievement may be consistent with amusing yourself, but to shine it is necessary to concentrate. Mere mechanical attention to hours and tasks is not enough: the getting regularly to your office every day, staying as long as is required and doing what you are asked to do. Success demands not only doing but thinking. You must not only give the regular hours; you must give the irregular, and be glad to give them. You must not only do the allotted task; you must be on the lookout for others that are not allotted, which perhaps seem properly to belong to someone else. You must not only spend days but nights—the nights in studying the larger aspects of your pursuit and the future, hunting out new possible developments, new fields in which you can make yourself not only useful but indispensable.

No doubt human nature rebels against so strict a theory of getting on in the world. Most of us demand diversion of some sort and will have it, even at the expense of a little accomplishment. It is urged that a well-rounded life requires a certain amount of complete recreation and forgetfulness of the one absorbing interest. It is urged that even one's business is better done if one comes to it with the refreshment of a day of entire oblivion.

All this is true enough. Nevertheless, it is probable that the men who achieve very great success, not only in business, but in science, in art, in literature, in politics, are those who are absolutely wrapped up in their work and think of and care for little else. As a great painter put it, when he was urged to seek amusement: "My work is my amusement: I know no other." Whether such a concentrated pursuit of success makes the happiest life, whether such complete absorption in one main interest brings final satisfaction and contentment, is another question.

Independence Day—and More

IT is only a young—at least a comparatively young—nation that can enjoy the youthful pleasure of celebrating its birthdays. The venerable nations of Europe have no record of a particular day on which they came to birth. Like Topsy, they "just grew." The only days they can celebrate are the days when they were "unified," or when some event took place that marked the transition from one kind of social or political organization to another.

But the United States of America has a perfectly definite birthday. It is the Fourth of July, the day when the colonies of the British crown declared that they were no longer provinces of an empire, but a nation. That birthday Americans have celebrated ever since, with all the noise and gaiety and proud realization of a constantly strengthening and expanding self-consciousness that young people as well as young nations always associate with the yearly return of their natal day. As our country, now grown mature, becomes in turn aged, shall we—or our descendants—become less and less enthusiastic over the Fourth of July, as aging persons come to regard their birthdays as nuisances rather than as occasions for merrymaking?

We do not think so. The Fourth of July means more to Americans than the anniversary of the day on which our country asserted its independence. On that day something else besides a new nation came into the world. Political liberty for the common man, the principle that government rests for its support on the consent of the people and not on the will of an armed or privileged class, a wider opportunity in life for every citizen, however humble, the assertion in short of the dignity and value of man, quite apart from any of the distinctions of rank and power—that is what the Declaration of Independence is about. So long as our nation believes in those things and maintains them it will continue to celebrate the Fourth of July with enthusiasm; and all the other people of the earth may well celebrate it with us.



MISCELLANY



A Mountain as Baggage

The Companion's Religious Article

AN American tourist was on a train in Switzerland. He fell into conversation with a Swiss young woman who spoke fairly good English.

"I am going to your country," she remarked to him. "In fact, I am on my way, now."

"Are you?" the American answered. "That's fine. Will there be anyone to meet you in New York?"

"Yes, my sister. She lives in Kansas, but she is coming to take me home with her."

"What part of Switzerland do you come from?" asked the American. He was thinking of the contrast between the magnificent mountain scenery of Switzerland and the level plains of Kansas.

"I live in a little place called Zermatt. Have you ever been there?"

"Indeed I have. It is one of the most beautiful places in all the world. The Matterhorn that stands guard over your village of Zermatt—never did God make a more beautiful mountain!"

"I'm glad you love my mountain," said the girl, with a smile. "I love it too. In fact, I think I love the Matterhorn better than anything else in this whole world."

"But how will you feel when you reach Kansas?" persisted the American. "Kansas is flat, you know—much of it as a floor. There will be no Matterhorn there."

"Oh, I don't worry," replied the woman. "I am not afraid. You see, I am going to carry my mountain with me, *inside my heart*."

The great souls of history have always been those who practiced this philosophy of the indwelling mountain. They have been made, not by their surroundings, but by their inspirations. Though they have had to live in monotony or discouragement, they have known how to keep a Matterhorn in the recesses of faith and memory.

So it must be with every soul that would master the secret of a steady and balanced life. Fill your heart with a noble vision and let that vision be your ceaseless companion and teacher. Frame for your soul a vision of a tender Father God or an heroic Elder Brother Christ, and carry that with you day in and day out. So the sky of your inner life will be eternally serene no matter what be the weather in the outer world that surrounds you. You will have less need to think

about a future heaven, for the peace and blessedness of a present heaven will be already your possession.

That young woman probably had several pieces of baggage traveling with her from Zermatt to America. But the most significant thing she was taking with her was her mountain.

Quinsy

The Companion's Medical Article

QUINSY is a form of sore throat due to an acute inflammation of the tonsil, or of the tissue around it, which forms an abscess. The young are the chief sufferers; it is rather rare that a person more than thirty years old is affected. Attacks are more frequent in cold and damp climates, and most prevalent in the late winter or early spring.

Quinsy is a germ disease. The bacteria that cause it are almost always present in the throat, but they are harmless until something happens to weaken the bodily forces, such as exposure to cold and wet, undue worry or overwork. Experienced sufferers sometimes recognize the onset of an attack by a deep-seated soreness or dull ache in the throat; but usually the earliest symptoms are pain on swallowing, with nausea. Then follows a chill with rapid rise of temperature; the fever may go up six or seven degrees within a few hours. The mouth is dry, and the saliva becomes thick and sticky; the affected tonsil is greatly swollen, and in the rare cases in which both sides are affected the swelling may almost close the passage.

The pain is constant and may radiate into the ear of the affected side. The jaws can be opened only with difficulty. Generally only one tonsil is affected at a time, but it is not unusual for the inflammation to attack the second tonsil as it leaves the first.

The first symptom should send the patient promptly to bed, and he should take a dose of castor oil or calomel. Until the doctor comes the pain and swelling can be met with cold applications very frequently renewed, and also by the constant sucking of small pieces of ice. This is done in the hope of aborting the abscess which threatens. If, however, this proves impossible, after twenty-four hours or so, the physician in charge will doubtless change to hot applications and other forms of treatment. A narcotic to soothe the pain is often needed, and the abscess is opened as soon as it has formed.



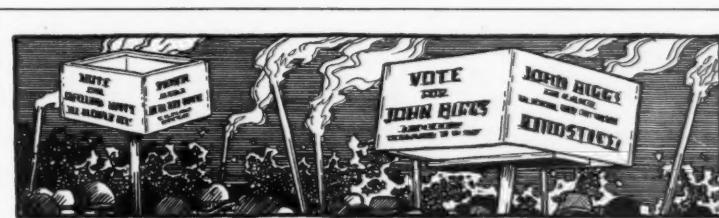
The North River frontage of lower New York. The large building on the extreme left is the Barclay-Vesey Building, built for the New York Telephone Company, next to it is the Woolworth Tower, while the building near the center is the famous Singer Building. At the extreme right is the Whitehall Building Annex. Other famous buildings shown are the Equitable Trust, the large building on the right of the Singer Building, and the Standard Oil Building, on the left of the Whitehall Building. Along the shoreline are slips for ferries serving the New Jersey shore

Mountains of Masonry

New York's Sky-line in Sun and Shade

ONE of the most fascinating sights in the world is New York City seen from the North River, its massive towers and pinnacles rising from the water, and soaring toward the clouds. No other city has so lofty and impressive a sky-line, and no other city, unless it be Naples, Venice or Constanti-

nople, is so placed that it can be seen in all its piled-up magnificence across an open space of water. Whatever visitors from other countries think of New York, after they have got ashore, they are always enthusiastic over the view of it they have from the deck of the steamer that brings them slowly up



What Is Your Score in American Politics?

WE are on the verge of our quadrennial attack of political fever. The candidates are about to be nominated, and the stump speakers will soon be abroad in the land. It is an appropriate time to see how much you know about similar occasions in the past. If you cannot answer all these questions, the answers on page 340 will add to your stock of political information.

1. What two statesmen were three times leading candidates for the Presidency, yet were never elected?
2. How is the number of votes each state may cast in the Electoral College determined?
3. The reputation of what eminent public man was compromised by the Mulligan letters?
4. Of what President was it said, "We love him for the enemies he has made"?
5. Who said of the Presidential office, "I will not accept if nominated, or serve if elected"?
6. What were the "Hunkers" and the "Barnburners"?
7. What President was born on the 4th of July? What Presidents died on that day?
8. Of whom was it said, "He smote the rock of public credit, and it gushed forth abundantly"?
9. How many men have been elected President while holding the office of Vice-President?
10. What two Presidents were in earlier life presidents of colleges?
11. What public man was for eight months both a United States Senator and Governor of a great state?
12. What President served for many years in the House of Representatives after retiring from the Presidency?
13. What Speaker of the House of Representatives was called a "czar" by his political opponents?
14. What two men influential in public life today are the sons-in-law of former Presidents?
15. What men, subsequently elected President, held commissions in the Civil War?
16. What statesman coined the phrase "the open door," referring to our policy in China?
17. Who was called (a) "The Exponent of the Constitution"? (b) "The Great Compromiser"? (c) "Old Hickory"? (d) "The Great Nullifier"?
18. What eminent statesman performed his first conspicuous public service for a foreign country?
19. What three Presidents have been again nominated for the Presidency after retiring from that office?
20. What statesman once referred to a "higher law" than the Constitution?
21. What man resigned from the Supreme Court to be a Presidential candidate?
22. What nominating convention took the greatest number of ballots before selecting a candidate? What nominating convention adjourned because it could not agree upon any candidate?
23. What President referred to certain opponents as "members of the Ananias Club"?
24. How many women have served as governors of their states?
25. What President had the oath of office administered to him by his own father?

[Answers are on page 340]

the harbor and into the broad North River. Mankind has never done anything quite like New York, and, though there has been little conscious pursuit of beauty in its making, circumstances have united to create a result that is overwhelming in its aesthetic effect.

It used to be the case that only the tip of Manhattan Island presented this lofty mountain range of buildings to the eye. Nowadays more clustered peaks of masonry have risen in uptown New York; but they are not so close to the waterside and therefore not so precipitous as those of the lower city. The picture we show, with the dappled lights and shadows adding new "values" to the tremendous composition, is one of the best we have ever seen.

Why Horseheads?

The Origin of a Strange Place-Name

AMONG the curious place-names in the United States few are so strange as "Horseheads," which distinguishes a village in New York, not far from Elmira. The name is not merely eccentric; it has an interesting historic origin, which Dr. William Elliot Griffis explains in the *National Human Review*.

We shall soon be celebrating, in 1929, he says, the sesquicentennial of the great "Expedition Against the Western Indians" of 1779. It was planned by Washington and led by Gen. John Sullivan. In his march five thousand Continental soldiers took part,

helped by nine hundred boats—two hundred from Schenectady, N. Y., and seven hundred from Sunbury, Pa., for the main army. This great summer expedition into the wilderness opened the westward path of civilization.

But after the battle at Newtown, near Elmira, N. Y., the army had to leave the boats behind. Then stores, flour, meat, ammunition and tents had to be carried by the pack horses. Without the four-legged creatures the expedition would have been a failure, for food could not be found in the wilderness.

The officers' journals of 1779 tell us that of the two hundred or more animals that gave out exhausted on the march none were allowed to linger in the agonies of hunger. A rifle shot gave to each one of them succor to his toilsome life.

At the site of the later Horseheads an unusual number of broken-down animals, for which there was neither food nor prospect of it,—probably two hundred or more,—were shot.

The next year the savages, returning to the sites of their desolated villages, saw the bleached skeletons. Whether from motives of superstition or not, they arranged the skulls in rows and placed them on branches of the trees. Hence when the white settlers came to make homes they gave a fitting name, monument both of patriotic history and of humane thoughtfulness and consideration for animal suffering.

[MISCELLANY CONTINUED ON PAGE 340]



MISCELLANY



(Above) A South American monkey, with its stone prototype



The Heavens in Silver

Tycho Brahe's Famous Astronomical Ball

VISITORS to the American Museum of Natural History have recently been attracted to the great "astronomical ball" which was made in Sweden some four hundred years ago out of almost pure silver, and which has ever since been one of the artistic and scientific curiosities of the world. The ball is about a foot in diameter, and it is, of course, a hollow shell, weighing about two pounds. It is valued at \$108,000. It was made, so it is said, from the design of Tycho Brahe, the celebrated Danish astronomer, who was almost the first to make absolutely accurate observations and mathematical calculations of the movement of the heavenly



(Above) The vampire bat of South America, with its sculptured fellow gazing over the city of Paris

a still earlier day both as "ordination cake" and by other names.

Ordinations were often very great affairs, in a festive and jovial sense as well as in a religious one, in those days; and some of the old bills for food and New England rum provided, on the ordination of the most revered and saintly clergymen, would arouse in our time the horror equally of ministers and of physicians.

For this cake—ordination, independence, or whatever it was called—there was a rhymed, as well as a prose receipt, and the opening lines of the rhymed version remembered by a very old lady from her grandmother's repetition were given some years ago to a friend of The Companion:

Housewives who would mix and bake
For the flock and pastor's sake
Here's your Ordination Cake:
Pounds of flour take a score;
Sugar, fifteen pounds, no more;
Ten of butter; eggs at least
Four dozen, would you richly feast.
The which will need a quart of yeast.

Perhaps it is as well for a truly safe-and-sane Fourth of July that such an independence cake has preceded more explosive dangers into oblivion.

Another confection with political association was the "election cake" familiar to New England, which was made and eaten on election day. The original one is said to have been made in Connecticut, and the books tell us that this cake was paid for by state funds and made "an important part of the refreshments that were offered to visitors to the state capital at Hartford."

What Is Your Score?

Answers to Questions on Page 339

1. Henry Clay and William J. Bryan. 2. Each state casts a vote equal to the number of its Senators and its members of the House of Representatives. 3. James G. Blaine. 4. Grover Cleveland. 5. Gen. William T. Sherman. 6. Two rival factions in the Democratic party in New York State between 1840 and 1850. 7. Calvin Coolidge was born July 4, 1872. John Adams, Thomas Jefferson and James Monroe all died on the national holiday. 8. Alexander Hamilton. 9. Three: John Adams, Thomas Jefferson and Martin Van Buren. 10. Woodrow Wilson and James A. Garfield. 11. David B. Hill of New York. 12. John Quincy Adams. 13. Thomas B. Reed. 14. William G. McAdoo and Nicholas Longworth. 15. Ulysses S. Grant. 16. R. B. Hayes, J. A. Garfield, Benjamin Harrison and William McKinley. 17. John Hay. 18. (a) Daniel Webster, (b) Henry Clay, (c) Andrew Jackson, (d) John C. Calhoun. 18. Herbert Hoover. 19. Millard Fillmore, Grover Cleveland, Theodore Roosevelt. 20. William H. Seward. 21. Charles E. Hughes. 22. That of the Democratic party in New York in 1924. 23. That of the Democratic party in Charleston, S. C., in 1860. 23. Theodore Roosevelt. 24. Two, Mrs. Nellie Ross of Wyoming and Mrs. Miriam Ferguson of Texas. 25. Calvin Coolidge.



The silver astronomical ball of Tycho Brahe

bodies, though he did not get so far as to understand that the earth, instead of being the center of the universe, was only one of the planets of a comparatively minor sun.

The ball, as you will see, shows all the zodiacal signs along the ecliptic, and many of the more important constellations as well. These are all engraved on the surface of the silver, with great perfection of detail.

Independence Cake

Culinary Adjuncts to Politics

OUR revered foremothers were certainly great cake-makers—or, at any rate, makers of great cakes! They achieved, on all public and festive occasions, quantity as well as quality, usually in a batch of luscious loaves, but whenever their utensils permitted in a monster cake, or a pair of them, for the two ends of a long table. Independence Day was one of the feasts celebrated, and an old receipt for "independence cake" required, besides a quart and a pint of spirit, a full sixty-five pounds of raw material. This cake is supposed to have been the same kind known in

Nature Jokes as Well as Man

She Makes Her Gargoyles out of Flesh and Blood

THE feeling for the grotesque was very strong in the exuberant fancy of the mediaeval artist. Along with all the soaring beauty of the cathedrals he built, goes a queer enjoyment of the ugly and the extravagant that manifests itself in the sculptured detail with which he ornamented his work. The extraordinary gargoyles that surmount the roofs and towers of so many French cathedrals, sometimes serving as gigantic spouts to discharge the rivers of water that flow down these gigantic roofs

during a heavy rain, and sometimes serving no other apparent purpose than to express the curious humor of the artist, are familiar to everyone who has ever visited these famous churches. Most astonishing of all are the gargoyles of Notre Dame in Paris, which Victor Hugo found—and made—so stimulating to the imagination.

Now someone has made the interesting discovery that Nature herself has a fancy almost equally grotesque. Some animal very much like almost every sculptured monster on the parapets of Notre Dame can be found among living creatures today, though so remote from Europe are the homes of these beasts that it is impossible that the untraveled stone-cutters of the Middle Ages can ever have seen them or used them as models.

The pictures that we print on this page illustrate the singular resemblances of which we speak. One demoniac gargoyle reminds us of an ugly vampire bat from Guiana in South America—though it is really less horrid. Another has the curious pose that is habitual with the loris, a kind of lemur that is found in India. A third, though it has scales instead of hair, is amusingly like a South American monkey in expression.



(Above) The vampire bat of South America, with its sculptured fellow gazing over the city of Paris



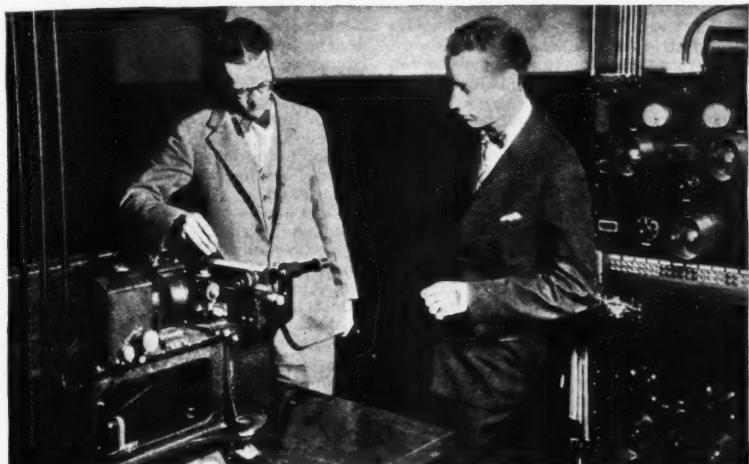
(Above) The Indian loris, in its characteristic position. Had the artist who carved the figure on the right seen this animal before he began his work?

The Blue-ribbon List

The Best and Cleanest Pictures of the Month

UNDER this heading, The Companion compiles every month a list of the finest and cleanest of the new motion pictures. They are selected with the greatest care, and MOTHER MACHREE—Fox. An Irish immigrant mother gives up her only son so that he may have his chance in the new world. BELLE BENNETT, VICTOR McLAGLEN THE TRAIL OF '98—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. A realistic picture that recalls the famous gold rush to the Klondike, thirty years ago THE PIONEER SCOUT—Paramount. FRED THOMSON, in the rôle of scout, guides the wagon trains of settlers across the prairies. FRED THOMSON, NORA LANE THE ARIZONA WILDCAT—Fox. A rancher who raises polo ponies learns the game and defeats a society snob, who has systematically snubbed him. TOM MIX and his horse THE BOSS OF RUSTLER'S ROOST—Pathé-De Mille. A skillfully directed story of lively adventures with cattle rustlers. DAN COLEMAN THE LITTLE SHEPHERD OF KINGDOM COME—First National. A Civil War romance in which loving hearts find themselves cast by fate on opposite sides. RICHARD BARTHELMESS, MOLLY O'DAY THE MATINEE IDOL—Columbia. A charming little story of a famous actor who helped out a troupe of barnstormers because of the high ideals of its little leading woman. BESSIE LOVE THE CANYON OF ADVENTURE—First National. California, in the days of the Spanish *padres*, is the background of this romance of a daring rider and a pretty senorita. KEN MAYNARD, VIRGINIA BROWN FAIRE SKYSCRAPER—Pathé-De Mille. A comedy romance illustrating the skill and daring of the steel-workers. The characters are rough, but the story is clean. WILLIAM BOYD, ALAN HALE SPEEDY—Paramount. A lively farce in which the hero succeeds in saving a railroad franchise. HAROLD LLOYD WE AMERICANS—Universal. A sympathetic study of our foreign-born citizens and their contribution to the making of our country. An ideal family picture THE RAIDER EMDEN—Distributed by Columbia. The thrilling story of the famous German raider told without prejudice. German production ADVENTURES IN PIGMY LAND—Distributed by W. W. Hodkinson. Dr. Matthew Stirling's cinematic record of his expedition into the wilds of New Guinea TRELAWNEY OF THE WELLS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. A picture version of Pinoe's play about a charming Mid-Victorian actress. NORMA SHEARER, TOM MOORE

THE MARCH OF SCIENCE



Measuring Sunlight

Another Check-up on the North Pole

WHEN Gen. Umberto Nobile, who flew over the North Pole with Roald Amundsen in 1926, attempted another polar flight this summer, one of the many scientific instruments which he carried with him was the ultra-sensitive daylight recorder pictured above. Once again, that marvel of science, the photoelectric cell, which only a few years ago was little better than a scientific toy, is the heart of the mechanism. Some idea of the amazing versatility of this cell may be had when you realize that two of the most diverse pieces of apparatus on this page—the sunlight recorder and the telephotograph apparatus—are both activated by it. The inventor of the sunlight recorder is Dr. L. R. Koller of the General Electric Company, who is shown beside his invention. The photoelectric cell is shown above the boxed-in mechanism—which records the results seen by the “electric eye.” (Photo by Fotograms)



Explosions in the Name of Safety

How Science Studies the Hazards of the Coal Mine

HERE are two remarkable photographs showing the methods which science is taking to cut down the hazards from coal-dust explosions in mines. The one directly below shows the recording mechanisms which indicate how fast explosions travel: that at the far right shows flames bursting from the end of a pipe after an explosion had been set off at the other end, three hundred feet away.

“Dust explosions” are among the great hazards of industry. Almost any substance will burn if its area is small enough: some terrible explosions have occurred in flour mills, although one is not apt to think of flour as a explosive. But coal dust,



of course, presents even greater hazards, and not only in this country but in England, where these photographs were taken for you, scientists are busy creating artificial explosions, under circumstances that they can control, to learn all they can of their causes, conditions and results. Explosion speeds of as high as three or four thousand feet per second have been measured by the ingenious recording device to the left. The work has been done by the “Safety in Mines” Research in England. (Photo by P. & A., London Bureau)

Movies on the Telephone

“Telephotographs” Furnished While You Wait

SPACE means little to the scientist now—so little that we are apt to accept the wonders of long-distance communication as if they had always existed. But here is another thrill for you: the process of transmitting photographs over wires has now reached such a peak of efficiency that it is possible to send moving pictures over long distances by wires in an incredibly short time. The apparatus shown on the left is part of the receiving station of a telephotograph system, which recently received and reproduced a ten-foot strip of moving-picture film of Vilma Banky, Hollywood star, sent over one thousand miles from Chicago. It received it so well and so swiftly that the film was being shown in a New York theater



only five hours after the transmission was begun in Chicago.

The telephotographic process is only a few years old but is now firmly established as a commercial reality. Television is a greater wonder, but has still farther to go to reach the perfection which the transmission of still photographs, by wire or radio, has now attained. Telephone companies have now established a telephotographic service between many large cities, and for a small sum your portrait will be sped over the wires—made from a copy in your home city, and transmitted where you will. As usual, that all-seeing electric eye, the photoelectric cell, is at the bottom of this latest wonder. (Photo by Times-Wide World)



A New Cure for Seasickness

A Ship's Surgeon Makes a Great Discovery

THE lady shown in the photograph above is not taking laughing gas in anticipation of having a tooth pulled. Nothing worse is happening than that. Dr. Hajo Jelden, of the North German Lloyd liner Columbus, is administering to her the latest cure for the dreaded foe of every ocean traveler—seasickness. Doctor Jelden, long a specialist in the sicknesses of the sea, has developed a new gas called “nauseatine,” which, when mixed with oxygen, and administered to the patient through an inhaler like the one shown, is said to relieve disagreeable symptoms almost instantly and sometimes to give immunity to the sufferer for the balance of the voyage. The treatment is not at all unpleasant, and the success of its results will prove a boon to the “bad sailor.” (Photo by Times-Wide World)



ELINOR followed Nancy, without a word, to the disordered, littered galley. It had taken all Nancy's powers of persuasion and gentle pleading to get Elinor to be sensible. Sailors' clothing, none too clean, represented the last word in horror to fastidious Elinor. But Nancy prevailed.

Elinor knew nothing of cooking. So Nancy did most of the work and soon had a fire going in the stove, canned beans heating, some very hard pilot bread soaking, and tea brewing. They found no water, until Nancy remembered the tin pitcher in the deck cabin. This Elinor brought at Nancy's carefully worded request. But Elinor rebelled when Nancy suggested she pick up the scattered kindling.

"It will ruin my hands—make the boys do it. I won't."

"They are doing all they can," Nancy answered simply, shaking her head. "My hands work for me." And she began to pick up the wood.

Elinor busied herself about the galley table. Nancy's smile faded. But when Elinor, opening a locker, discovered five bottles of ginger ale, she willingly forgave her.

"That's fine!" Nancy cried. "It's as bracing as tea. Will you call the boys?"

It was a sober supper, but eaten ravenously. The ginger ale disappeared with marvelous quickness. Beans were gulped. Even exacting Elinor ate without comment, to Ralph's secret amusement. Then David led his companions to a straightened and orderly after cabin; there they found a lighted lamp swinging a welcome.

"You girls go to bed. We'll go on deck and light up. Then we'll turn in over here."

David showed the girls the bunks hidden with a flapping blanket, then went on deck.

"I can never sleep here—or in these things. Why didn't I stay where I was well off? These things—my poor hands—oh, don't look so shocked!" Elinor turned passionately to Nancy. "You are used to poverty and hardship. I am not. Such food, such dirt, such clothes, the storm—oh, why didn't I stay on the *Valentia*? I hate this! I hate dirt and danger and disorder and—what's the matter?"

The tears stood in Nancy's eyes as she stared through the black companionway to a faint star in the sky.

"I was thinking of where their heads lie tonight," she answered, gently. "At least we have life and hope!"

Elinor said no more. But her face was sullen, nor did she answer Nancy's gentle "Good night, Miss Haynes," as she crawled into her bunk and drew the curtain.

Nancy slept dreamlessly and awoke refreshed, but Ralph and David were already on deck. She heard Ralph's soft voice and David's clear-cut answers. Then the curtain wavered, and Elinor, disheveled and sleepy-eyed, looked forth.

"Good morning," Nancy never held resentment long. "Sleep well?"

"Morning. No. Beastly bed. I'm thirsty. Get me a drink, will you?"

Nancy went on deck, somewhat disgusted at such petulance. But she went to David with Elinor's demand.

"Morning, David!" Nancy raised herself for her brother's kiss. "Where is the water? I used all there was for tea."

"Water? Why it—why—deck cask of course—" David strode to the gray cask lashed amidships with its little trap door. But one taste of the liquid within was enough. "Ugh!" he cried. "Salt. The wave got in. The reserve will be under the galley floor, I suppose."

He hurried to the galley. Beneath a trap in the floor were casks presumably containing water. But all were empty, save two which contained salt meat.

DANGEROUS WATERS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 321]

His lips a thin line, David darted to the forward hatch and disappeared in the hold. "Well?" Nancy's voice was all question as he reappeared.

"I can find none!" answered David. "Ah, Nancy, Nancy!"

They stared at each other, suddenly conscious they too were thirsty!

Picturing two girls suffering for water, the boys hunted desperately in the smoke-smelling, crowded hold. At one end were only bales of cotton goods and no sign of a cask. Dragging the dynamite cases to one side, wondering what the legend "Peaceful Explosives" in red on the top might mean, David and Ralph carefully lifted some on deck the more readily to see what was beneath. But all they saw was free water in the hold, and a long ship's augur. Investigation showed the empty casks had been bored.

"Afraid of the fire getting to the dynamite," David read the reason. "They sacrificed their fresh water—oh, the fools!"

"Will we—die of thirst?"

David straightened up. "Nonsense! If we can't find water, we'll distill it; also catch it when it rains."

David climbed on deck, to find Elinor and Nancy together. The querulous note was absent as Elinor spoke.

"Your sister told me. What are you going to do? We must have water to drink."

David smiled inwardly at this turning to him for help by the girl who had hotly questioned his right to command. But he schooled his voice to make it hopeful.

"Put you both to work distilling sea water. Kettle, fire, chill. And a tube. Nancy, find sewing things, make a tube of canvas, two feet long, an inch in diameter, and double thick."

David's plan was simple: one kettle on the stove, another kettle set in a large pan of water for a condenser, a canvas tube to connect the two spouts. Building a fire in the galley stove, he started a kettle of salt water to boil.

CHAPTER THREE

A Funny-looking Cloud

WORKING, David planned. The *Psyche* was well provisioned. Water he was sure he could distill. But to navigate to the track of steamers or the coast of North America—

"Soon as I get water and food, I must get the sextant and try to find our position," he decided. "There must be a book on navigation; little freighters seldom carry expert navigators. A rough approximation will do. They left the compass, and if I—"

Nancy burst into the galley, holding a tube of doubled canvas.

"There you are, David. I—we—made it out of a pair of trousers! Will it do?"

"Fine!" David fingered it approvingly, then fastened it with string to the spouts of the kettles. "Now your job," including Elinor with Nancy, "is to keep the water boiling. Add salt water from time to time—here is a bucket on a rope to get it with. Keep cool water in the pan to chill the condensing kettle. We'll all have a drink in an hour or so. Now get some dry breakfast!"

David ran out—he had no time for walking. "Haynes!" he called. "Come here and stretch this sail to catch rain—why, what are you doing?"

"Can't stop for it now!" Ralph called to David. "I—ah—miss my bath. I'm going to take a swim."

"You are not!" said David. "I can't do this thing alone."

"I—ah—am not in the least afraid of you, Bird," and Ralph looked him straight in the eye. "I—ah—agree you are better fitted than I am to captain this—ah—expedition in adventure, but—er—I don't propose to be ordered around like a sailor, you know."

"Well, don't give me such idiotic things to object to, then!" retorted David. "This isn't a picnic—"

"A bath isn't a picnic. And I—ah—am going to have one!"

David hesitated. Common sense told him they should not take unnecessary risks. There was little swell, apparently no current, the hove-to *Psyche* was not moving, the water was warm, and yet—

"There's plenty to do without risking your life for pleasure. We've no boat—suppose you get a cramp? I'd rather you helped with this sail. Your sister is thirsty!"

"All right," said Ralph. "But it's only for her sake—not, ah—because I choose to submit to force!"

In the after cabin David struggled hard with book and sextant. After an hour's work, he thought he understood it.

"Now I ought to be able to determine noon, and so longitude—"

He pulled out his watch in sudden anxiety. It had stopped. Worn out by excitement, he had forgotten to wind it.

"How could I have been so careless, Ralph!" David went on deck to ask. But Ralph was not to be seen. David started forward to look in the deck cabin, when Nancy called.

"David, can we have a drink? There's almost a quart here—"

On the run, David entered the galley. Nancy stood over the still, a tear on her cheek. Elinor, her lips a thin line, looked out the port door. As always, when anything grieved his sister, David got coldly angry.

"What's the matter?" "The matter is"—Elinor's voice was very scornful—"that your sister is copying your high and mighty ways. She has been refusing me a drink for an hour. Tell her to give me some immediately."

"Give her a drink, Nancy. If she is so thirsty she wants hers before any one else, give her my share, too." David curled his lip, adding, "Did she do any work, or have you done it all?"

"David!" Nancy was reproachful. "Of course she has worked. And she doesn't want any more than her share—how can you?"

"Tempest in a tea pot, or water pot, rather!" And David grinned. "Where's Ral—Haynes? Find him, Nancy, while I decant this stuff, and we'll have some breakfast, too."

"Now, Miss Haynes!" began David briskly as Nancy left. "I apologize if I was rough. Stop thinking any of

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 350]



The box was labeled "Dynamite." And there were many boxes. "Great Scott!" said Ralph. "No wonder they took to the boats when the fire caught!" (Page 321)

The world still gasps

at her latest exploit!

A WOMAN of amazing contrasts! Today the center of admiring throngs in London, or Paris, or New York —tomorrow setting forth with her husband to extend the frontier of science in the strange remote places of the earth! She glories in dangerous living! Hers is the quick-thinking courage that braves the dangers of jungle and desert. Hers is the high daring that risks all for one fragment of knowledge.

The world still gasps at her latest exploit. She and her husband had spent months in the highlands of Burma, observing, gathering precious scientific information, sketching the wild animals of that forgotten land. One night—tropically black, mysterious, treacherous—they returned to camp and found that their native servants had deserted. Her husband took the trail to the village—to reconnoitre, while she made ready for flight.

It is like a scene from a play—how she discovered a spying servant left as a look-out—tied him to a chair and stopped his mouth with cloth—how she bound the precious notebooks and sketches around her body so they would not be lost—and went down the trail to meet her husband. He whispered,

"They are doing big magic down there in the village—getting ready for Heaven knows what. These Naga men are head-hunters!"

Together they struck off through the jungle—along trails bristling with dangers. Cool, collected, this woman shared all the hazards with her husband—marched the whole painful, weary way with feet that never lagged. No wonder that in the years she and her husband have roamed the world together, he has not ceased marveling at her unflagging courage—her zest for adventure—her boundless energy. What is the source of this tremendous energy—this vitality?

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Recently, the most successful women in America — writers, explorers, actresses, dancers, singers, lawyers, doctors—were asked that very question. How did they retain their vitality in the face of exacting demands on time and energy? . . . And nearly all made the same reply, which was in effect—"Through careful living. Especially through careful choice of foods—the proper balancing of the daily diet".



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THE DERELICT

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 332]

think he will be afraid to sleep on shore where we might surprise him by night, and if he stops on the little island he will be always thirsty, for there is no water there. He knows of our well; he drank there, Tehare says, and he will come back if only to get fresh water. Yes, he is sure to return. Beginning with the first gray of dawn tomorrow,—the hour when the first flies begin to buzz,—we must keep a lookout. The Purutia will be forced to come by water, and we can see him a long way off. No—he might land in the path of the hurricane where the bush is down, but I think he is too cunning to risk our leaping out on him in the thick bush. We shall have time to do a little fishing and to get what coconuts we need, but we must always be prepared to take shelter if he comes.

“My plan is this: Let us prepare a little staging, high up among the rafters of the house, just over the door. It must be strong enough to bear the weight of two men, and comfortable enough for a man to sit on for a long time. You, with your axe, will sit on one side, and another man, with a great stone on his knees, will keep you company. I think I will be that other man; my legs are over-stiff from running, and Amaru was brought up in my sister's house. Yes, I shall keep you company. When we see him coming, you and I can climb to our staging while he is still a long way off, and as he lands the others can show themselves a little—forty or fifty fathoms away. At that distance there is small danger from a pistol. He will think he has driven us off; then he will drink at the well, gather a few coconuts, and perhaps step into the house as he did today. That will be the time for your axe and my heavy stone to do their work!”

Marama was all keenness over Fahuri's idea. “Eh, Tehare,” he whispered to me; “you and I will lead him on, and make him think that everyone has run away from our camp. We shall be like the live bait thrown overboard to attract the albacore, which lures him on to seize the baited hook!”

Knowing the fate of those unfortunate little fish, I did not like the full implications of Marama's simile.

By no means the least attractive quality of the natives is a certain childlike impulsiveness and simplicity, and they are like children again in their ability to go sound asleep at any moment of the day or night. Marama yawned once, bedded himself down on the sand, and was asleep almost instantly; but Lem and I—scions of two races old in civilization—found sleep impossible. The Chinaman moved uneasily on the hard sand, muttering from time to time under his breath in his own tongue.

As for me, my thoughts were too busy and too painful for drowsiness. I had been brought up to believe that men were by nature kindly, killing one another only in war, or in self-protection. But now I realized, with a kind of unwilling horror, that self-protection implied an aggressor, and that there were in the world evil men to whom the command “Thou shalt not kill” meant nothing. I had known it before, of course, but only academically; even on that night I comforted myself with the thought that Staub was insane.

But I know now, long after the nightmare of those days on the island, that Hochbootsmann Staub was very far from insane—cunning and deadly as a beast of prey.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

The End of Hochbootsmann Staub

I HAVE never longed for daylight more than on that night; my bones ached with the hardness of the packed sand, and the hours dragged interminably. When I judged from the waning moon that it was about midnight I heard a wild rooster, somewhere on the southern tip of Koro, give a faint, shrill, long-drawn-out crow. It was the first I had seen or heard of the wild chickens, once plentiful on Iriatai; most of them must have been lost in the hurricane. Toward four o'clock the same bird crowed again, and I gave up the attempt to sleep. “Cock-a-doodle-doo!” I stood up, stretching muscles that ached and blinking eyes that stung from lack of sleep. Fatu sat motionless on watch; the others were sleeping peacefully. I touched the skipper's shoulder.

“I am going to the lagoon to bathe,” I whispered.

He turned his head. “Do not be long; in half an hour it will be time to go.”

I stole off toward the lagoon beach, my

bare feet noiseless on the sand, and taking care not to rustle the underbrush in my passage. I knew this stretch of beach, for Marama and I had often stopped here for a swim in the old days. There was a sand bottom to where the coral began, a hundred yards out, and the water was about a fathom deep. I stripped off shirt and dungarees, laid them at the base of a young coconut palm, and slipped into the inky water without a sound. Diving so quietly that I scarcely rippled the surface of the lagoon, I swam along the bottom for fifteen or twenty yards, came up, expelling my breath gently, and made my way back to the beach.

The sleepers were sitting up when I returned, rubbing their eyes and yawning. Out to the east, far away across the lagoon and over the sea beyond, the sky was paling with the approach of a new day. It was time we were astir.

We walked in single file, noiseless as shadows, and when we reached the house there was enough light to distinguish objects some distance away. Fatu motioned us to stop in the bush on the edge of the clearing, and went on alone, quiet and alert as a stalker of big game. Presently he came back. “I think he is not here,” he whispered; “but take care! Perhaps he has hidden the canoe and lies waiting in the bush till the light is strong enough for shooting!”

The thought was a disquieting one, and some time passed before we felt at ease to begin our work. But an examination of the beach, where no man, single-handed, could have hauled up the canoe without leaving traces in the sand, convinced us that Staub was nowhere about. We stationed the Chinaman on watch and went to work with a will to set our trap.

The door of our house gave on the lagoon, as I have said, and just inside the doorway, and overhead, we lashed strong light poles of hibiscus wood across from rafter to rafter under the high-peaked roof. Then, in the middle, we fastened a cross-piece of the same wood and hung it from the ridgepole with stout strips of bark. When the scaffolding was finished, Fatu climbed up and seated himself, axe in hand. The poles bent under his great weight, but they would have supported another like him. He brandished his axe. “Now let him come!” he said. “Let him come if he wants his thick skull split like an orange!”

IT had been agreed that Fatu and Fahuri were to take their places on the scaffolding whenever the canoe was sighted making for shore. Lem was to escape and hide himself while Marama and I acted our part as decoys. In case we became scattered for any reason, the rendezvous, after night-fall, was to be the place where we had slept. But the morning passed without a sight of Staub.

We munched coconuts to allay our hunger, which became intolerable in my case, at least, in the early afternoon. Finally I spoke to Fatu.

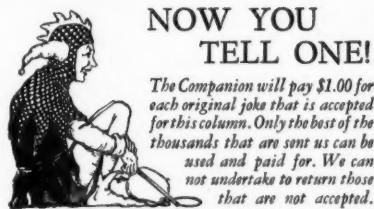
“Perhaps he is not coming today,” I said; “and I, for one, am hollow with lack of food!”

The skipper patted his stomach mournfully. “I am hollow, too,” he announced; “raw fish is good, but I can never eat enough of it. I think he would have come before now if he were coming today. Let us go to the reef between this island and Tamanu; you and Marama can fish with the two hooks while Fahuri and I gather shellfish. The Chinaman can stop here, keeping a sharp lookout. If he sights the canoe, he can run to warn us.”

I called up softly to Lem, perched in a high fork of the *ati* tree, telling him that we were going to the reef for food, that we would return in time to cook our meal before dark, and that he was to slide down and hasten to warn us if he sighted Staub. A moment later we set off for the reef, moving with a cheerful alacrity that proved how hungry we were.

We reached the south end of Koro and waded through the wash of the sea—little more than a foot deep that day. Marama and I baited our homemade hooks and cast into the deep crannies on the outer rim of the reef; Fatu, axe in hand, searched for shellfish in the pools, and old Fahuri, keeping watch, pensive and bare-legged, reminded me of one of the blue herons on the marsh at home. There were half a dozen small fish on the string fast to my belt when I heard him come squattering through the shallows, shouting the alarm.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 346]



SUCH A WASTE!

LITTLE Joe Edwards was on his first visit to town. While there a friend gave him a banana. He quietly removed the peel and ate it, and threw the meat down. When asked by his friend how he liked bananas he replied:

"I'd like 'em all right if there wasn't so much cob."

—Carl Johnston

PART PAYMENT

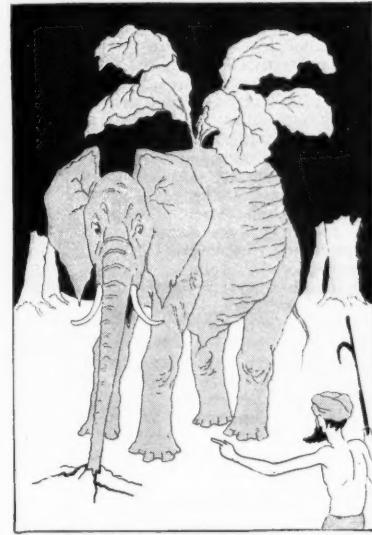
IT was a wet, miserable night, and the car was crowded. Suddenly a coin was heard to drop. An old man stooped and picked it up. "Has anyone lost a dollar?" he inquired anxiously.

Nine passengers hurriedly searched their pockets and shouted, "I have."

"Well, I've found a penny toward it," said the old man.

—Gerald Umstead

OUR VEGETABLE ZOO



Drawn by D. T. Carlisle

IV. The Mangel-Wurzel-elephant

WHAT HE LIKED AT SCHOOL

A LITTLE boy just returning home from his first day at school was asked how he liked to go to school. He replied: "I like to go and I like to come, but it's the staying I don't like."

—Mrs. Edwin W. Kibbe

A SURPRISE SHORTCAKE

ONCE a man went into a restaurant and ordered a piece of strawberry shortcake. He was surprised to find that it hadn't any strawberries in it.

He asked the waiter why it didn't have any in it, and the waiter replied: "Oh, that's what it's short of." —Harry M. Myers, Jr.

EVER THOUGHTFUL

THE five-year-old son of the family had been repeatedly warned not to shake the dining-table, which was rather rickety. One evening distinguished guests were present. The meal proceeded smoothly enough until the boy spoke up in a shrill voice:

"Hold your coffee, pop; I'm going to cut my meat."

—Ernest Gower

EXCHANGING COMPLIMENTS

TWO Scotsmen, turning the corner of a street rather sharply, came into collision. The shock was stunning to one of them. He pulled off his hat and, laying his hand on his forehead, said:

"Sic a blow! My heed's ringing again."

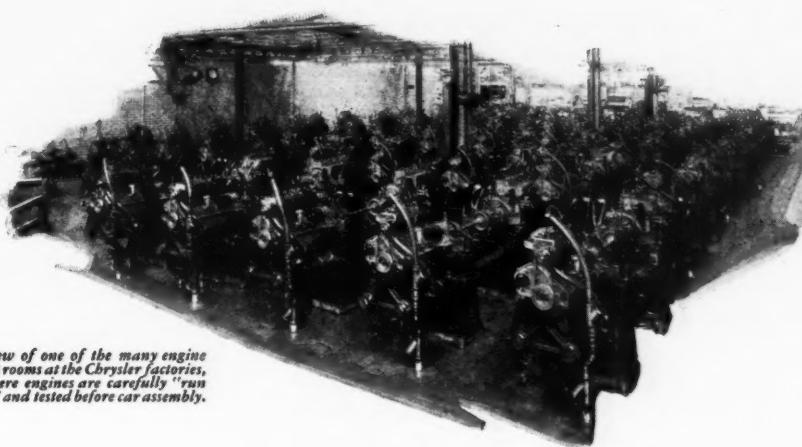
"Nae wonder," said his companion. "Your heed was aye empty—that makes it ring. My heed dinna ring a bit."

"How could it ring," said the other, "seeing it was crackit?"

—G. C. and D. Macmillan



Careful engine tests insure CHRYSLER'S unrivaled performance



View of one of the many engine test rooms at the Chrysler factories, where engines are carefully "run in" and tested before car assembly.

Rows and rows of engines—clean, powerful engines. The smooth, quiet hum of engines idling on their own power—the deafening roar of engines when they are given their first opportunity to display their capabilities. That's the engine test room.

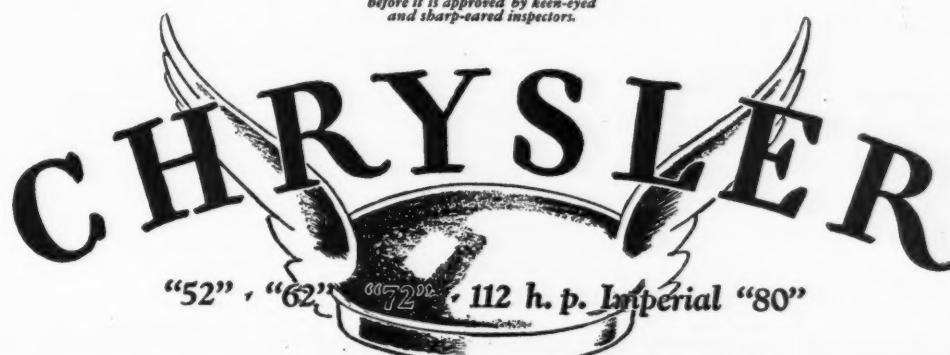
Every Chrysler engine is "run in" for hours under the watchful eyes of men who know engines. First it is pulled by another engine, then it runs under its own power and finally it pulls a "green" engine—each operation enabling the inspectors to check and adjust the engine.



A Chrysler engine must perform up to remarkably high standards before it is approved by keen-eyed and sharp-eared inspectors.

Then, each engine is ready for the dynamometer room where it is tested under various loads and given the final inspection. It must meet the rigid requirements in speed and acceleration to pass—and be sent on the way to make someone happy.

There are four great Chryslers priced from \$670 to \$3495—a car for everybody. A demonstration in any model, whether "52," "62," "72" or 112 h. p. Imperial "80," will prove unquestionably the importance of Chrysler's Standardized Quality of engineering and precision manufacture which produces such unrivaled performance.



THE DERELICT

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 344]

Crack!—a bullet ricochetted from the water between Marama and me and went whining off into the air. Bang!—a second shot threw the spray over Fatu's legs as he ran. I was so startled that I dropped my fishing-tackle as I bounded away in Fahuri's wake. He was making for Tamanu, and as I turned my head instinctively I saw Staub in his canoe abreast of the point of Koro, rising and falling on the swell just beyond the break of the sea. The long barrel of the pistol rested on his left forearm as he sighted earnestly; the spray flew up close to one side of me, and an instant later I heard a third report. He had outwitted us smartly—hauling his canoe (I suppose) over the reef between Koro and Ragi, launching it through the breakers and paddling around outside, where it had never occurred to us to look for him. Only Fahuri's quick eye had saved us; even with the swell and at that long range Staub's pistol was not to be trifled with.

Marama and I were running in a series of bounds, as everyone has seen dogs run through shallow water. The exertion was telling on old Fahuri, but Fatu seized his arm and hustled him along. I suppose thirty seconds passed between Fahuri's first shout and the moment when we gained the land. The bark flew out from a palm-hole two yards from Fatu's head, and I heard another flat report from the sea. We faced about, taking refuge behind the palms. Staub took up his paddle, chose his moment with considerable skill, and steered the canoe in through the surf. It touched the reef; he sprang out and began to wade toward the land, pushing the canoe and keeping a wary eye ahead. It was then that I realized the desperate situation we were in.

"Waste no time!" I warned the others. "He has trapped us! There is no bush here and we cannot go back!"

We set off southward at a trot, dodging among the palms and turning our heads from time to time to glance backward. It was as I feared: Staub had left his canoe hauled up on the north end of Tamanu and was on foot behind us, driving us before him like driven game. There would be no hiding or doubling back on this island, where scarcely a trace of the old bush remained. As long as daylight lasted Staub could drive us before him on the narrow land between sea and lagoon. We were badly caught, indeed!

"Do you think we can swim across to Ragi?" I panted.

"No," replied Fatu; "the current never slackens there—we would be swept out to sea."

"Then what are we to do?" Fahuri grunted, and I saw a look of growing consternation on Marama's face.

A rumbling growl came from Fatu's great chest. He touched the edge of his axe, which never left his hand.

"Listen, and I will tell you," he said; "I am tired of always running away! Let us stop and separate. I shall hide as best I can behind a palm-hole while two of you double back on the outer side, and the other close to the lagoon. He will be trying to shoot in all directions at once and at that moment I will spring on him and cut him down. Who knows? Perhaps no one will be hurt—saving the Purutia, that is!"

But I shook my head; Fatu's scheme seemed over-desperate, unless as a last resort. I had a conviction that Staub was not a man to lose his head, and a deep respect for the pistol in his hand.

We were walking briskly southward; Staub was two hundred yards behind us and saying his ammunition. But he came on grimly, as we could see from time to time as we glanced back. He knew as well as we did that the deep water, flowing seaward between Tamanu and Ragi, was impassable without a boat. He was gaining a little, and we broke into a trot. Marama seized my arm, turning to me with eyes alight.

"I have it!" he exclaimed excitedly. "The Cave of the Shark!"

It was our turn to exclaim now—the idea was like the feel of solid land to a drowning man. And at that moment we were within a mile of the place.

IN the old days, when I had spent a diving-season with my uncle on Iriatai, we had harpooned a large shark that menaced the divers, and discovered its lair in a great under-water cave. Exploring the place after the shark was dead, Marama and I had found that it ran in like a tunnel under

the coral, and rose into a wide, low-vaulted cavern, where we rested on a ledge and breathed the pure air filtering in from above. A ray of light came in through a chink between two of the great coral boulders wedged together to form a reef.

"I never thought of it!" I confessed. "But we shall be safe there till night falls and we can make our way back to Koro in the darkness. If it were not for Lem we could stop in the cave as long as we wished, going out by night to get food. Come! You and I are younger than the others; let us run on either side of old Fahuri, taking his arms. We have another mile to go, and we must be so far ahead of the Purutia that he will not see us enter the lagoon."

We made good speed for that mile, though the pace told on Fatu, and the engineer was dead-beat when we reached the high land that told us we were nearing the cave. This part of Tamanu is the highest land on all Iriatai—a place where some ancient hurricane had piled up a mass of coral boulders several yards above the level of the sea. Staub was well out of sight in the rear; his short legs and heavy body handicapped him in the race. We trotted to the fringing reef that bordered the lagoon shore.

"It is here," said Marama; "this is the place!"

Just as he was, hatless and clad in a pair of dungsarees, he waded across the reef and plunged into the deep water beyond. A moment later his head broke water and he beckoned to us. "Make haste!" he urged us. "Dive before he comes in sight!"

One after the other we drew long breaths and plunged down into the blue salt water. I was the last. It was dark in the tunnel, but there was a glimmer of purple light at the end, and it did not occur to me till afterward that another shark or some monstrous octopus might have made the place his home. I found the others dripping on the wide ledge, faintly illuminated by the ray of light I remembered so well.

Fatu raised his hand for silence. "Listen!" he whispered.

We strained our ears and it seemed to me that I could hear a faint noise of footfalls overhead. Then for an instant we were in darkness. The light returned as suddenly as it had been cut off, and we knew that Staub, missing us in the region of tumbled boulders, was exploring every cranny that might have furnished a hiding-place. But, though he prowled about, pistol in hand, within a few yards of us, we were as safe as if he had been on another island a hundred miles away.

I thought as I squatted on the ledge, listening intently, that after a time, when Staub went to the south, I would swim out and break back to Koro, picking up the canoe on the way. But perhaps the same idea occurred to the Seefalke's bos'n. Staub must have feared that we would break back for the canoe and Koro; he had a fixed notion, I am sure, that we were hiding among the boulders. At any rate we heard, or thought we heard, the faint sounds of his passage for a long time—till the light in the cave grew dim, and we knew that night was falling on the world outside.

"I will go out now," I said in a low voice. I entered the black water and swam quietly toward the tunnel that led out of the cave. It was an eerie place by night; I had an uneasy feeling that some monstrous creature might reach up from the depths at any moment to drag me down. Finally I drew a long breath and dived. Six or seven long easy strokes took me through without a scratch, and a moment later my head broke water outside. It was late twilight, and here under the lip of the fringing-reef my head was invisible from shore. A hand touched my shoulder; Fatu had followed me without a sound.

"Come," I whispered in his ear; "do you see the gulley in the coral yonder? We can hide there till it is quite dark. Let me be the lookout—you are too big to keep out of sight."

I entered the gulley first, with Fatu close behind, and he lay in the water while I raised my eyes to the level of the reef, very slowly and cautiously. But peer as I might, I could see no sign of Staub. Dusk gave place to darkness, and I was flexing my muscles to stand up when Fatu seized my shoulder in a grip that made me wince. He was listening with a rapt intensity; his marvellously quick ear had caught some sound inaudible to me. Then, after what seemed a very long time, I heard it: the



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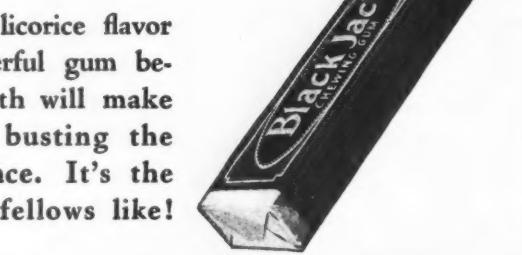
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faint dip and splash of a paddle somewhere on the lagoon. The skipper of the Tara was trembling with excitement.

"He is coming!" he breathed softly. "Stop here, Tehare; take the axe and make no sound. Leave this to me!"

I KNEW now that the canoe was approaching our hiding-place, for with every moment the sound became more distinct. Fatu wriggled himself around in the gully and slipped out toward the lagoon. An instant later he launched himself into the deep water and was gone. Not the faintest splash betrayed the presence of the swimmer.

A minute passed—two minutes, three minutes, four perhaps. I waited in a sort of agony of expectation, but there was no sound save the regular dip of the paddle, coming closer all the time. Then, all at once the quiet was broken by an uproar of heavy splashing and shrill half-strangled shouts. Silence followed, and after a while I heard a murmur of low voices, and, strangest of all, Fatu's voice, raised in a hearty laugh.

"Eh, Tehare!" he called to me. I hailed back and he went on: "It is Lem! I had nearly strangled him before I knew it! The Purutia has gone back to Koro, he says."

Before long I saw them approaching in the starlight, pushing the swamped canoe. Lem was one of the rare Chinamen able to swim. He dragged himself onto the reef and hobbled to where I was sitting. His hand went up to feel his throat.

"Hello, John!" he said. Then he laughed shrilly as he touched his throat. "Too much strong! Fatu suppose me alle same Pulutia man! Ha! Ha!"

"Lem wathee, wathee lagoon side," he went on in reply to a question from me; "no see canoe long time. Then see—ocean side! Tumble down *ati* tee—lun, lun, no can do! Plitty soon hear bang! bang!—see Fahuri lun—ha! ha! Old man lun plenty fast! Then Pulutia man come ashore, leave canoe, go 'way. Me think catchee canoe velly good. Catchee canoe—pull him lagoon side—paddle little way out—wait long time. Sun go down—Pulutia come back—no see canoe—plenty mad! We go Koro. Lem think maybe you dead—maybe 'live—go look see."

"The Chinaman has done well," remarked Fatu, who had emptied the canoe and hauled it up on the dry coral close by; "we shall be able to live in safety on the islet now. But the German must be killed."

"What had we better do now?" I asked.

"The canoe will hold four, if we go carefully," said Fatu; "one man will have to stop here. Since Lem could never dive into the cave, I think Fahuri had better stop. We can gather a few coconuts for him when the moon rises—there are plenty among the driftwood on the beach. Tomorrow night I will come myself and fetch him. We others had better paddle north to the islet, where we can sleep and rest a little without fear."

As we lay half-dozing through the long, hot, idle hours of the next day, Marama and I made a plan we put into effect that same night. Our enemy was still at large, and we should not be able to start our ship-building till we had gotten rid of him. Sane or insane, Staub was waging against us a war of extermination, and now that he had lost the canoe his only hope would be to lurk in the thick bush and take us by surprise. But, since the southern half of Koro was the most thickly-wooded land the hurricane had left on Iriatia, that would be the logical place to look for him. This was our plan: In the morning, an hour or two before dawn, we would be landed on Koro, or rather on a coral "mushroom" we knew of, about three hundred yards from the beach. While it was still dark we would swim ashore and station ourselves in hiding-places where we could watch without being observed. Then, in the evening a little after dark, the canoe would come to our mushroom and wait to take us back to the islet. I knew Staub for a methodical member of a methodical race, and I counted on the idea that he would instinctively return to the same sleeping-place at night. Once we knew where that was, we could land in force and take him by surprise.

The night came at last—a busy night for Fatu, who was to cross the lagoon to Ragi for a load of drinking-nuts, paddle south to fetch Fahuri, and set us ashore before dawn. He would have close to thirty miles of paddling within the nine hours he could safely allow.

Fatu pushed off at about eight o'clock, for it seemed best to keep Staub ignorant of our

whereabouts, and we had agreed not to use the canoe by day. Marama and I had been gathering shellfish on the side of the islet away from Koro, but, though they were excellent and plentiful, we were too thirsty to enjoy food. The moon was up, and it was long past midnight when the canoe returned.

No beverage in the world is more delicious to a thirsty man than the cool, sweet water of a young coconut. When I had swallowed half a gallon of it, I began to realize how hungry I was, and the humble shellfish, scorned a little while before, were now devoured eagerly. Fatu was calling me.

"It is time we started," he said; "we have a long way to paddle, and dawn is only two hours off."

Marama and I did the paddling, taking care to make no sound as we drew near the land. Finally I handed my paddle to Fatu and began to look for the bearings of the coral shoal which was to be our rendezvous. Marama saw it at last.

"Get the bearings well in mind," I whispered to Fatu; "see—we are directly off the point, and those two old palms are in line. We shall swim out tonight as soon as it is dark—I think you will be able to find us in the starlight. If we see you before you make us out, I will splash a little, like a turtle at the surface."

The skipper nodded. "There is no need of swimming all the way to shore," he whispered back. "Wait! I will paddle you close to the beach."

Marama and I stripped and made two little bundles of our clothes. We lowered ourselves into the water, without a sound, and swam for the beach, holding our clothes above the water in one hand to keep them dry.

I had chosen my hiding-place before the first gray light of dawn appeared in the east. It was on the edge of a dense thicket a little way north of our house and about midway between the lagoon and the sea. I lay facing the lagoon through a screen of leaves, where I could overlook the dim trail once used by my uncle's laborers. A man traveling north or south on the island would naturally follow this track, especially now that Koro was grown up with bush, and I hoped that sooner or later Staub would pass by. There was little danger of surprise, for the bush about me was so thick that no man could have made his way through it without noise, and I had taken care to obliterate my spur in the sand with a tuft of leaves. Marama was stationed in a similar place four or five hundred yards to the south.

Moonlight was giving place to the indistinct grayness of a new day. A wild rooster crowed not far off, and presently, with loud cacklings and a flurry of wings, he and his family descended from their sleeping-place. A great robber crab, of the kind called *kaven* by the natives, with claws like a pair of tinner's shears, and bright blue legs, came crawling backward down a coconut palm, stopping now and then to gaze about warily.

The sun was up now, and as its level rays struck the path I saw the rooster scratch a hole in the sand, lie down awkwardly on its side, and extend a wing to the warmth. Suddenly he sprang up and seemed to listen.

"Tuk! Tuk, tuk, tuk, tuk!" he cackled warningly. Then, so suddenly that I gave an involuntary start, cock, hens and chickens sprang into the air and whirred away like partridges. Next moment I saw what had alarmed them. It was Staub.

He was following the path from the north, walking slowly and warily—stopping to listen from time to time. The chickens must have given him a start, as well, for his head was thrust forward and his right hand fingered the pistol at his belt. His small blue eyes, set close together and inflamed with lack of sleep, blinked in the sunlight. He halted, came on a little way and stopped again, almost abreast of me and scarcely ten yards off. I held my breath in intolerable suspense, hardly daring to look at him for fear of catching his eye. Finally, after a minute that seemed an hour, he moved on, walking with a bend of the knee and a queer rolling gait that made me think of some huge orangutan, risen from all fours. Then his broad, squat figure passed out of sight, around another bend to the south.

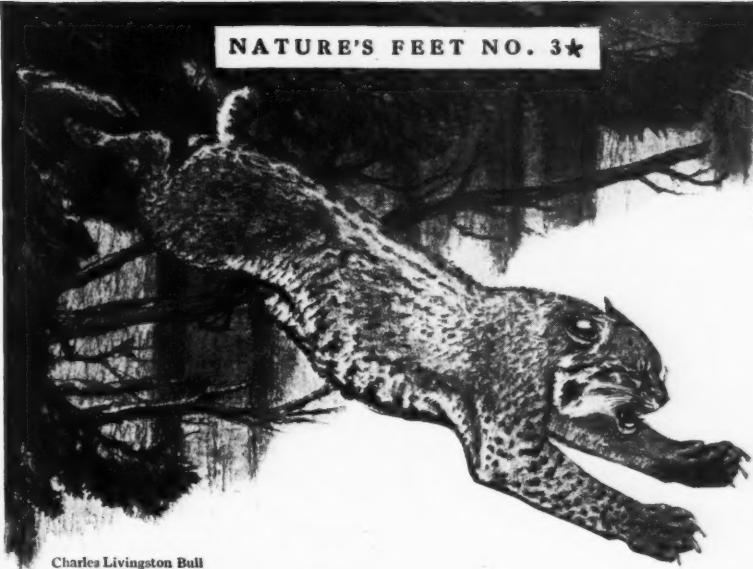
There was no time to waste.

THE woodcraft I had absorbed unconsciously on the ranch at home, ever since I had been old enough to ride a horse or handle a gun, stood me in good stead that day.

If Staub had been barefoot, as I was, I might have failed to profit by my good

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 348]

NATURE'S FEET NO. 3★



Charles Livingston Bull

Trapper Evans tells how the wildcat keeps in training

MAYBE you think the wildcat is a stealthy hunter. Really he isn't. His method of hunting is quite crude. He rambles along quietly, occasionally letting out wild shrieks. This frightens all animal life within hearing, who suddenly break for cover. This is just what the cat wants and has known they would do. He spots a victim, as he jumps terrorized by the cry, and suddenly pounces upon it.

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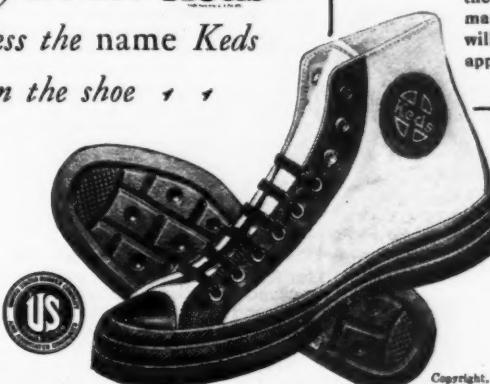
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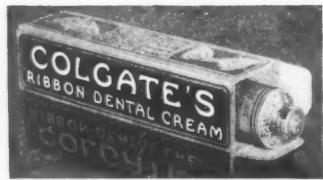


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THE DERELICT

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 347]

fortune in sighting him, but he was wearing boots. For two hundred yards to the north, his spoor was written large in the sandy trail; I took care as I moved northward, almost at a trot, to keep off the path. Then the big square-toed boot-tracks ceased abruptly, and I began to cast about for signs. Presently I found what I was looking for: a place where the coarse dewy grass had been pressed down and bruised—ten yards from the path and toward the outer beach. The ground was so rocky just beyond that it would have been difficult to trail a shod horse, but I saw a freshly broken twig and then a splendid print of Staub's boot, outlined in moist sand.

Five minutes went by, and I began to wonder if the German—for all his homicidal mania—were not too clever for me after all. Then, by good luck, I caught sight of a pandanus leaf, long, spear-pointed, and edged with formidable thorns, which hung down, newly broken. It marked the entrance to a thicket; perhaps it had scratched Staub's face as he crawled out, and he had bent it back, incautiously, in a fit of annoyance. At any rate, it gave me the clue I needed. Screened by the thick young plants with leaves that made a prickly arch overhead, I found a sort of tunnel that led into the thicket, and entered on hands and knees. The bleached gravel was sharp and it hurt my hands, but it left no betraying tracks.

The tunnel wound this way and that, for fifty yards before it opened suddenly on a little glade, surrounded by impenetrable bush, floored with coarse grass and open to the sky. And there, in the shade of an hibiscus tree, I found what I was looking for. It was like the lair of a wild animal; a few coconut husks and a place where a heavy body had pressed the harsh grass down. The only sign of man's occupation was an unopened box of pistol-cartridges, half concealed in a tuft of grass.

I had seen enough, and I did not linger in the glade. As it was, the three or four minutes it took me to crawl out through the passage were as unpleasant as any I can recall. At every turn I expected to meet Staub face to face, and I knew that if such a meeting occurred, only one of us would leave the meeting place alive, and that one would almost certainly be Staub. At last I came to the entrance by the broken leaf, reassured myself by a hasty glance this way and that, stood up in relief and made a run for the bush beyond the path.

RISING from the bush in which I had taken refuge, were six or seven tall old coconut palms. The trade wind was making up, and their tops swayed all of seventy-five feet above the ground. As I lay there on my back, gazing up at the green fronds high overhead, I had a sudden idea. Why not climb one of those palms, install myself among the thick fronds like a bird in its nest, and pass the rest of the day there? From such a lookout I should be able to see over the pandanus and into Staub's hidden glade; peeping out through the leaves, I rose, opened my clasp knife, and peeled off a long, stout strip of hibiscus bark.

First I twisted several strands of green bark into a kind of rope and tied the ends together. Then I thrust a foot half-way into the loop at one end, gave the middle section a few twists and looped the far end over the other foot. The loops passed over and under the instep of each foot, with eighteen or twenty inches of stout rope between.

I had already picked my palm, the most northerly of the group. It slanted to the south, so that I should be able to climb the side away from Staub, and its slender bole was sheltered to some extent by the other palms. I clapped a hand on each side of the rough trunk, perhaps a foot in diameter, jerked my feet up so that the cord between them gripped the corrugations, and straightened my body for a fresh handhold higher up. A minute later I was perched among the fronds, well concealed and comfortable, with a leg on either side of the central shoot. By parting the leaflets that screened me, I found that I commanded a bird's-eye view of Staub's hiding-place.

Presently I became aware that I was thirsty, and hungry, too, and, remembering a chance remark of Marama's, I resolved to find out if it were true that a coconut could be picked, husked and eaten without descending to the ground.

There, high in my swaying crow's-nest, I made the experiment. The stem of a young

nut, which no amount of pulling could break, yielded to a few twists, and I husked it with the point of a young bud. Then, opening my clasp knife, I prodded the three little eyes till I found the soft one, and pierced it with a circular cut. The sweet effervescent water bubbled out and I enjoyed my draft. I tucked away the bits of husk in the hollows at the base of the fronds, and when my nut was empty I took it in my left hand, revolving it slowly as I gave it a series of smart raps with the handle of my knife. Presently it split open in two hemispheres, each lined with the delicate jelly called *nia*. I had had my drink, and now I made my meal.

As the sun reached its zenith and began to decline, I grew more and more drowsy. The food I had eaten, the warm sun, and the gentle swaying of the palm—all combined to bring on an uncontrollable desire for a nap, and I fell into a dreamless sleep.

It must have been five o'clock when I awoke, so startled for a moment that I clung to the fronds about me desperately. I leaned forward for a look at Staub's retreat. He had returned while I slept, and now he was husking a coconut on a sharpened stake driven into the ground.

THE German was horribly close, so close that I pulled my head back involuntarily. It seemed to me that I could have tossed a pebble so as to fall on his broad back.

With my sunburned face and weather-beaten clothes I knew that I was safe so long as Staub did not see me move, and I watched him that afternoon with the same zest—intensified by the spice of danger—I have always felt in watching wild animals. He had become—in my mind's eye—a figure of ogrelike horror, and to see him close by and unaware of my presence was like watching some grim old man-eating tiger, fierce, cruel and of legendary wariness. When he had eaten a brace of coconuts, I saw him unload his pistol, clean it carefully and replace the clip of cartridges; at last, toward six o'clock, he lay down in the lengthening shadow of the hibiscus tree.

The sunset that evening was the most beautiful one I have ever seen—all crimson and gold and rose; but I was so impatient to give Fatu my news that the brief twilight seemed all too long. Night came at last, moonless and ablaze with the splendid southern stars; I slid like a lizard down the trunk of my palm, tossed my bark rope into a bush and made my way cautiously to the shore of the lagoon. Half an hour later I crawled out, dripping, on the coral mushroom, where Marama awaited me.

I was whispering my news to him when we heard a faint splashing sound and turned to strain our eyes in the starlight. The canoe was approaching,—a shadow on the dark water,—and Fatu had splashed a little with his hand, like a rising fish, to attract our attention. We took our places noiselessly, and I motioned the steersman to move still further offshore before I spoke.

At about four hundred yards from the beach, I raised my hand, and faced about toward the stern. "I have found his sleeping-place," I said softly; "he is there now, and I think he is asleep."

Fatu fingered the edge of the whetted axe between his knees before he replied. "We are three," he remarked; "we have the canoe to care for, and Marama does not know where the Purutia sleeps. There is only one thing to do: Let Marama wait by the coral shoal till we return, while you and I go to the thicket of pandanus." He flexed one great arm and chuckled without mirth, deep in his chest. "I shall need no help to deal with this killer! And if I were small as Fahuri, the thought of the blood he has shed would give me strength!"

The skipper of the Tara was divesting himself of shirt and trousers. Under his dungearees he wore a scarlet waist-cloth, which he now knotted tightly about him as divers do. Finally he took up his paddle, and he did not stop till we were within fifty yards of the beach. "Come, Tehare," he whispered as he lowered himself, axe in hand, into the lagoon; "we have work to do, and it must be finished before moonrise."

We stole inland like a pair of ghosts, feeling our way very slowly in the dim starlight. Once I set my bare foot on the back of a land crab and had to summon all my self-control to avoid an exclamation at the pain of his nipping claw. At last we came to the trail and I led the way north, counting my



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steps. Two hundred and fifty—three hundred—this should be the place. I halted for a moment, put my face close to Fatu's, and laid a finger on my lips. Then I began to grope my way toward the outer beach. We were on the edge of the pandanus thicket, but it took me what seemed an eternity to find the entrance to the tunnel.

But my senses were sharpened by anxiety, and at last I found what seemed to be the place.

IT must have taken us the best part of half an hour to crawl those fifty yards. The tunnel was black as the pit, and now, by night, it was beset by torments Satan might have devised. The sharp bits of coral—unseen and unavoidable—cut like a thousand tiny razor-blades; and the pandanus, provided with an armory of hooks and thorns, furnished torture to me. I had no thought of the danger we were in, or of the fight ahead; I dreamed only of the moment when I should be able to stand up once more and nurse my wounds. Then the inky darkness gave way to the faint light of the stars. We had reached the end of the passage.

My eyes, dilated in the dark, now seemed like the eyes of a cat. I saw the little glade, the solitary hibiscus tree, and something dim and bulky lying in the grass. Fatu needed no prompting; his eyes of a neolithic savage had seen all I had seen, and more. The giant captain of the Tara sprang into action with a suddenness that took my breath away.

Bounding like a tiger that has lain in wait, he was across the clearing in a flash; his bare feet spurned away what I had not seen, the unsheathed pistol lying within an inch of Staub's hand; then, moved by an impulse at which I could only guess, he

flung away his axe. Next moment he leaped at the German.

I was so taken by surprise that seconds passed before I jumped for the pistol. Staub was on his feet now; he struggled with the strength and fury of a wild beast. Suddenly, with a twist of the shoulders and his enormous neck, he wrung himself free from Fatu's hands. At that moment I regained my wits and pulled the trigger of the pistol within a yard of the German's head. But there was no report, for I had forgotten the safety-catch. Fatu turned on me in a passion.

"Don't shoot!" he roared. "He is mine!"

Staub rushed him as he spoke, seized him about the waist and brought him down. They lay there for a moment, grunting as they turned and twisted so fiercely that I could scarcely tell which man was on top. I had released the safety-catch now, but I could see no chance to shoot. The rest happened faster than I can set down words to tell it.

Exerting all his strength, Fatu tore himself free of Staub's huge clutching hands, and reached for the German's throat. There his hands locked, even Staub's great strength powerless against those sinewy brown wrists. One of the two men, I could not see which, stumbled, and they went crashing to the ground. In a moment Staub was still. His heart, overtaxed by excitement and fury, must have given way, for there had been no time to choke him.

Fatu squatted on the grass, his breath coming in great sobs. At last he stood up painfully, moving arms and legs as though he feared to find broken bones or tendons torn.

"Auh!" he exclaimed solemnly. "What a man! Never have I struggled with one so strong and fierce!"

[TO BE CONTINUED NEXT MONTH]

HE MADE HIS OWN LUCK

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 337]

and feathers" about it. Near Mr. Schnering sits his father, at a plain desk, working as hard as the youngest clerk over the daily invoices and other papers; he is chairman of the Board of Directors, but he works in his shirt-sleeves, too. Success has not turned these men's heads, and never will. Therefore the workers respect them and stand with them, shoulder to shoulder, striving to make this gigantic business bigger still.

And what a tremendous thing it is now! As I write this five trainloads of Curtiss products have just been moving out of Chicago, all made up of Curtiss refrigerator cars. The three huge Curtiss plants produce one billion candy bars a year. These are sold in more than a million different stores, ranging from the fashionable candy shops on Fifth Avenue to remote trading posts in the backwoods. Even the Eskimos know Baby Ruth—Commander MacMillan has recently sent a radiogram to Mr. Schnering from Labrador, saying that the Eskimos and the Indians were enjoying this candy.

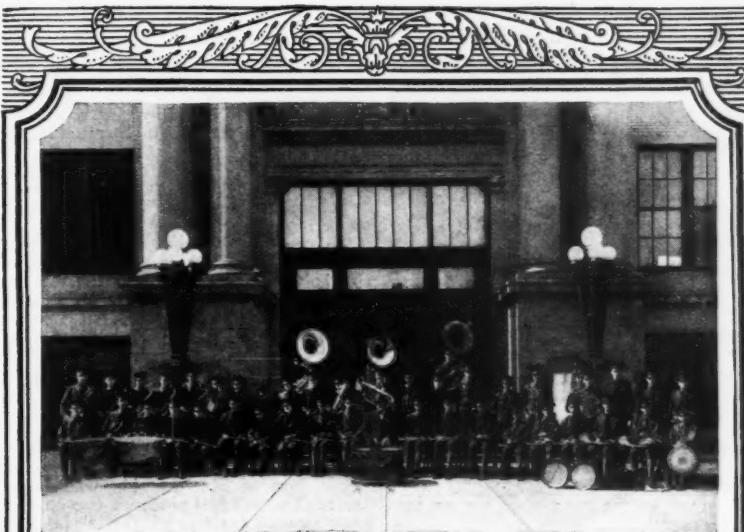
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handle. It did not touch Ralph, even when it descended, a mighty vise. But David saw that, if Ralph stayed where he was, or a greater sea raised the Psyche and dropped her, it might easily crush the helpless boy. A bound took David to the galley. Elinor, dragging Nancy inside, came back just in time to see David savagely assault the tangle with the axe. It looked as if every stroke might brain her brother; her hands went to her face in fear.

"What do I do?" she called at David's side.

"Here—take the axe, heave!" David pushed the handle under the wire rope, the tension of which strapped Ralph to the deck. The trip hammer of the mast, balanced at its outer end by sea, swayed up and down, up and down on the broken rail, a moving fulcrum. Every "down" was a threat of a terrible death to Ralph.

David strained at the rope with young, athletic shoulders, the force of a body stimulated by Elinor's white and piteous face. Something gave; his superhuman pull or a pitch of the Psyche left the rope loose, and Elinor dragged Ralph free.

TOGETHER they got him into the deck house. Once inside, dizziness dropped David to a locker, head whirling. Not even the confused sight of Nancy, the odd mark showing a mottled bluish red across her cheek, could still the dancing outlines which were Elinor, the familiar interior, the wavering window.

But Elinor flew to the rail for a bucket of salt water. She dashed it first at Nancy's pale face. Tugging, she managed to lift Nancy to a locker.

"Hold her here," she called, clearly. "Can you stand?"

It was difficult, but David managed to sit quiescent while the despised member of the "crew" became suddenly efficient. As if brought up on emergencies, Elinor flung herself on Ralph, and then actually picked him up and laid him upon a locker. She listened to his heart, then darted out for water, self-possessed, not at all frightened. David marveled.

Elinor finished her job by flinging the last of the water straight in David's face. He realized, with this shock, that he had almost "fallen asleep."

"Don't you faint, too!" cried Elinor sharply, and David toiled stiffly to his feet in shame. "Hold your sister—she—she—why, what is the matter with her face?"

A sound across the cabin interrupted. Ralph came to himself. The steady eyes deepened, and the brows knitted. It was characteristic that he recovered all at once.

"What—ah—happened? Something seems to have damaged my arm—" He sat up, leaning on his sister. "It feels—queer."

"Let me see!" interrupted a very quavering voice, but it was Nancy, herself again. She came over to Elinor. "Help me slip down his shirt—oh, you poor boy!"

Gently unfastening his shirt, she drew it from the arm and shoulder. Both were almost entirely black.

"Humph! No wonder it feels—uncomfortable." Ralph swallowed a cry as Nancy touched it. "But it isn't broken. I can move it." He did so to show them.

"That's rough." David was more worried than he would say. Certain tasks should be done immediately. But how, without Ralph's help? "I must manage alone." He finished his thought aloud. "Look after Nancy's face, Elinor; bathe in hot water. His arm, too, of course. I must stay the mast."

"You won't—ah—manage alone. I have an arm and a half," and despite Elinor's remonstrance Ralph followed David.

David's head went back in admiration. "You have nerve," he said. "I know it hurts." Ralph shook his head, but used his arm as little as possible. He gave the other one freely. With dropping wind, clearing sky, and a gratefully observed rising of the glass, came a huge swell. David knew the fallen mast must be cleared at once, before it worked wholly overboard to become a battering ram against the Psyche; the mainmast must have another forward stay beside the displaced wire one which still held, crazily angled.

Disregarding a mountainous lump on the back of an aching head, he went to work. He hated leaving Nancy; the welt, where a flying rope had struck her cheek, was swelling. He knew Ralph had no monopoly of nerve. But he left her the more readily since Elinor had come to so helpful an attitude.

The Psyche, sailless, rolled instead of pitching; otherwise the mainmast would have gone. David carried a lantern to the stern

recesses of the hold, to break out of the varied cargo a length of two-inch manila. It was clumsy and heavy, but he wanted strength, not beauty. Then a dizzy trip up the shrouds, with a light rope to haul the heavy end to the mainmast top, another to tie it clumsily but effectively about the crazily swaying mast. Fastening the other end around the stubby bowsprit, he tautened the whole by throwing a rope over the guy midway up and hauling in. Then, with axe, wrench and cold chisel and hard work, he freed the fallen mast from its rigging; it floated away, taking David's worst trouble with it.

"If I only knew where we were!" he exclaimed, as they ate their long delayed dinner, Elinor doing the cooking, though with difficulty keeping Nancy, face bound in a wet cloth, from exerting herself.

"Why can't you find out?" Elinor made honest query, not complaint.

"I don't know the time. With Hongkong time, I could approximate our position by finding out noon—"

"Why, I have the time; it's just—"

David, with a shout, seized Elinor's hand in both his own, gazing incredulously at the wrist watch she wore.

"You haven't let it run down?" He shook her, more excited than he knew. "You wound it every night?"

"Why, yes. I always wind it. It keeps good time, too."

"Well, of all the dolts! I never thought to ask you!"

David, mouth full of beans, heart full of joy, planned to take an observation the next day, find their longitude approximately, then set a course and again sail on for the coast of North America.

"It's a large port, the whole continent," he laughed, "but any old land will do! Ralph, we'll get the mainsail up halfway, slit it for handmade reefs. You girls can help pull. Then the still for you all afternoon, and the wheel for me. We're going home, I tell you—we're going home! If that spout didn't beat us, nothing can!"

It took their united efforts to raise the heavy mainsail even halfway. But David was satisfied. He with two arms, Ralph with one, made an extra reef by punching holes and tying lengths of rope about the boom. The Psyche had a generally dismantled and rakish look with the stub of her foremast, rope ends all about, a broken rail, the splintered sprit; the half-raised mainsail added not at all to her shipshapeness.

"But she goes—she goes!" cried Ralph, and David unashed the helm and put it over, and the boom swung far outboard with a fair breeze from the west.

"Four miles an hour—that's almost a hundred a day. And if we are within a few hundred miles—"

"We can get home in a week!" finished Ralph.

"I wonder!" Suddenly grim with the realization that they were still but specks, lost in the wilderness of the Pacific, and for all he knew two thousand instead of several hundred miles away, David choked his elation. "It is yet to do," he thought. "If the breeze holds—"

THE breeze did hold. The storm was succeeded by good days of a brisk west breeze, a glass that stayed steadily high, fair skies and glittering nights. They reestablished routine, although David cut the four watches to three. Nancy's face was badly swollen, and, though she said little, David knew she suffered. Though using the bruised arm manfully, Ralph could depend on it for little. David gave both the early evening watch, together, ran the Psyche in lashings during the day, and divided the night with Elinor.

The next day he tried his sextant. Unaccustomed fingers made a bad job of "screwing down the sun," and when he "made noon" and heard Elinor's answering call of "thirteen minutes of five" he was sure he had made a mistake. Yet when he worked out the figure he found that, if he was seven hours and thirteen minutes east of Hongkong, he must be within a thousand miles of the longitude of San Francisco, and he began to hope again that he was correct.

Good days and pleasant skies gave time for more drinking water,—they could never make quite enough,—better cooked food, more leisurely meals, more sleep; David rigged out one of the jibs to the foremast stump for a head sail. The Psyche handled well, even with the wheel lashed. But David worried over the injuries to Nancy and Ralph.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 352]



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they have no protection
against lions, leopards,
etc., except their speed."

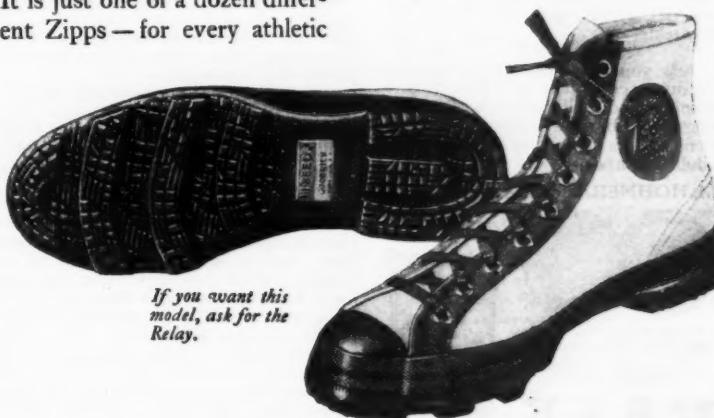
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CHAPTER FIVE A Careless Match

HE was thankful though that they were no worse. He knew what taut rigging, suddenly snapping, might have done. However, he would not think of it. One day while he was at the wheel, a snatch of conversation drifted out to him, and a laugh from Elinor. "I've much to be thankful for besides the lack of serious injury," he said to himself. "She's turned clear round. It was hard to give up thinking of herself, but she's done it—she's a different girl. I believe I'll—"

Calling Ralph to the wheel, which in the brisk breeze could easily be held in one hand, David got a lantern and the axe. He had some trouble lighting it and made a mental note to retrim the wick. He had seen a case marked "Mirrors" in the hold and intended to bring one to Elinor. "And Nancy, too, of course. Girls always like mirrors."

Throwing back the hatch, he crawled into the dark and crowded hold, and located the mirrors far astern, at the other end of the Psyche from the dynamite. Setting the lantern down, he attacked the box with his axe. The first blow jarred out the flame. With an exclamation, he lit it again, berating himself for not having trimmed the wick.

He selected the first mirror in the box, a cheap wall glass, and crawled back to the deck. To his shame-faced, "Here—I got this out for you; I know girls like to see themselves," came a delighted chorus, although Nancy looked gravely at her bandaged face. The general effect of his "present" was pleasant.

David lounged contentedly the next hour in the bows, idly scanning the horizon for the sail he hardly expected, thinking of their triumph, whether they could make land unaided. Elinor and Nancy left the still for a while to sit near him, Elinor with the looking-glass in her hand.

But the innocent pleasure he had given had a shocking end. Suddenly Ralph hailed him from the wheel, and there was no drawl in his voice. An icy hand clutched David's heart as he followed Ralph's pointing finger, and saw the thin ghost of disaster rising from a crack in the deck.

"Fire!" cried Ralph below his breath. "We're afire!"

David felt overpowering fear nauseating him. Storm-death had brushed him with black wings, and he had fought back. But fire—the dynamite forward! David opened his mouth twice, a new and bitter thought thickening his tongue.

"I did it! The lamp—match not out—oh, fool, fool!"

He ran to the fore hatch, dragged it aside, and dropped to the piled freight below. Ralph followed closely. A cloud of vapor enveloped them amidships, a wraithlike mist in the ghostly light from the open hatch behind. Ralph coughed, choked, and turned. David, fighting for breath, took another step, feeling for guidance. Then he, too, gagged. They stumbled back, strangling, and, faces crimson with effort to rid their lungs of suffocating gas, reached the deck.

"Help—ugh—hatch—oh, oh!" David pointed; Ralph, shaking with gasping labor for breath, assisted in replacing the hatch.

Nancy brought a cup of the precious water to stop the cough. Elinor, pale, said nothing. Then David commanded:

"Ralph, we've got to find it! Girls, get wet rags. We'll prop the hatch. Let it drop after us. Be ready to pry it sideways when I knock. Nancy, the lantern. Ralph, you game?"

Ralph's answer brought a lump in his throat. Wincing with the lame arm, he tore off his coat.

The girls hurried back with a bucket and rags, and both boys donned dripping face wrappings. Undaunted by the smoke which came as they raised the hatch, David dropped the scant four feet to the cargo with the lantern, Ralph following him with none of his usual deliberation. Nancy pulled out the propping belaying pin.

Breathing was possible but difficult. The lantern's dim radiance lighted little but

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DANGEROUS WATERS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 351]

freight and smoke, penetrating the whiteness that was all about them not at all.

Breathing was more and more difficult as smoke came denser, thicker, but no flame or hint of glowing ember could they see. As they slowly crawled about the walls of the after cabin, they realized it was deep in the stern. But they could not find it. Even beside the box David had pried open, there was no sign of flame. David concluded the match, its end glowing, had fallen deep in the crowded little hold to ignite a bale of cotton, or something packed in straw or burlap.

"No—good." David gasped out the words as they regained the deck. "Get nails—ham-

mimicked the tone, but her eyes twinkled at the same time.

"Oh, how can you? Don't you realize what may happen? The fire, the explosion, the drowning, the awful, awful death—"

"It won't come any quicker for wishing for either wireless or engines!" smiled Nancy. "You must keep your nerve, Elinor, so I can keep mine!" It was the touch needed.

"As if you'd ever lose yours, you brave thing!" answered the taller girl with a sudden caress. "Here, let me fill that—oh, Nancy! The beans are in the hold! What will we do?"

They had not brought up much of the stores; a can or so of corn, a remnant of beans, some hard tack, a little dried fruit represented all that was above deck. David emphatically negated Ralph's suggestion, "Open the hatch and get something up quick."

"If it's going to smother, we must keep air away. We can go hungry for a while—"

Food gave out completely the third day. The last coal was burned; David chopped up a spare spar, a section of rail, the rail lockers forward and the deck casks, and this provided enough fuel to keep the still going.

One day, another, a second night, and again an interminable third day passed. A thousand times David laid hand to a warm deck that grew no warmer. At the end of the third day he fancied it cooler. A dozen times he uncovered the tiny crack in the deck; always was there the tell-tale spiral. It came more and more strongly, too; Ralph whistled as he looked. But David was puzzled.

"It may be pressure," he said, "not quantity. The deck is no hotter—"

During this time of imminent danger David felt drawn to his companions and to them and one another. Ralph gave instant and immediate obedience to David's slightest word. He regarded his arm as a public misfortune and used it unmercifully. Nancy forbade any mention of her face, saying it no longer hurt. Elinor roused Nancy's wrath by letting her sleep a whole watch through, standing it herself. She brought carefully measured cups of flat and lukewarm water to whichever boy stood at the wheel, and was ceaseless in her devotion to the two kettles and limp tube of canvas which represented satisfaction of thirst.

But David had no pleasure in his own company during the time. He kept his face cheerful and his words unfrightened, attempting to be to his little crew at once captain and friend, encourager and mentor. But beneath was that ceaseless reproach, "I did it—I did it."

He bore it in silence. But he could not forget. He steered the third night, eyes red from want of sleep, desperate at heart; smoke still puffed from the little hole. The Psyche handled hard for tired arms. He had never noticed before how hard she steered. His thoughts came aloud in broken words of a prayer.

"If they can only escape, Lord. I don't think of the salvage any more. What is school to lives? Don't let them suffer for my fault."

Elinor heard and puzzled over his words. That one might blame himself bitterly for carelessness was a new thought to Elinor. She puzzled over it until she fell asleep. But she forgot it in the morning. Going on deck, she gave a cry which brought the others running.

"Look—oh, look at the main hatch!" The cover was bellying and straining, a rounded balloon of pressing gas; the cloth yielded and with a subdued "whish" a puff of smoke shot up, to be whirled away by the wind. Every face blanched. But the smoke streaming from cracks about the hatch diminished in volume, grew thinner, hazier, and died away. His hand on the hatch, Ralph looked at David, puzzled.

"It's cool!" he cried. "What does it mean?"

David's brows drew together. Gas from a fire would compress in a tight hold, but this fire smoked. And there was no smoke now. It was odd. There were so many odd things



Lieutenant Fallon of the Kootenai

happening. Why had steering grown harder? Why should the Psyche look shrunken? Why should smoke die away in a puff and the hatch be cool? There must be an answer, he thought, as he sensed the grim joke which circumstances had played, his mouth set. *The ship was lower in the water!*

CHAPTER SIX

Up, Down, Up, Down!

TAKE the wheel!" David commanded Ralph, as he strode to the well by the pump, amidships. He drew up the sounding line, gave one look and turned, exultation struggling with a new fear in his face.

"The Psyche is half full of water!" he cried. "The fire smoldered, burned through enough to start a leak. Water put out the fire, made steam, blew up the hatch cover. Now we fight water!"

For the thousandth time, David regretted he had approximate longitude but no latitude. "If I only knew how far—" "Let's make a raft," Ralph suggested.

But David shook his head. "No water to take. We must stick by the still."

David put the wheel in beackets and shpped the brakes of the double pump amidships. Discolored water, with burned fragments, brown charred pieces of an evil smell, came immediately.

"Why, this is easy," Ralph cried, delighted. "I thought pumping was hard!"

David smiled grimly. Up and down, up and down, up and down, went the long brakes. Pumping is not especially hard where water has not to be lifted far, but David feared the ceaselessness of pumping the ocean through the ship.

Up, down, up, down, up, down. Not hard work, but tiresome in an hour. In two hours it was monotonous. In three, blistered hands and aching backs protested. The girls begged to help, but David motioned them to the galley.

"The still. Cook food—a lot—anything. Your turn will come."

Up, down, up, down, up, down. Ralph, lips tight, sweat on his face, worked doggedly. They rested in short spells. A hundred strokes together, then David took twenty-five, while Ralph stretched flat. Then Ralph let David relax. Up, down, up, down, up, down. The water, no longer discolored, came clear and foamy.

"See?" David pointed. "Pumping ocean now. Finish this hundred, take the well. Sixty-five, sixty-six, sixty-seven, sixty-eight, sixty-nine—"

Up, down, up, down, up, down. After "ninety-nine," heart in his mouth, David took the well. He thrust the wet rod under Ralph's eyes.

"We're beating it!" he yelled. "Was three-two and now it's three. We win! Hi, girls! Think you can pump for an hour? Then we can go at it again."

"Of course!" This was Nancy.

"We'll certainly try!" Elinor's voice was hearty.

For a moment the tired boys watched their sisters, so slender and oddly short in their misfitting sailors' clothes. Up, down, up, down, up, down. The cadence was not so swift as theirs, nor did green water flow in so constant a stream. But the sound was regular.

"They can hold what we gain," David hoped. "Come on—eat!"

If they gained half an inch in an hour, seventy-two hours would clear the hold. Just keeping the water where it was would insure life. The Psyche slipped along at a fair rate behind the half-gale, but a slow lurch to her descent, an instant of hesitation before she rose to a passing swell, strange tremors, odd movements beneath, as the water in the hold slid through the cargo, were disquieting.

Ralph looked longingly at the kettle from which he took his allowance of water.

"I could—drink it all," he said. "Bet you could! I could myself." David's face stiffened. Constant labor would produce a growing thirst. The still never satisfied them as it was. There had been no rain to add to their supply.

"We'll fight it out, somehow. Come on, lie down—we've half an hour."

Neither felt sleepy. They stretched out by the two figures sturdily manning the long bars, producing a rhythmic cadence, steady, unwavering. Up, down, up, down, up, down.

"Hurrah! You gained," said David. "Come on, Ralph! You girls work that still, and rest. Ralph, I'll pump if you'll get coal—no sense burning wood now the fire's out. There's any amount of coal."

The two girls had worked to the limit of their strength, but they had not gained at all. The wet line still showed three feet. David thought they could stand but few four-hour spells. The pump must in time wear them out. They must sleep. Thirst threatened a terrible problem; the still made water so slowly; there were no more kettles. "If the girls can hold the water level, Ralph and I must do hour relays at the pump. No, hour and a quarter for me—three quarters for Ralph—one for the girls."

He issued his orders. But David had touched Ralph's pride.

"I won't do it," he cried, hotly. "I can stand an hour as well as you. You are stronger, but I'm no—ah—weakling! Think I'm going to do less than the girls?"

"But they'll do an hour together. That's half an hour apiece!"

"I tell you I won't. I won't let you—"

"Am I captain, or are you?"

Ralph grinned. "You made yourself captain. That doesn't give you the right. Hold on! I'll do it on one condition. You take more water than I do—we'll proportion water to work!"

David acquiesced, resigning the pump after an hour and a quarter. He took a small drink, measured in sight of Ralph, and an equally small amount in a cup he carried to the cabin. But he did not drink. In a locker an empty bottle grew gradually full of water against the need David felt was sure to come.

All was well with the Psyche, save that odd hesitation in the lift of her bows, the disquieting slowness with which she recovered, the ever-present menace of the well! David held his lantern to the line. It still showed three feet.

"Holding it," David abandoned the pretense that they were winning. To keep it from deepening was his whole hope. "Holding it," he said when he resumed pumping.

Up, down, up, down, up, down. Hands that stung, blisters that pained, shoulders that ached, head that swam, eyes that smarted with weariness. Up, down, up, down—

The watch showed half his time gone. Once he left the pump to tighten the starboard becket as the wind shifted. The Psyche steered fairly straight with lashed wheel and following wind, clumsy head sails keeping her on her course when the wind flared. But a quartering breeze of any strength meant someone at the wheel. So David prayed that the steady wind should keep up. Up, down, up, down, up, down—

He called Ralph on time, but he got no sleep. The girls' turn came and passed.

David had another spell at the pump, again was relieved; but he could not sleep. Worry and weariness propped his eyes wide. The others had instantly dropped off. Then came dawn, anxious scanning of the horizon, fearful look at the well line, glass, sails, a hasty, cold and sudden breakfast, the tiny sip of water. Though they worked the still at night, it needed constant watching for its best work.

A long, long day; watch after watch came and went. Arms grew more weary, hands more tender, backs more full of pain. As the girls took the brakes after lunch, Nancy turned Elinor's palms up.

"Look," she cried. "Didn't I say she was fine?"

David looked. Tender pink palms, dirty now, were pink no longer but red with spots where great blisters had formed and broken.

"I—oh, don't! It doesn't matter—they don't hurt."

David swept his cap from his head. "I love your grit," he said, going for his drink before trying to go to sleep which would not come. Elinor smiled happily.

To weariness was added thirst. Boil the kettle never so violently, they still could not get enough water to satisfy the craving. To David's disgust, it became an effort to bottle his extra portion. He wanted to drink it—he put the bottle hastily away and fled to Ralph's feet for the sleep he couldn't get.

"Try not trying," suggested Ralph. "Let's—ah—talk. Maybe my—er—words of wisdom will put you to sleep. What's the salvage going to be worth?" Ralph gave no sign that the question came from what Elinor had heard.

"I am not sure. Vessel and cargo should pay several thousands."

"How do they divide it?"

"A court decides. Half the value to captain and crew, divided as the court orders." David chuckled, then caught his breath. A dry throat laughs painfully. "You know, I planned what I'd do with our share. Stay in college four years! But now—"

"Yes?" Up, down, up, down, up, down.

"Now I don't care. All I want is safety—and all I can drink—and—oh-h-h, sleep!"

The exclamation was a yawn. Ralph hoped he might drop off, but, prompt to the moment, David rose and took the brake.

So for all day and half the night. As he took the pump from the girls at midnight, David's spirit was courageous as ever, but his arms weakened; there was no more lift to his shoulders. His stroke was slow, uneven. The girls, watching, showed anxious solicitude. Then the familiar chug, chug ceased. David sank to the deck. Nancy started forward, but Elinor caught her with suddenly frenzied hands.

"Don't," she cried, low. "He's asleep!"

Worn out, David found in labor the sleep he could not find in repose. Smiling at each other, the girls took up the task they had but just relinquished.

"It's our chance—I mean my chance!"

Elinor said. "We must do it. He must sleep."

Nancy nodded. When they called Ralph, he agreed with satisfaction.

"One on him! And I found another! Look at this!" He held up the bottle, half filled. "His extra share of water. Put away for—ah—er—"

"Yes?" Elinor didn't understand. But Nancy's eyes were bright with pride.

"For us," gently. "He's been saving it for us. I know him."

"So do I know you, O gentle heart," agreed Elinor to herself.

And not for the three watches they stood in turn, six hours bringing a faint flush of dawn, did she think of hands or aching arms, a back that grew increasingly leaden, a pump that sucked harder with each slow stroke. Before her eyes was a bottle filled with the spirit of chivalry—water the strongest scorned, though he had earned it, when those weaker thirsted.

Up, down, up, down, up, down. The dawn brightened. Ralph rose unrefreshed, staggering across the deck. The girls' slow cadence was weak. Ralph went to the well; not even the three feet four inches he read added much to the weight they carried.

"We're losing," he answered their looks of inquiry. "I thought she staggered heavily. Has he—"

"Not yet. And don't you—dare!" answered Elinor.

"He'll be angry. It doesn't matter." Hope was gone from Ralph's voice. Water gaining, empty horizon, torturing thirst, fitful, insufficient sleep, wearing effort, raw-flesh hands—what was an angry David in addition? Let him sleep.

But the light woke him. He sat, rubbing his eyes in wonderment. The thud, thud grew more regular as two slender figures felt David might hear. He looked around, vacantly, then rose.

"Why, it's daylight. I slept! How long?" It was a menacing demand. He stepped close to Elinor as he cried his query.

"I—oh—I don't know—"

"Nancy?"

"Half the night, Davie. And—I'm glad. She's glad. You needed it!"

"Oh!" David wrenched the bar from Elinor's hand and pushed Nancy away. "How could you? How dare you let me shirk my share?"

David was angry. Low, bitter, he spoke his mind. They had disobeyed. That it was for his sake didn't matter. The principle was the same. They jeopardized all by thinking of one. They were girls and a fool kid not to be trusted. Well, they could take the consequences. They would sleep now for six hours, and he would work—

A low laugh, somewhat throaty and choking, but sweet, and Elinor produced the bottle.

"You agreed to take an extra share. You went back on your word—and saved it for us. We paid you back in sleep. Ah, David!"

David, flushing a slow red, had no answer. "How's the well?" he asked, his temper gone.

CHAPTER SEVEN

"Land, ho!"

RALPH turned from the rail and surveyed them in the growing light—Elinor and Nancy drowsily leaning against the deck house, David, eyes still red, wincing at every stroke. Then he looked at his raw and bleeding hands, at the arm which hurt he alone knew how much, and at the red welt on Nancy's face. David's slow movements showed discouragement and weakness, the drooping girls, exhausted

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 354]



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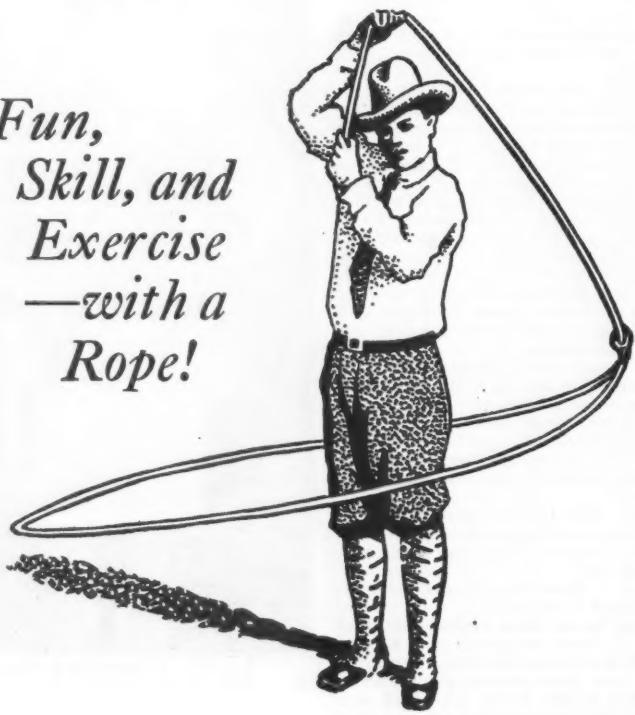
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See Also Our Additional Premium Offer on Page 363

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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DANGEROUS WATERS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 353]

strength. Not much longer could they resist the leaks, not much longer—He straightened in pride and joy that was all for them.

"Buck up, David," he called, very quietly. Then, in a loud voice, "Land, ho!"

Galvanized to sudden forgetfulness of pain, they ran to the rail, staring, hungry-eyed, at the dim line to the east above which dawn shone pink. Then, eyes shining with something more than joy, David turned to the pump. Forgotten discouragement, weariness, thirst, sleeplessness; ahead was land and safety, could they keep the *Psyche* afloat another hour or two?

The boys sent the brake bars dancing up and down, laughing. The girls hustled a breakfast, calling cheerily.

"What will you do?" asked Elinor as she brought hot beans and fed David, standing at the pump. Nancy was doing the same for Ralph. "Can we make a landing?"

"Wish we could," mumbled David, mouth full. "Have to beach her. But we've never been preserved to drown in surf. Soon's you finish, overhaul life-preservers. Oh-h-h-h-h!" A yawn ended the speech.

"I feel that way, too!" smiled Elinor. "Nancy nearly went to sleep cooking!"

"Well, we can all sleep soon. Ralph, take the well, will you?"

It was three feet seven. David frowned. But the dark shore line grew lighter, lighter, the wind blew strongly, and David shook off care.

"She'll last," he announced. "But we must keep it up—keep it up."

Up, down, up, down, up, down. No less wearisome, back-aching, hand-torturing than before, the pumping went easily; brake bars were light, heavy labor was play. David's heart sang thankfully, taking his mind from pain. Ralph spoke more drawlingly than for many days.

"I—er—ah—sorry we can't take her into port!"

"Humph! Be glad we'll land at all."

"But the—ah—salvage?"

"Oh, I gave that up long ago. We get our lives for salvage! Better look at those preserves. I'll keep her going."

Up, down, up, down, up, down. Yes, salvage would have to go. Strange, he didn't care. It had been a happy dream, bringing the *Psyche* to port. How far were they from port? What part of the coast was it that loomed bigger every moment? Well, it was coast and that was enough. Father's grief would soon be relieved. A hard task, but they had done it. Good old *Psyche*!

"Ship ahoy!" cried Ralph suddenly. "Ship ahoy!"

Unseen behind the sail, a steamer bore down upon them. Half a mile away, black smoke pouring from her funnels, she raced up the coast.

In feverish haste, Ralph flew for the companion. The girls tumbled excitedly from deck house to rail. David forgot the pump in vain efforts to send his voice across the water. Then, as Ralph brought a piece of sail, David jumped for the shrouds and scuttled for the swaying top of the mainmast. Holding with his knees, he waved it, up and down, back and forth. Surely they would see it, understand it—surely—Ah! A white puff of steam, a whistling hoarse scream, made answer. David slid to the lurching deck, and as he did so he noticed that the water showed a brighter green.

Something in the lithe following bow, racy lean of masts, white gleam of paint and bright brass of the steamer said "Government boat" to David. As she headed for the *Psyche* David felt a load drop from his shoulders.

The half-mile was swiftly covered. In anticipation, David called to Ralph:

"The axe—your knife—we'll stop!"

David knew that, held up by excitement though they were, there was hardly strength to handle ropes, to drop the mainsail, and that the bellying jury rig could only be lowered with steel.

RALPH fetched the axe. Heart beating hard—for once down, the sail could never be raised by them—David swung the axe, severing the halyards. Ralph slit the rail lashings and the two jibs streamed out, cracking and snapping flags of canvas. The mainsail slithered to the deck, the boom hitting the rail with a crash and heeling the *Psyche* to port. She lost way rapidly, veered a little, and then, a new lurch in her water-logged hold, tossed slowly in the trough of the sea.

Faint, but clarion clear, came a hail: "Ship ahoy! What ship's that? What do you want?"

David climbed the damaged rail, holding a shroud by his legs. It was hard—the ropes waved so. Cupping hands, he shrieked back:

"Sinking! Send men for pumps—hurry!"

"Stand by!" the hail answered.

There was a hurrying of figures along the rail, and a boat dropped from davits. Men in white and blue shipped oars which rose and fell as the boat sped the short distance to the *Psyche*.

The uniformed officer in the stern brought up under the *Psyche*'s lee. Half a dozen sailors swarmed up the rope he heaved. Recognizing a revenue-cutter uniform, David met the lieutenant, right hand to capless head.

"I am David Bird. Thank you for coming. We are about all in."

"Lieutenant Fallon, of the Kootenai, at your service," was the precise answer as the officer shook hands. "Where's your crew?"

"All present, sir!" David smiled. "Two girls, and two boys. It's a queer story—I—" David shook his head. What an odd way the lieutenant had of turning around. The horizon ought not to dance so, either.

"It's a queer—yarn—we—we—"

Lieutenant Fallon put an arm about him, easing him to the deck. Men in white manned the pump. The slow up, down, up, down changed to a rapid-fire *thud, thud, thud* as fresh muscles and strong hearts took hold. Nancy and Elinor lurched over to David and rested. Ralph alone stood erect.

"This is most extraordinary!" Lieutenant Fallon turned to him. "Tell me!"

"He ought to tell it—he did it!" answered Ralph. "I—ah—just did what I was told. The girls did more than I did—ah—they are good sailors."

"But how? Why? Where is the crew? What happened?" Lieutenant Fallon looked at the mast stub, the broken sail, the charred deck, the signs of wreckage, the two slender figures in sailors' dress resting beside him. David, with a peaceful smile on his face, was sound asleep at the rail. "What's the yarn? He said it was queer—"

"Oh! Well, it is queer. We shipped on the *Valentia*—" Ralph began the tale. He told it in short sentences; David's exploits, the heroism of his sister and Nancy, lost nothing in the telling. But Ralph was weary. Sleep had been little, thirst and labor great. For him, too, the horizon rocked, the mast waved a beckoning arm, and in the middle of what was to Lieutenant Fallon a most absorbing narrative Ralph hesitated, stopped, and with a yawn sank slowly down at Lieutenant Fallon's feet.

To that gentleman's pitying amazement, he saw that Ralph, too, was asleep. Turning to the rail, he laughed. Nancy and Elinor, each with an arm about the other, were also dreaming.

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THE WORLD-WIDE SOCIETY FOR INGENIOUS BOYS



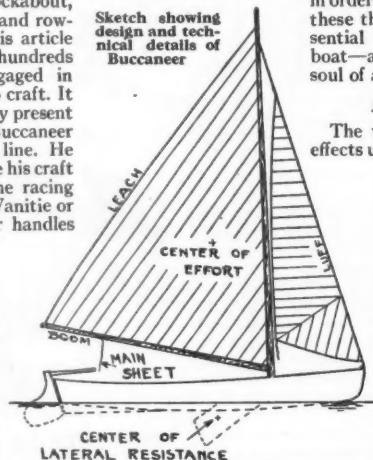
Sailing Buccaneer gives you just the skill and experience you need before you take the tiller of a bigger yacht

MORE Buccaneers are being built this year than in any since The Youth's Companion introduced this splendid combination sailing knockabout, outboard motor boat, and row-boat. By the time this article reaches you, many hundreds of boys will be engaged in sailing this Y. C. Lab craft. It is important that every present or future skipper of Buccaneer be an expert in his line. He should strive to handle his craft just as skillfully as the racing captain handles the *Vanitie* or the master of a liner handles the *Leviathan*.

There is no better craft than Buccaneer for the novice nor one which will give the skilled navigator better opportunity to display his powers. Although this article is written largely for the novice, the more experienced skipper will find a number of valuable suggestions in it.

Buccaneer is a safe craft. If the inex-

Sketch showing design and technical details of Buccaneer



perienced skipper ever finds himself in difficulty, he can easily furl his sails and man the oars, a possibility which greatly reduces any risk accompanying his inexperience. In order to become a good skipper, the novice must learn three things: the scientific effect of wind on a boat, the elements of seamanship, and the rules of the road at sea. We shall take them in order. Important at all times, these things are absolutely essential when you race your boat—and racing is the life and soul of all small-boat sailing.

Effects of Wind

The wind has four different effects upon a sailboat: It tends

- (1) to propel the boat forward;
- (2) to heel her over to one side;
- (3) to drive her through the water sideways in the direction toward which the wind is blowing, and
- (4) to alter her course by turning her around in accordance with the balance between her sail area and the distribution of her under-water body. When the hull and sails are properly

designed, a good helmsman may sail in almost any direction he pleases, sometimes even against both wind and tide.

The forces acting upon a sailboat are amazingly complicated. Men of great intelligence and wide experience have studied their action for many years, trying to find the best combination, but they have never been quite successful. Even the shape and cut of the sails is still a debated question.

Seamanship

Practice alone will enable the amateur sailor to master the intricacies of seamanship. Only experience can give him that prompt, sure judgment which makes a worthy skipper.

When the wind is so nearly dead ahead that it is impossible to steer directly in the desired direction, even when close-hauled, the only way to reach one's destination is by beating into the wind. This requires skill and judgment. The man at the helm watches for the most favorable opportunity, particularly in heavy weather. At the proper instant he sings out, "Ready, about," whereupon the crew (if there is one) stands by the sheets. At the next order, "Helm a-lee," he puts the tiller down to leeward gently. When the boat is heading directly into the wind he gives her a little more helm to help her pay off on the other tack. Meanwhile the crew slack off the sheets, and when the craft is started on the new tack they heave in the sheet on what has now become the lee side. This must not be done too soon, or the wind will act on the opposite face of the sail before the boat has really come about, thus preventing her from paying off and causing her to back away before the wind, entirely out of the control of the helmsman. To illustrate: the jib sheet should not be hauled over until the jib has blown clear of the fore-stay; but it should then be accomplished smartly before the sail fills with wind and pulls so hard on the sheet that it is difficult to haul it in.

The set of the sails is a matter of the greatest importance. If the boat is sailing to windward, the least pocket or flat spot in the wrong place will greatly reduce her progress. When running free the set of the sail is not so important, because it is then merely an

Close-hauled! Buccaneer is rigged on the same modern aerodynamic principles as this larger racing boat



Sailing Buccaneer

Invaluable hints for all Lab Skippers

area of canvas catching the direct pressure of the wind.

If running before the wind, ease off all sheets, particularly the main sheet, so that the mainsail is almost square to the wind. But do not shape your course so that the wind comes from the quarter over which the boom is squared, because under these conditions it is easy for the wind to catch the back of the sails and cause a jibe. When brought about in this way serious damage is likely to result, and a jibe may even be sufficiently violent to capsize the vessel. The jib always gives an intelligent skipper warning that his boat is sailing by the lee, because the wind always bellies it out from the other side before it causes the mainsail to jibe.

When it is necessary to jibe the boat, it should be accomplished with care. In preparation, alter the course so that the wind is not quite aft but is on the opposite quarter to that over which the boom projects. Haul the boom about half way in and then put the helm over slowly, meanwhile continuing to heave in on the main sheet until the boom is amidships. The wind will now strike the mainsail on the opposite side, and the sheet may be slackened away.

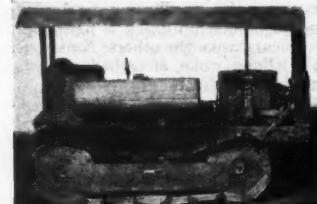
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The Honors List for July

A cash award goes to every boy whose project is described in these columns

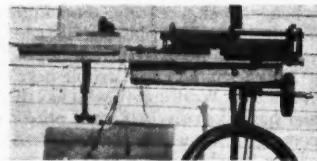
THE second month of this new feature of the Lab has brought a great influx of ingenious projects to headquarters from Members throughout the country. Here is the list of gifted boys who receive the Lab honor this month together with a cash award of \$2.00 for further research and experimentation.

Illustration 1 shows a model caterpillar tractor designed and built by Associate Member ROBERT BARTEN (11) of Peotone,



1: Member Barten's project

III. Member Barten made his tractor from wood, tin and wire. It is 15 in. long, 7 in. wide and 9 in. high. The links of the tread are made of pieces of tin cut and shaped so that the tractor creeps along the ground. One of the most ingenious homemade lathes which have been submitted to headquarters comes from Associate Member R. MERWIN



2: Member Horn's project

HORN (14) of Wolfeboro, N. H. It is shown in illustration No. 2. The spindle of the lathe is made from an old cylinder type phonograph. Member Horn mounted this upon the frame of an old jig saw, which now supplies him with a wheel and treadle which serve as driving mechanism. The aeronautical activities of the Lab are well upheld by Member



3: Member Key's project

HERBERT KEY (17) of Perryton, Texas. Member Key has taken an old type plane as his pattern, but despite that his workmanship as shown by illustration No. 3 is so excellent and every detail so well carried out that an award is well merited.

Member RUSSELL WOOD (17) of Weiser, Idaho, is one of the Lab's most active Members and has been working on a variety of projects, one of the most interesting of which is a water wheel which Member Wood made of odds and ends left over from the building of a new garage. Illustration No. 4 shows Member Wood supervising the installation of the wheel. Illustration No. 5 shows a corner of the printing shop of Member ALBERT C. KALMBACH (16) of Milwaukee, Wis. Member Kalmbach is one of the most talented boys in the Lab organization and is now the proprie-



5: Member Kalmbach's project

tor of a good-sized shop, where he not only prints letterheads and forms but issues a weekly newspaper of standard size called "The Milwaukee Sun." Member LUCIUS CLARK (16) of Lamoille, Minn., is another who has received many deserved honors. His latest project is a working model of a Palmyra steam shovel, shown in illustration No. 6. It was accompanied by one of the best engineering reports we have ever seen.



6: Member Clark's project

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MODERN RADIO

Conducted by Y. C. Lab Councilor James K. Clapp, S.B., S.M., Instructor in Electrical Engineering, Massachusetts Institute of Technology

Editor's Note: Councilor Clapp or one of his associates will be glad to answer any of your radio questions. Address him at The Youth's Companion, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass. It will be necessary to disregard inquiries unless accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope.

Guiding Airplanes and Ships

RADIO direction finders are in general classified according to the type of antenna system they use. The systems which, because of their small dimensions and weight, are particularly adaptable to use in aircraft are generally not so reliable as some of the other systems which can be

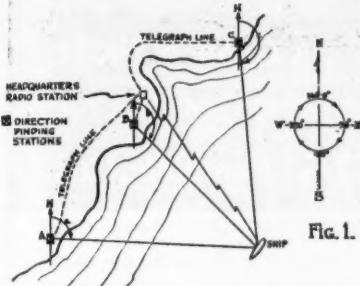


FIG. 1.

employed where extreme portability or light weight is not essential.

Three general processes are followed in determining the position of a ship or airplane. In the first, which is much employed in marine service, the directional receiving equipment is placed on shore; no special radio equipment is required on the ship itself. When the position of the ship is desired, the ship calls a designated shore station and sends a test signal for a period of about two minutes. During this time, directional receivers, operated at from one to three or more points along the coast, determine the direction of the ship from each direction finding station. This information is sent by telegraph to the headquarters station, which in turn communicates it by radio to the ship. On the ship the navigating officer, knowing the direction of the ship from each of the direction finding stations, marks off on his chart lines corresponding; the position of the ship is indicated by the point at which the lines cross. This process is indicated in Figure 1.

The second method, which also finds considerable application in marine service, is based upon the installation of directional receiving equipment on board the ship. In this case, no special equipment is required on shore. The signals transmitted from any usual telegraph transmitter may be used by the ship in determining her location, provided that the location of the transmitting station is known. The installation of such equipment on the ship does not in any manner interfere with her making use of her regular transmitting equipment for obtaining her position, as described above. Such a ship has the advantage, however, in that she can determine her position along shores where no directional receiving equipment has been installed. In this case, the ship's operator simply listens to the transmissions of various shore stations, whose positions are known, and determines the direction of each of these stations from the ship's head. Of course, as the ship sails in different directions the apparent direction of the shore stations will change. As the course which the ship is following is known at all times, then directions which are referred to this course, by

reference to the ship's head, may be readily interpreted in terms of true directions.

Figure 2 gives you an idea of how this is accomplished.

The third method does not, in general, permit of finding the position of the ship or airplane, but operates to enable the craft to be guided directly toward or away from the transmitting station, or to determine its direction. In this case a special type of transmitter is employed in conjunction with a double antenna system. One of the most successful systems for the guidance of aircraft employs two loop antenna systems, arranged so that their effects are just equal along the line over which it is desired to guide the craft. An operator on the plane or ship listens on an ordinary receiver and determines the correct position of the plane as that which gives him equal signals from each of the transmitter antenna systems. To facilitate this adjustment, the transmitter is arranged to radiate on each of its directive antenna systems in turn, changing from one to the other quite rapidly. When transmitting on one of these antenna systems, the transmitter sends out letter "A" (dot dash) in the telegraph code, while when sending on the other it transmits "N" (dash dot). As indicated by the diagram, if the plane is off the course, say to the left, when flying toward the transmitter, it will receive the

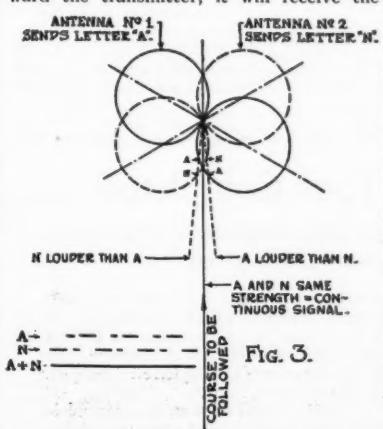


FIG. 3.

letter "N" louder than the letter "A"—which not only tells the operator on the plane that he is off the course, but also which way he should turn to resume the correct course. If he is off the course and on the right-hand side, he would hear the letter "A" louder than the letter "N" and again would know that he was off course, and which way he should turn to resume the correct one. When he is flying exactly along the correct course, the two transmissions will be received with equal intensity. In the sending of the signals, the transmitter is arranged to accomplish the result automatically, and as the letters "A" and "N" are the complements of one another, a continuous signal is heard when the plane is on the correct course, as indicated by the little sketch of the lower part of Figure 3. The practical result is that as long as the operator hears a steady unvarying signal, he knows that he is on the right course; as soon as he can distinguish one of the letters he knows that he is off the course and on which side of the plane the true course lies. This system has been carefully studied and perfected by the U. S. Bureau of Standards in Washington, D. C. In operation, the system has given positive indications when planes have swerved as little as 100 yards from the course, when flying at distances of 12 miles from the transmitter.

Next month I am planning to tell you something about the great directional beam systems that are becoming increasingly important in radio all over the world. I shall want to say something, also, about various directional receiving arrangements.



BIG FELLOW. Extra long-handled, heavily silver plated set of generous size—\$5.00. Same set heavily gold plated—\$5.00. Ten Gillette Blades (twenty shaving edges) with each set.

A man-sized fistful of shaving comfort

THE Big Fellow is longer in handle and heavier in head—a man-sized fistful of beautifully machined and finished metal. And how gently and easily it shaves!

Eight out of ten college men in America shave with Gillette Razors. Eight out of ten men *after they leave college* stick to the Gillette for a lifetime of smooth, successful shaves.

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TUCKAWAY. All the essentials of Gillette Shaving Comfort packed into the smallest possible space. The Tuckaway takes almost no room in an overnight bag—you can even slip it into a pocket like a cigarette case. Heavily plated case in silver or gold as desired, lined with purple velvet and satin. Complete with ten Gillette Blades (twenty shaving edges). Price—\$5.00.



NEW STANDARD. This remains one of the most popular of all our New Improved models. The case is covered with genuine leather and lined with purple velvet and satin. The razor is heavily plated in gold or silver as desired. Complete with ten Gillette Blades (twenty shaving edges). Price—\$5.00.

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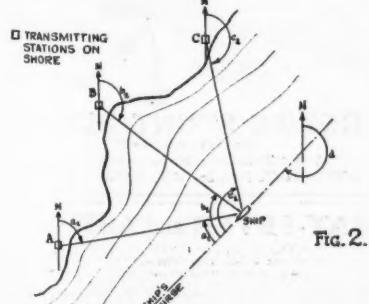


FIG. 2.



How Long Does It Take You To Sharpen An Axe?

When the assistant director is timing you with a stop watch, you want a fast cutting file.

Use the Nicholson Mill Bastard, preferably in the ten inch length, when you want to sharpen edged tools in quick time.

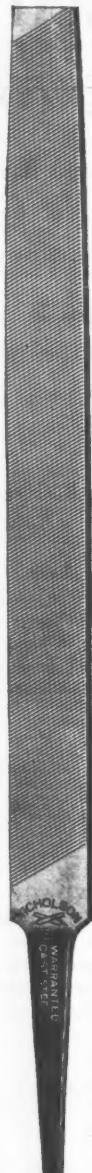
The Nicholson File Company has made a file for every one of your filing needs. All Nicholson Files are keen cutting, clean cutting and durable.

Hardware dealers can supply you.

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—A File for Every Purpose



Gene Tunney and his Dayton Steel Racquet: the champion chooses a product with the Y. C. Lab Seal of Approval



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The Y. C. Lab—Continued

Sailing Buccaneer

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 356]

A short boat having a large beam, such as Buccaneer, will have a tendency to yaw about when running before a heavy sea. With a beginner at the helm she will act in the most astonishing fashion, first heading up into the wind, then bearing away until there is a real danger of jibing. How frantically a poor sailor plies the tiller back and forth—and how ineffectively! The experienced sailor keeps a steady helm, and the yawing is trivial, all because he can anticipate her movements and correct them with a slight motion of the rudder before she falls off or comes up. He literally feels the action of his boat, and favors her quickly, but gently.

The sheets should be eased off just enough for the sails to fill and draw well without shaking along the luff, when sailing with the wind abeam. Should a strong sea roll in, never fail to luff up to it—that is, take it on the weather bow instead of broadside on. To do the latter is to invite disaster. In really, heavy weather, never sail with the wind abeam, but always sail either close-hauled or running before the wind. This is particularly true of the open boat, which is much more easily capsized than a decked-over vessel.

It is a good rule not to belay the sheets of a small boat. The advisable thing is to take a turn around the after thwart, or cleat, and hold the end of the sheet in the hand. It can thus be instantly let go in case of necessity. If there are two in the crew the helmsman can manage the main sheet, while his shipmate takes charge of the jib sheet.

Rules of the Road at Sea

There are minute regulations governing the action of any vessel under varying circumstances. Few amateurs are thoroughly conversant with all of them. Every navigator should understand all of them. The following are basic:

Rowing boats, whether under oars or sails, must be provided at night with a lantern,

showing white, which shall be temporarily exhibited in time to prevent a collision.

In fog, mist, or snow, a fog horn must be sounded at frequent intervals.

When two vessels are approaching one another, so as to involve the risk of collision: (1) a vessel which is close-hauled shall have the right of way over one which is running free. (2) When both boats are close-hauled and have the wind on opposite sides, the one having the wind on the starboard side shall have the right of way. (3) When both are running free or both have the wind aft, and have the wind on opposite sides, the one with the wind on the starboard side has the right of way. (4) When both are running free or both have the wind aft and on the same side, the one to leeward has the right of way.

A yacht overtaking another yacht shall keep clear of the overtaken boat, provided that the overtaking yacht makes her overlap on the side opposite to that on which the overtaken yacht carries her main boom.

When a boat is approaching a shore, shoal, pier, rock, etc., and cannot go clear by altering her course without fouling another yacht, then the latter, on being hailed, must at once give room.

To the sailor who has become familiar with these principles and rules, are opened the further joys of racing. There are limitless combinations and many exciting situations for even two boats. For a fleet of well-matched skippers commanding yachts of one design it is a royal sport indeed. Nothing develops self-reliance, clear thinking, quick decision, and clean sportsmanship so rapidly as small-boat racing. Would that we had a boys' yacht club on every river, lake and harbor!

F. ALEXANDER MAGOUN, S. B., S. M.
Councilor, Y. C. Lab

Director's Note: Full information concerning patterns, with or without knockdown parts for building Buccaneer, will be furnished on request.

One Hundred Lab Tests Completed!

They are your safeguard against unworthy merchandise; your guide to goods of real excellence, fairly priced

WITH the award, on May 1, 1928, of a Y. C. Lab certificate of endorsement to the Morse Twist Drill and Machine Company, of New Bedford, Mass., the number of tests and researches conducted by your Technical Division reached the impressive total of one hundred.

The certificates of endorsement are awarded only after rigid engineering tests and other examination of the articles. The Technical Division has, for instance, made a completely new photographic analysis of the shaving stroke, showing for the first time the curve or graph of the variation of the shaving stroke plotted against the time it takes to make it.

This examination furnished evidence that it is irregularity in speed of the razor as it passes over the face that is the controlling cause of discomfort from dull blades. This research enabled us to grant a certificate to the Gillette Safety Razor Company, and has opened up for that distinguished company a new and fertile field of original research.

Similarly, Lab Coun-

cilor Louis H. Young, S. B., who is assistant professor of physics at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has turned from the Gillette razor and blades and made an intensive study in his laboratory of the Dayton Steel Racquet. His report shows, in part:

1. That windage friction, as measured in one of the standard wind tunnels of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, is materially less for the Dayton Steel Racquet than for older types of racquet.

2. That humidity, measured over a wide range of values, has no ill effect whatever on the strings or frame of the Dayton Steel Racquet.

In this column we shall later report upon equally interesting tests made for the new Remington Kleanbore ammunition, for Nicholson Files and for many other good products. From time to time we publish a list of manufacturers who are authorized to use our Seal of Approval. The full list, now containing one hundred names, may be obtained at any time on application to the Director.

You are sure that each and every article which is authorized to bear the Y. C. Lab Seal of Approval is well designed and made, honestly advertised, and fairly priced.

As this page goes to press, new tests are being conducted covering products of the following manufacturers:

WESTERN CLOCK CO., La Salle, Ill.
CAILLE MOTOR CO., Detroit, Mich.
PIONEER POLE & SHAFT CO., Memphis, Tenn.
J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn.
MCCORMICK & CO., INC., Baltimore, Md.
CHICAGO SOLDER CO., Chicago, Ill.

EXERCISE YOUR BRAIN

PLAY

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Baseball

A GAME of SKILL

NOT A TOY OF CHANCE

A GREAT GAME FOR YOUTH

A Fascinating Game for Adults

75¢ Complete Game

with Rules and Score Cards

PSYCHIC BASE BALL CORP.

349 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Enclosed 75¢ for Complete Game—Rules—Score Cards

Name _____

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Oh boy!

Get this machine for your shop

Make things faster and better with this Parks Manual Trainer combination 11-inch band saw and 11-in. wood lathe. Learn to make and sell radio cabinets, tabourets, phone stands, gate-leg and end-tables, magazine racks. It's easy, quick work, and lots of fun if you have this machine.

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without motor

Talk to your father about it and write quickly for the Parks Manual Trainer circular.

The Parks Woodworking Machine Company

1608 Knowlton Street

Cincinnati, Ohio

A NEW hobby LEATHERCRAFT

Lots of fun making beautiful, useful articles and novelties of leather. Book covers, pocketbooks, waste baskets, bags, belts—everybody in the family will find something they'll want to make. Complete, easy-to-follow patterns—tools and craft leathers at small cost.

Send this advertisement with 10c for the 96-page Leathercraft book that tells all about leather working at home—and how to start in.

GRATON & KNIGHT CO.

WORCESTER, MASS.

Ready to Fly

Postpaid \$1

FLIES!

GLIDES!

LOOPS!

DOWAE STUNT PLANE

"That Little Red Plane"

A scientific model which spirals and climbs

DOWAE TOYS, P. O. Box 1396, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

HAY-FEVER and ASTHMA

There is nothing so good as the Hayes' Method of treatment for giving relief, and literally hundreds of cases report themselves as passing season after season without an attack. You ought to know about this. Consult P. Harold Hayes, M.D., Buffalo, N. Y., and ask for free Bulletin Y-287. Individual treatment for each case according to need.

The letters, G. Y. C.,
signify "Girls of The
Youth's Companion."
This is our key-
stone pin of gold
and blue



The G. Y. C.

A CLUB FOR GIRLS EVERYWHERE

Directed by Helen Ferris and Our Active Members

Our aim: greater
knowledge, skill and
happiness through en-
terprises which
lead to successful
achievements



Meow! A calico cat for Baby

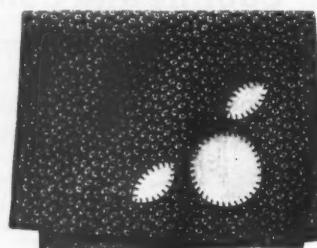
EVERY girl loves to make her own Christmas gifts, but sometimes the materials are so expensive, or the work so difficult, that she decides she can't possibly do it and ends up by having to buy cheap and uninteresting presents at the last moment. Here are five gifts that are easy to make, and so inexpensive that any girl can afford to make them. Besides that, they are brimful of color and personality, with a special thought for each member of the family.

First of all, let's take one dollar and go shopping. I like bright color, and I am sure you do too, so we will buy two yards of the gayest calico we can find at eighteen cents a yard. This particular kind happens to be twenty-seven inches wide. It is red, covered all over with tiny yellow flowers, and so we'll buy half a yard of plain yellow Kalsburnie gingham to go with it, which costs fifteen cents. We can get two skeins of black cotton embroidery thread for ten cents, one yard of black cord for four cents, ten cents' worth of cotton to stuff the cat, a little can of yellow paint and a bottle of glue at the ten-cent store. On the way home we will stop in at a cigar store or drug store and see if they will give us an empty cigar box. If possible we will get the kind that is made like a real chest with a hinged cover, as this will not warp so easily as the ordinary cigar box. Now we have just about spent our dollar and are ready to begin work.

A Pillow Cover for Your Mother

Of course the gift for your mother is the one you wish to make first. Cut two eighteen-inch squares of calico, starting at the very corner of the material, so that there won't be any waste. Find a tumbler in the cupboard that is about three inches in diameter, and around this draw four circles on your yellow gingham. These are the oranges or apples, or whatever we want to call them, to decorate the four corners of the pillow.

To make the leaves, draw half circles with the same tumbler, making the arcs overlap in such a way that you get a leaf shape about two inches long and a little over an inch across the middle. After you have made one leaf pattern, cut eight leaves, and now you are ready to make up the pillow.



A writing-case for Sister

the pockets in place. Press again, and you have a stunning writing-case for your sister or your best friend. And if you think she would prefer a book cover or a handkerchief case, make either of them the same way, in a size to suit. Containers for other articles may be made by further varying the size.

Yes—Christmas is Coming!

And here are five charming gifts to be made for one dollar by a clever girl

By Helen Perry Curtis

There is no end to the useful purposes to which these containers may be put.

A Marble Bag for Small Brother

It is harder to think of a present for one's small brother than anyone else in the family, but he will surely like a bag to keep his marbles or his collection of pebbles in. Of course he won't care about trimmings, so this little bag hasn't any. Cut a strip of calico thirteen inches long and six inches wide; cut a piece of yellow gingham the same size.

Scrape all the paper off the cigar box and paint it yellow inside and out. If necessary put on two coats, allowing the first one to dry before putting on the second. When the paint is all dry, cut out rectangles of calico which are half an inch smaller in each dimension than the sides and top of the box. Lay each piece of calico face down on a newspaper, brush it over with glue, being careful to cover it entirely, but very thinly, with glue. Lay the calico carefully on the box so that it leaves half an inch of paint showing at each edge, and pat it on with a soft cloth, wiping up any glue that leaks from the edges. As the lid of the box is just half an inch deep, the calico should come just to the top edge of the lower part of the box in order to give a neat appearance. When the glue is dry, there is a wonderful box for your father to keep on his desk, and he will think of you every time he opens it.

A Box for Your Father

When you cut your pillow, there was a strip of material left at the side. Cut this nine inches wide and twenty-four-inches long. From the yellow gingham cut another circle and leaves, this time using a glass or bottle only two inches in diameter. Place the circle so that it will be seven inches from one end of the calico strip, and an inch and a half from the side. Place the leaves in the same position as on the pillow, and blanket-stitch them on. From the yellow gingham cut another strip the same size as the calico, and stitch these together, face inward, leaving about four inches open in the middle of one end for turning. Turn right side out, sew up the four inches and press. Blanket-stitch the two ends only, then turn each end back five and one-half inches to form a portfolio with two pockets, and blanket-stitch each side to hold



A marble bag for small Brother

A Calico Cat for the Baby

I do hope there is a fat, cunning baby in your family! For I know it will love this calico cat. On a piece of brown paper, draw a pattern of a cat about fourteen inches high, six and a half inches wide at the tips of its ears, and ten inches wide through its thickest part. Make it look as if it were sitting a little sideways, so that you can attach a tail, and draw in two eyes, a nose and some whiskers. Using this as a pattern, cut two pieces of red calico, allowing a half-inch for the seam. Cut two eyes from yellow gingham and put them on with blanket-stitch, embroider the nose with black thread, and make the whiskers with a running stitch of black.

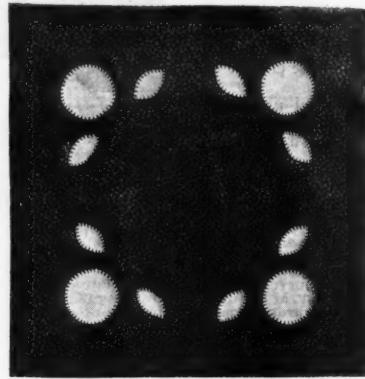
Lay the two pieces of calico together face to face, and stitch all round, leaving about three inches open where the tail goes on. Snip the seams round the curves so that it will turn nicely. Turn and press. Stuff with cotton. Cut a piece of calico twelve inches long and three inches wide at one end, tapering to two inches at the other. Stitch up on the wrong side and turn with a pencil. With a pencil stuff in cotton a little at a time until the tail is round like a sausage, and sew up the opening left in the cat, tacking on the tail at the same time. Curl the tail around and fasten it to the cat in two or three places. And what baby won't adore it?

If you are feeling very rich and want to make your gifts still nicer, put a few marbles in your brother's bag, some writing paper in your sister's portfolio, and some of your father's favorite candies or cookies that you make yourself in his box to go on his desk.

The G. Y. C. candy recipes which Alice Bradley gave you on this page in May will be just the thing for this box. Several of the girls in my neighborhood had great fun with those recipes. And if you are a new subscriber to our magazine and so did not receive the May issue, send twenty-five cents to Hazel Grey and she will see that you get it. That candy page is worth keeping.

A Christmas-present Chest

Have you ever tried the plan of having a Christmas-present chest, filled with presents



A gay pillow for Mother

made by yourself for your family and friends? It is a splendid idea, and summer vacation is just the time to start it.

The suggestions which I have given you here are but a few of the many possibilities which I am sure will readily occur to you. It is really surprising what you can do with the odds and ends of cloth and thread and paint which you already have on hand. Your mother's piece bag is an especial treasure-trove these days when patchwork and quilting are so popular. Some of the loveliest gifts I have ever received have been made for me by my friends—gifts that instantly seemed to belong in my room, on my dressing-table or my desk, gifts of a color scheme which harmonized with my own special one, gifts beautifully made with exquisite craftsmanship. Such gifts don't just happen. They belong because someone has been loving thought.

To you from our G. Y. C. President: This page of suggestions for gifts which girls can make, at small cost, is published here because hundreds of you asked for it in our Editorial Contest. But so many of you also asked for ideas for birthday gifts, bazaar novelties and Christmas presents that can be made by the girl who likes to sew and embroider that we have also had printed for you a large page of

Novelty Present Suggestions which will give you many more ideas. Any girl who reads The Youth's Companion may have this page of suggestions, free of cost, by sending to Hazel Grey for it. Remember to include a self-addressed, stamped envelope with your request, and the

page will be sent to you at once. And for those of you who voted for more sports pages—and so many of you did—I wish to add that next month you will find here Helen Wills' and Susanne Lenglen's suggestions for your own tennis game this summer.

H. F.



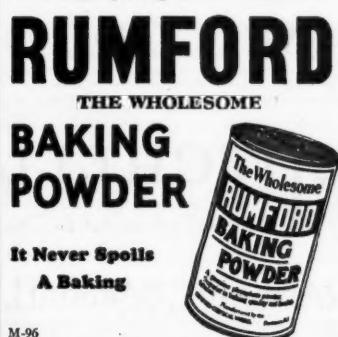
A utility box for Dad

Crisp Cookies and the most Delicious Little Picnic Cakes

are easy to make — even by the young cooks just beginning to take pride in successfully baking a cake all by themselves.

Rumford raises little cakes just right, brings them out even-textured and light — you'll be delighted to pass them around among your friends — and they'll be delighted too!

Be sure you get



Relief for Hay-Fever Sufferers

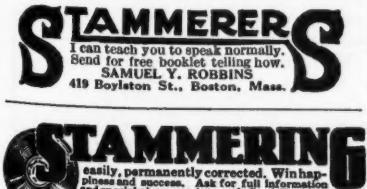
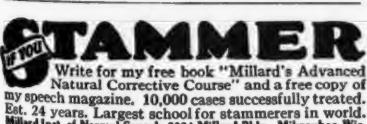
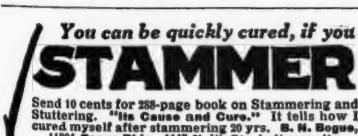
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Indorsed by doctors, ministers, lawyers, and hundreds of people all over the world as **Safe, Reliable and Efficient**.

The itching, sneezing, cough, wheezing and asthma can be stopped and normal health restored, so that you can stay at home in comfort, work, sleep and enjoy life.

Write for Bulletin Y-285 and blank for free examination. Individual treatment for each case according to need. Fees moderate. Address,

P. HAROLD HAYES, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.
P. S. Let us advise you in advance of the attack if possible.



Ninety-two in the shade—and she doesn't think the family will cheer when she brings in that cold dessert—oh, no!

Surprise! Surprise!

A G. Y. C. cold dessert on a hot day

By ALICE BRADLEY, Principal of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery

SUMMER—and just the time to surprise the family with a cold dessert made from a favorite G. Y. C. recipe. I know many of you like to make desserts, because you sent in so many dessert recipes in the cooking contest. And from the pile of them I have tried to select for you here a variety so that you may surprise your family not once but many times!

I have found that desserts girls most enjoy making are apt to be those that are sweet and fluffy and attractive to look at. I am glad of that, for we do eat with our eyes almost as much as we eat with our mouths! Even the simplest dessert may be made festive with a candied cherry, a sprinkling of colored coconut or crushed colored candies, or a little whipped cream put through a pastry bag and tube.

If you are planning an entire meal for your family, and I hope many of you will have the fun of that this summer, remember that your dessert is part of the rest of the meal, not a separate thing. If you have a rather heavy fore part of your meal, then have a light

dessert—and some of the most desirable desserts are made from milk and fruit. If the meat and vegetable course is simple and moderate in cost, then allow a few frills for the last course. Another important point to remember is that many cold desserts are very nutritious because of the milk or cream in them, and the sugar and starches and eggs, and should not be served in generous quantities in a meal which already has a generous quantity of these ingredients. Think of your entire meal, not of your dessert only.

For those of you who are fortunate enough to have an electric refrigerator in the house, all sorts of delicious frozen combinations are possible. With an ordinary ice-box, don't forget colorful gelatine mixtures in large or individual molds. In preparing your cold desserts allow ample time for freezing or jelling. It is wise planning to prepare them four to six hours before serving-time, or even the day before. When you use molds, be sure to rinse them in cold water before pouring your dessert mixture into them.

The Recipes

"JIFFY DESSERT"
An original recipe from Juanita Cripe, Detroit, Mich.

3½ tablespoons flour Few grains salt
½ cup sugar 1½ cups milk
2 tablespoons cocoa 15 graham crackers
 ½ teaspoon vanilla

Scald 1½ cups milk in top of double boiler. Mix flour, sugar, cocoa and salt, and stir in ½ cup cold milk. Stir until well blended, then add to scalded milk, mixing with a wire whisk. Cook over hot water until mixture thickens, about ten minutes in all. Remove from stove and add vanilla. Put a cracker on each of five dishes and a tablespoon of chocolate mixture on each. Alternate crackers and custard until the fifteen crackers are placed three on each saucer. Cover with custard and sprinkle with shredded coconut or nuts, if desired. This serves five people.

ICE-BOX PUDDING
Sent by Juanita Werts, Basin, Wyo.

½ cup butter ½ cup nut meats
1 cup sugar 1½ cups grated pineapple
Salt 2 dozen vanilla wafers or lady fingers
2 eggs ½ cup cream

Cream the butter, add sugar slowly, add salt and mix until light. Add eggs well beaten. Chop nut meats, drain pineapple and add to first mixture. Line sides and bottom of dish with vanilla wafers or lady fingers. Fill dish with mixture, cover with wafers or lady fingers. Let stand twenty-four hours and serve with whipped cream. This serves eight people.

ORANGE MOUSSE

From Nancy Pickering, Ansonia, Conn.
4 or 5 medium-sized oranges ¼ cup sugar
or 1½ cups orange juice ½ pint cream
½ lemon Few grains salt

Squeeze oranges and lemon and add sugar to juice. Whip cream, beating in gradually ¼ cup of the sugar. Put fruit mixture in mold with whipped cream on top. Put in ice-cream mold, packed in two parts ice, finely chopped, and one part rock salt. Pour off salt water before it comes to top of pan. Let freeze four to six hours. Other fruits may be used in place of oranges. Individual jelly molds may be used, if covered with a double thickness of wax paper held in place with elastic bands. This recipe serves six people.

ITALIAN BAVARIAN CREAM

From Pauline Guyton, Springfield, Ohio

1½ tablespoons granulated ¼ cup sugar
gelatin Few grains salt
½ cup cold water Whites 3 eggs
2 cups milk ½ pint cream
Volks 3 eggs 1 teaspoon vanilla

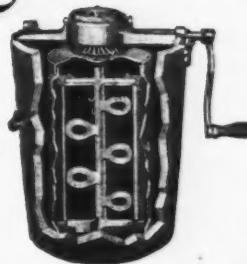
Soak gelatin in cold water. Scald milk in top of double boiler. Beat egg yolks, mix with sugar and add milk and salt. Return to double boiler and cook until mixture begins to thicken, then add soaked gelatin and flavoring. Stir, remove from fire, strain, chill and when it begins to stiffen add stiffly beaten egg whites. When thick cut in cubes and mix with whipped cream. Chill and serve in sherbet glasses. Top each with a maraschino cherry. This recipe serves eight people.

THIS is the G. Y. C. seal of approval, awarded to advertisers of excellence whose products we have tested. Among the advertisers to whom our seal of approval has been awarded is the Alaska Freezer Company, which recently held a cold-dessert-recipe contest for the G. Y. C. Recipes were received from G. Y. C. Members in every state and several foreign countries. First prize was awarded to Nina Lince of Suamico, Wis.; second, to Phronia Cox, Castle Rock, Wash.; third, to Mary Catlett, Scottville, Ill.

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DANGEROUS WATERS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 355]

same time as Elinor said something which brought a laugh. Ralph was three deep in young men clamoring for his account. Helpless, David turned to the laughing officers. Lieutenant Fallon nodded. Half a dozen sailors cleared the deck, the newspaper men fell back, and, carrying each a small bundle they had made ready, to the clicking of many cameras and a cheer from the pushing crowd, David, Ralph, Elinor and Nancy, their eighteen-day voyage done, stepped ashore. They ran immediately to the privacy of a waiting taxi, which left pursuers far behind and landed them finally at the small, homelike hotel to which Lieutenant Fallon had sent them.

A WEEK later, money, checks, clothes had been recovered from the Valentia, Father in Hongkong had been cabled, newspapers had secured pictures and signed statements, invitations had poured in on them, strangers had vied with one another in being kind, and several theatrical promoters had been convinced with difficulty that none of the quartet wanted to appear in twenty-minute vaudeville sketches.

The interview with Captain Emmons was affecting. He blinked red eyes rapidly at their story. But they were more interested in what he told them of the Psyche. She was bound for Formosa with a miscellaneous cargo, and the dynamite was for farming purposes. Her captain and crew had not been heard from and were probably lost; her owners, with his report before them, had already claimed the small amount of insurance they carried.

"But they'll make no trouble over salvage; ye'll get a good bit!" concluded Captain Emmons. "See that no shyster lawyer gets his hooks in!" Lieutenant Fallon had put that in competent hands. The Psyche's owners were only too glad to have vessel and cargo, which, even after salvage was paid, would be far more valuable than insurance.

But David held something else equally important with money salvage.

"I've an abject apology to make," he told Ralph and Elinor. "On the Valentia, I considered you a fop, a dude, a useless prig. I thought Elinor selfish, spoiled, worse than useless. And—now I don't feel that way!" he ended lamely. "I mean—I mean that knowing what you really are is worth a lot more than my share of the salvage!"

"Er—ah—thank you!" Ralph was quite collected. "I imagine that we—ah—could make some confessions, too! But about that

salvage. Your share is all of it. You've earned it. Elinor and I want you to take it all!"

"Then you can have all the college you want," Elinor added, "and—maybe you'll forgive us—for what I thought you were, on the Valentia. I—I can't tell you."

"Oh, but we can't take it!" cried Nancy. "It wouldn't be—"

"My dear boy—Elinor—we can't accept it! You want us to take what you have earned as fairly as we!" protested David. "You might just as well make us a present of several thousand dollars!"

"Nonsense!" Elinor was very vigorous. "We'd all be at the bottom of the Pacific if it wasn't for you! Ralph and I have more than we can use. You and Nancy have got to take it all. And even then," and there was a sob in her voice, "it wouldn't half pay for—for—oh!"

"For what, you goose? What are you crying about?" Nancy cuddled her head on her arm. "What wouldn't it pay for?"

"Oh, for everything. But especially it wouldn't pay for this—this!" And Elinor, to David's amazed embarrassment, pulled from her hand bag the half-filled bottle of water.

"No money can pay for this, either," Ralph laid a tender hand upon Nancy's scarce healed cheek. "Nothing can pay for it. And so—and so—" And now Ralph stopped at a loss. "And so—oh, you tell him—tell them!" he turned to his sister.

"Will you let us—" Elinor stammered. "That is, will you mind—oh, I'm as bad as Ralph! Nothing ever happened to us worth while before. We lived selfish, ignorant, stupid lives. You taught us, with your bravery and—and everything. We have no one to please but ourselves. We've plenty of money. We—we want to go to college with you and—spend the four years with you. Will you let us?"

"You see—ah—er—" Ralph was fully himself, now, and the drawl was very evident. "You see—er, David—we are part of your salvage, and—er—ah—we want you to take it all. I always said there was more fun outside of college—ah—than in, but er—the way you do things and—and—know things made me change my mind. May we come?"

Ralph bore without wincing the grip which David gave, nor cared that David's glance wandered to his starry-eyed sister, a willing captive in Nancy's embrace, a fair, unblemished cheek against the scar.

THE END

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Another Fine Premium Offer for You on Page 354

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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NUTS TO CRACK

THE BEST PUZZLES OF THE MONTH



1. ENIGMA

My first is used for writing;
My second may be written on;
My third is on without writing;
My whole is a geometric figure.

2. LITERAL DEFINITIONS

Each of the following definitions describes a single letter. For example: Eternally; represented by Aye, the pronunciation of the letter A.

1. The wing of a house
2. An exclamation
3. A printer's measure
4. The organ of vision
5. An insect
6. Turn to the right
7. A bird
8. A body of water in Holland
9. An afternoon refreshment
10. An English river
11. The ocean
12. King Arthur's seneschal
13. A vegetable
14. Belonging to us
15. Those whom one addresses
16. A five-dollar bill
17. A pig-tail
18. A question

3. HAMLET IN SPANISH

"To be or not to be," brave Hamlet said. But if to be to read is read A bull-fighter is found instead.

4. LETTER-CHANGING

The great WIND, as though controlled by a magic ***, began to *** as he rode down the ***; then a sudden gust broke the window ***; he turned *** as the furious *** blew open the front GATE.

In this story, starting with WIND, each missing word can be obtained from the word preceding by a change of one letter.

5. CRYPTIC SYMBOLS

1 0 2 8 4 T—i—1 8 0 B 4

See if you can get the meaning contained in this row of letters and figures.

6. MISSING WORDS

Down where the river *** flows
The goddess *** met the king.

"Oh, ***," she said, "expect great woes
Before these waters *** in Spring."

The four missing words are spelled with the same four letters.

7. FRACTIONAL FRUIT

Three fifths of a peach and half a plum will give the name of another fruit.

The two fifths of the peach that remain, added to four fifths of a berry, will give the name of another fruit.

8. THE CHANGING SIGN

cHoCoLaTe

This sign cleverly indicates "HOT CHOCOLATE." What other appropriate word could be indicated by changing the size of letters in the same word?

9. WORD-DIAMOND

1. A letter.
2. A diagram.
3. An obsession.
4. Polite behavior.
5. A fragment.
6. A European measure of area.
7. A letter.

10. JUMBLE SENTENCE

THE REAR EM END EAR TOT HEIR LOVE
DON ESUAU

GUST TO WAR DOT HER SAND KIN DIN ACT IONS.

The only reason that these letters are unintelligible is that the spacing is changed. A readable sentence may be found by rearranging the spaces between the letters.

ANSWERS TO JUNE PUZZLES

1. M, Mar, Roses, Montana, Mastodons, Readers, Snort, Ans, S. 2. The sign was "No loafing allowed."
3. A note; Eat on; At One; Atone, No Tea.
4. The letters in "Plant Onions, Etc." when rearranged, give CONSTANTINOPLE.
5. 11 9 6 8, 5 7 10 12, 4 2 15 13, 14 16 3 1.
6. He went from Canada to Panama and from there to Java and Japan, where he was told to go to Madagascar and then back to Alabama.
7. Many.
8. Thrones, Hornets, Shorten.
9. Period.
10. Step, Toll, Ella, Planets, Erie, Seein.

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See if you can get the meaning contained in this row of letters and figures.

6. MISSING WORDS

Down where the river *** flows
The goddess *** met the king.

When writing to advertisers, please mention THE YOUTH'S COMPANION



"Once upon a time," began Daddy Bear, "there was a little bear—" "As little as us?" cried Tiny Bear

The LITTLE BEAR who couldn't KEEP STILL

WOOF! Woof! Time little cubs were in bed," said Daddy Bear, talking 'way down deep in his throat so as to sound cross.

"But we haven't had a story yet!" cried Tiny Bear.

"And we're not the leastest bit sleepy!" cried Whiny Bear.

"Please, Daddy Bear, just one teeny, weeny story, only don't make it too weeny," begged Tiny Bear.

"Woof! Woof!" said Daddy Bear 'way down in his throat again. But there was a twinkle in his eyes, just the same kind of jolly twinkle that Tiny Bear saw in the stars when he looked up through the tops of the pine trees at night. "Woof! Woof! Do you promise to sit and keep perfectly still?"

"We promise!" cried Tiny Bear and Whiny Bear together, sitting down side by side.

"Once upon a time," began Daddy Bear, "there was a little bear—"

"As little as us?" cried Tiny Bear.

"Who couldn't keep perfectly still when he had promised to," went on Daddy Bear, just as if he hadn't heard.

Tiny Bear hung his head, while Whiny Bear giggled.

"He had a lot to learn, had this little bear, but he had got it into his little head that he knew all there was to know, and any bear—big bear, little bear, or middle-sized bear—who thinks he knows all there is to



Tiny Bear

know is just fixing to get into trouble. "Now, this little bear's mother had gone to look for some honey."

"Oo-o!" gurgled Whiny Bear, smacking her lips at the thought of honey.

Daddy Bear paused and looked very hard at Whiny Bear, and this time she hung her head and Tiny Bear giggled.

"She told the little bear not to put foot outside the door while she was gone, lest he should get lost or something dreadful happen to him," continued Daddy Bear.

"The little bear promised not to put foot

outside the door, and he really meant to keep his promise. But he was a dreadfully uneasy little bear. He just couldn't keep still. He walked around and around, back and forth, just inside the door. 'It's all foolishness,' said the little bear. 'Nothing could happen to me out there. I guess I'm

big enough to take care of myself!' Pretty soon he stuck his sharp little nose out. 'It was my foot, not my nose, that she told me not to put outside the door,' said he to himself, and stretched as far as he could without losing his balance.

"Just then Chatterer, the red squirrel, happened along. He saw the little bear right away and began to call him names. And you know how Chatterer calls everybody names?"

By Thornton W. Burgess

The best known writer for children

Tiny Bear and Whiny Bear nodded.

"At first, Chatterer was careful not to go too near. You see, he wasn't sure that Mother Bear wasn't at home. But after he had run out on the branch of a tree, where he could look right down in and see that the little bear was all alone, he grew very bold. He went right down on the ground in front of the little bear and made faces at him. He called him all the bad names he could think of. He told him he was a coward, and that he couldn't catch a flea. The little bear grew angry. He lost his temper. He said that he didn't care anything about fleas, but that he could catch any red squirrel that ever lived.

"'You can't catch me! You can't catch me!' shouted Chatterer, making the most provoking faces and dancing about right in front of the little bear.

"The little bear forgot all about his promise. He growled as fiercely as he knew how and rushed out after Chatterer. Of course he didn't catch him. Chatterer just dodged around the trees, and every time the little bear seemed ready to give up he would run right under his very nose and shout, 'Can't catch a flea! Can't catch me!' Then the little bear would growl.

"Finally Chatterer grew tired of such sport. He scrambled up a pine

tree, just out of reach of the little bear, and then called him everything he could think of. And you know Chatterer can think of a lot. The little bear was so angry that he danced up and down and actually cried. Then he started to climb the tree. Chatterer threw a pine cone in the little bear's face and then raced away through the tree tops to look for some other mischief."

Daddy Bear stopped. Tiny Bear and Whiny Bear waited just as long as they could. Then Tiny Bear asked a question. "Please, Daddy Bear, is that all?"

Daddy Bear pretended to be very much surprised. "Of course that's all," said he, "only when he looked about, the little bear found that he was lost. But he got home safely anyway," finished Daddy Bear, his eyes twinkling, but with a very firm look to his mouth.

Then Tiny Bear and Whiny Bear knew that it was time to curl up in their warm bed of leaves. And they did, and before any time at all there they were fast asleep as could be.

But what do you think Daddy Bear heard when he came back to see that they were covered up nice and warm, and that the leaves hadn't blown away? "You can't catch me! You can't catch me!" Tiny Bear said in his sleep, as plainly as could be.

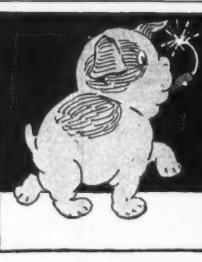
And Daddy Bear smiled to himself as he pulled some nice, large leaves up around Tiny's and Whiny's chins.



Whiny Bear



DRAWN BY JULIA GREENE



That Funny, Lovely Red Bone

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CHALKY PAPER

THE term "chalky paper" is a stickler for the philatelic beginner. Relatively few "chalky paper" stamps are chronicled in the American standard catalogue, but it is one of the distinctive classifications of postal paper, and it will repay the collector to familiarize himself with it.

A "chalky paper" adhesive is one which has a surface that has a chalky or highly shiny appearance. This results from the stamp having been treated with a preparation of dust which adheres to the paper in such a way as to make the stamp's surface appear extremely glazed.

Treating the stamp with this dust preparation is one method employed by postal authorities to prevent the stamp from being cleaned so that it could be used a second time for preparing postage. When the dusted surface comes in contact with moisture, the stamp spoils. From this it may be guessed that it is not wise to immerse a "chalky paper" stamp in order to remove paper adhering to its reverse side.

STAMP NEWS

Sea-changes in Cyprus

ARRIVAL in this country of the stamps which Cyprus issued to mark the fiftieth anniversary of administration as a British colony—an event which dates June 4, 1878—discloses some eleventh-hour changes in designs as compared with the official advance announcement that was summarized in the February Companion, and the adhesives themselves prove to be some of the most beautiful ones ever issued. The 3/4-piastre, dark violet, gives us a reproduction of a silver coin of Ammanus, a Cypriote town which, dating back to 1000-600 B.C., is no longer in existence. On the 1-piastre, Prussian blue and black, is the head of Zeno, philosopher and founder of Stoicism. A medieval map of Cyprus, with heraldic and marine accessories, is on the 1 1/2-piastre, red. On the 2 1/2-piastre, ultramarine, is depicted the discovery of the tomb of St. Barnabas, the island's patron saint, 477 A.D., near Salamis, once the chief Cypriote city; St. Matthew's Gospel is reputed to have been found in the tomb of St. Barnabas, whose Epistle is one of the apocryphal books of the New Testament; Barnabas is the surname given by the apostles to Joseph, "a Levite, a man of Cyprus." On the 4-piastre, deep brown, are shown the cloisters of the monastery of Bella Pias, on Cyprus. The colony's modern badge, with the two gold lions of Richard Coeur de Lion, is the design of the 6-piastre, dark blue. The hospice of Umm Haram, nurse of the prophet Mohammed, is on the 9-piastre, violet-brown. On the 18-piastre, dark brown and black, is shown the bronze statue of Richard Coeur de Lion that stands outside the House of Lords, London. The grand cathedral church of St. Nicolas, at Famagusta, a Cypriote harbor, is on the 45-piastre, deep blue and violet; acts ii and v of Shakespeare's "Othello" pass in Famagusta. On the 1-pound, olive-brown and deep blue, is a likeness of King George V.

Ibsen

A FEATURE of Norway's celebration which marked the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Henrik Ibsen, native lyric poet and dramatist, was the issuing of four stamps—10 øre, blue, 15 øre, brown, 20 øre, red, and 30 øre, green—bearing his portrait and the dates 1828 and 1928. Ibsen was the author of "Peer Gynt," "A Doll's House," "Ghosts," "The Wild Duck," "Hedda Gabler," "The Master Builder" and other notable dramas.

The Olympics at Amsterdam

ATHLETICS and philately are linked once more in connection with the holding of the ninth set of Olympic Games, at Amster-

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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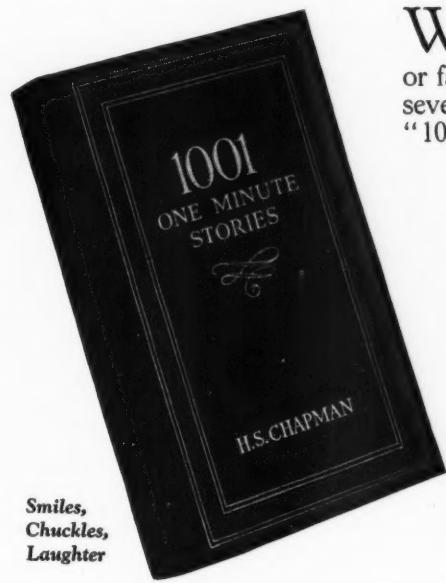
Why not write us, giving details, and let us make suggestions?

THE ATLANTIC PUBLICATIONS EDUCATIONAL DIRECTORY

8 Arlington Street, Boston, Massachusetts

Do You Know 10 Parents?

Send Us Their Names and Addresses and
Get This Fun-Packed Book FREE



WE do not ask you to do any soliciting, or to take a single step outside your home. We ask only that you sit down and write the names and addresses of the mother or father in ten families where there is at least one child between the ages of ten and seventeen. Send us the list, and for this service we will send you Free a copy of "1001 One-Minute Stories."

A Book that Thousands Have Enjoyed

THIS book of rare humor contains 245 pages of brief stories, jokes and anecdotes, many of them favorite stories of famous persons — stories they loved to recount, or stories in which they are the leading figures. There are keen paragraphs and whimsical tales of odd and unusual characters; stories you will relish in reading, and repeatedly enjoy in retelling. Thousands of Companion readers in all parts of the world have expressed their delight with this unique collection.

The Best of Thirty Years' Humor
These humorous stories have been selected by Mr. H. S. Chapman, Miscellany Editor of The Youth's Companion, and have been chosen as the wittiest of the many thousands of such stories that have appeared in The Companion. They represent the cream of thirty complete volumes of the magazine. "1001 One-Minute Stories" was published exclusively for Companion

subscribers, and this is positively the last opportunity you will have to secure a copy, as the copies now offered are all that are available, including the entire publisher's surplus. The book will not be reprinted.

Promptness Will Bring You a Copy

You will get a world of enjoyment out of "1001 One-Minute Stories" and find it a constant source of smiles, chuckles, and laughter. We have never seen a finer collection of really humorous stories than is literally packed between the covers of this book. It is a gold-mine of fun! But — to make sure of your copy you must ACT PROMPTLY. The copies remaining are ALL there are to be had, and we cannot guarantee that the demand for them will not exceed the supply. Send your list promptly.

Act Now — Only 9273 Copies are Left!

You need do no soliciting of any kind to obtain your free copy; just send us on a separate sheet the names and addresses (street, route, or box number, postoffice, and state) of either the mother or father in ten families who you know would enjoy The Youth's Companion. (Note carefully the instructions below.) In return you will be entitled to a copy of "1001 One-Minute Stories." The book will be sent upon receipt of lists as long as any of our remaining stock (9273 copies) lasts.

Follow These Instructions Carefully in Making Out Your List

IN making out your list of parents, consider each one carefully. Is there at least one child between the ages of 10 and 17 in the family? Is the parent the sort of person who appreciates the value of GOOD reading matter for young folk? If the

answer to these two questions is "yes" then you should include the name in your list. When a list is sent in by a person of less than sixteen years IT IS IMPORTANT that the list be approved by either their father, or mother, or a teacher.

*Fill out coupon
and attach to your
list of names*

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION
Concord, N. H., or 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass.

I am sending on the attached sheet the names and addresses of ten mothers or fathers who would appreciate knowing about the wealth of good reading for young folk The Youth's Companion contains. In return please send me FREE a copy of "1001 One-Minute Stories."

Name.....

Address.....

If under 16 years, have parent sign here:

"Easier washdays now,"..says Peter's mother - "with Peter to carry the clothespins



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ACTUAL VISITS TO P & G HOMES No. 15

and P and G to save rubbing!

"Hello, is your mother at home?" we asked the small overalled figure who stood in the driveway of a pretty little house in a Philadelphia suburb.

A shy nod from a yellow head—then the small figure rushed up the drive shouting, "Mother, mother, come quick—lady to see you-oo-oo!"

With such an informal introduction to Peter's mother, it was easy to explain that we were interested in knowing what kind of laundry soap the women in her town used.

"Laundry soap?" she repeated with an amused little smile. "I use P and G because it saves work and makes my clothes so white. Is that the kind of thing you want to know?"

"We're very glad to know that," we said.

"You can see for yourself," she went on, indicating her small son who was now sliding down the porch steps, "that I have plenty of washing to do. He's a darling child, but he needs two clean outfits every day—socks included. So each morning he and I do a little washing. I rub out the things with P and G—and isn't it marvelous how *little* rubbing you need do with P and G? Then I rinse them and hang them—and Peter helps me the clothespins. It hardly takes us five minutes. And how much work it saves on Monday!"

"It's very convenient too to be able to use P and G with cold water. And the cakes are so nice and large and last so long. How can they sell such a good soap for so little?"

Why does such a good soap cost so much less? The reason really is: P and G is used by more women than any other soap in the world.

This unequalled popularity means that P and G is made in enormous quantities. And since large-scale manufacturing costs less in proportion than small-scale manufacturing, a very large cake of P and G can be sold to you for actually less even than ordinary soaps.

So P and G costs less because it is so popular. And it is so popular because it really is a better soap.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

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